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MY NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO MY SON

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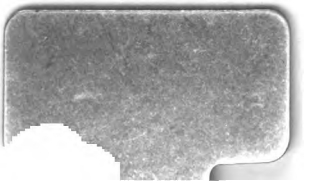

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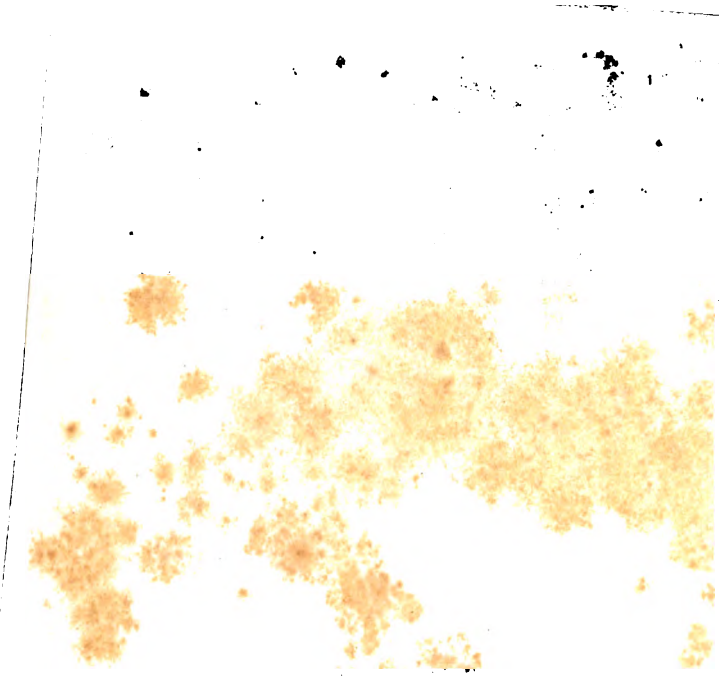

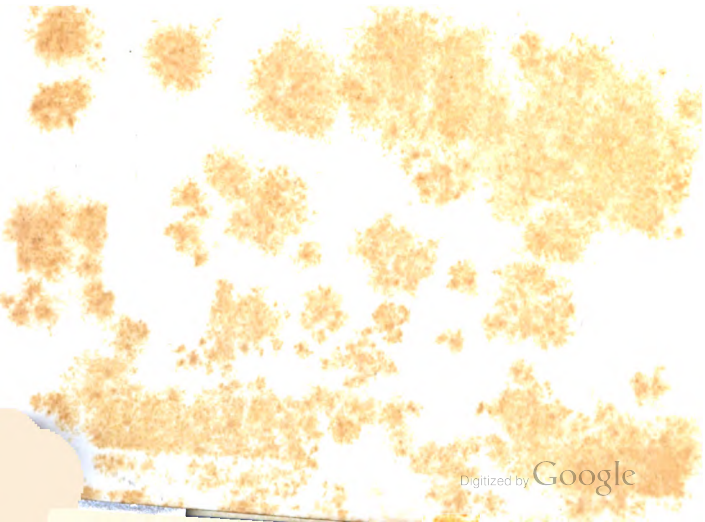

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MY NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

TO

MY SON.

BY

PAMPHILIUS.

THIRD EDITION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GILBERT.

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
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PART I.

HEAD AND HEART LEGACY.

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"With a good Head and a pure Heart, it would not grieve me, my Son, though I had little of the World's wealth to give thee; for possessed of the coins of Heaven,—Wisdom and Affection,—'all these things shall be added.'"

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

I GAZED upon the Rhine—to me a classic stream, of reveries and boyhood's pleasant associations. No breeze ruffled the flowing stream—no murmur disturbed the pervading silence. Nature seemed in slumber, save that the declining sun was casting a roseate hue on the mirroring waters, and shedding warmth and benignity on all around. Whether it was the effect of a long walk under a broiling sun, or the sight of Nature in a state of slumber, I cannot tell; but a sad, sad thought started in my mind; it was that of Death—of never seeing thee more, my son; and I, who had endured the bitter ordeal of sudden separation from those I loved—father, mother, brother, sisters—reflected, and my heart sank, my head drooped, and I asked myself: "Should it be so ordained that I have seen my happy home for the last time, how will it fare with thee, my smiling boy?" The Heart's impression was that thou wouldst be left well off in the world, possessed of more than sufficient to start in life with. But the Head started the question, "Why not leave thy son a guide for his young steps,—a father's experience, who rose from a poor boy, to hold a tolerable position in society?"

What, my son, thou blushest at the idea of "poor boy"? No! Well, I am glad of that. Know, then, that before that boy a lady of title blushed—a lady brought up at Court, whose head had been patted by the hand of the First

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Napoleon. But hers was an honest blush, and she did more than blush; she shed tears at your father's mild reply when he called for a just debt, which that lady could not pay, having unfortunately entered into a foolish speculation, which, with a friend of her own, he had in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from entering upon. If her Head had been as good as her Heart, the result might have proved otherwise; and instead of now wearing grey hair, at the very Court which she knew in her girlhood, she might still have boasted of her profuse jetty ringlets. When persuaded of the fruitlessness of the speculation, and obliged to give it up, so great was her grief that two days and two nights frosted her hair, which had rivalled in hue the feathers of the raven.

Startled at the idea, and impressed with the importance of leaving thee the outlines of a career which might help to guide thy young steps by pointing out the rocks in the ocean of life on which so many have foundered, all curiosity in regard to the Rhine gave way to the sole desire of accomplishing that object.

My dear son, from that time little did I see of the Rhine more than was necessary for the object which had led me to that classic river: and during the time I might have been seen walking on the "bridge of boats," where a current of air cooled my fevered brow, my hand upon my throbbing heart, my eyes cast downwards, and, regardless of the passers-by, pacing up and down, unlocking the secret chambers of memory, and extracting passages from an eventful life that might be useful for thy guidance in after years. At one time, a tear forced its way down my cheek, at the remembrance of those dear to me, who are now blotted from the page of life: then a smile chased away that tear, at the recollection of some happy scene that brought the merry laugh to ring fresh in my ear.

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No sleep closed my eyes till I had planned this little book, with a view of aiding, with Heaven's assistance, the development of thy Head and Heart; for with those two gems thou wouldst be richer far than if thousands were within thy grasp. Possessed of a Head and a Heart, and a useful education, I would not be grieved did circumstances compel me to take thee by the shoulder, pat thee on the head, bless thee, put £50 in thy pocket, and say to thee, Go, my son: thou art a rich man. Wherever thou goest prosperity will be in thy track. Thou hast a Head, to discover the truly heartless: and a Heart to sympathise with those who have only a Heart; for many are called heartless, who have nothing but a heart; who, launched upon the world, like a boat placed in the stream without a rudder, go rolling from side to side down the mazy paths of life, ruining the injudicious as well as themselves, and at last ending their days in a workhouse; and if perchance their names should be mentioned, the appellation of *heartless scoundrels* is appended to them!

Possessed of a Head, my dear boy, thou wouldst keep a keen eye on the heartless; and possessed of the second gem, the Heart, the morning dews of which rising to thy Head would keep it ever fresh, and ever eager to lend assistance to frail barks that thou mightst see drifting rudderless to their ruin. Yes, my dear boy, the *dews* of the heart mellow the brain; and when a selfish thought starts in the mind, the Heart calls out, Hollo, Head, what are you after? Judgment is then called in as umpire. Heart is right; Head begs Heart's pardon. The same, on the other hand, occurs when the Heart, in its softness, is foolishly yielding to its impulse. The Head calls out, What, below, Heart! what are you after? Judgment is again called in as umpire: Heart, thou art wrong: beg Head to excuse thee!

Thus, my dear boy, possessed of a Head and Heart, thou wouldst be a wealthy and happy man. Thy good deeds will

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be many, and blessings, that thy Heart will duly appreciate, shall be often showered upon thy Head.

Thou wilt then know what true *nobility* is—

"The finer
Portion of our Mind and Heart,
Link'd to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And like man, to feel for Man!"

To have these passages in my life, which I trust may not only be useful to thyself but to others, speedily written, I left the Rhine, the next morning, and in twenty-four hours I was in London.

Over-anxious, fatigued, excited, I fell suddenly ill; and through the inexperience of a strange doctor, my illness might have ended in the frustration of thy father's hopes, and proved detrimental to thy future prospects, but God in His goodness willed it otherwise. I recovered, and now smile at what I then suffered, with the joyous hope that the knowledge of my sufferings, caused by a desire to benefit thee and others, will prove useful; and that the injunctions and warnings that I lay down in this book, will be observed as a just demand from a Father.

It contains, my son, a collection of facts of every-day life, facts of which your father has been a keen observer, and which may be considered:—

A Warning Voice

from those who *erred in ignorance*, but who paid dearly for the *experience* which is now plainly and truthfully set before thee.

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CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE—THE TWO MARRIAGES—EARLY LIFE—THE POOR MAN AND MY GENEROUS UNCLE—THE PROMISE AND THE FIAT OF THE ALMIGHTY.

ULTIVATE industrious habits, for you will find that industry is the true source of happiness.

I was born an angel, so my mother said; but the world soon changed me from an angel to a *veritable diable.*

Of my angelic life I may thus speak:—

In honest poverty, yet ever and anon basking in the sunshine of affluence; braving the blast of adversity, still at times partaking of the influence of prosperity; in a word, from my seventh year—from which I date these passages—I found myself elbowing the extremes of wealth and poverty. Six days in the week cheerfully working with my good mother and two sisters; the seventh, seated at the rich man's table, enjoying all the delights which a gentleman's country seat could afford; and what was more, cheered with the love of warm and affectionate hearts.

You ask, how was that? Easily explained.

My grandfather, a banker, died young, leaving two daughters, to each of whom he bequeathed a handsome legacy. The two sisters lived together till they reached a reasonable age for marriage. My aunt, who was the eldest, chose for a husband a young man of excellent character. He was poor, and out of his daily earnings he supported his aged parents. My mother's choice was a sprightly young man, overseer in a large concern that belonged to his uncle. He was the only son of industrious parents, was the idol of his mother's eye, and was in-

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dulged by her in his most extravagant wishes. The marriage took place, and the couple drove away from Stirling; the neighbours saying—"Marjory has got something like a husband."

About fourteen years afterwards—when I had reached my seventh year—the abode of my aunt was a mansion, with horses, carriages, servants, and all the luxuries that wealth could procure; my mother's dwelling consisted of a couple of clean tidy rooms; and, instead of riding out in her carriage, she was seen working, with three of her children, from morning till night; aye, very often two entire nights in the week.

You start, my son; and say, "What a contrast!" I have witnessed hundreds of such changes. You inquire the cause; —my father's large Heart, and Head softened by parental indulgence!

Our little home, notwithstanding, had its happiness. A mother's merry song lightened our hearts; my sisters and I joined in chorus, while our scissors kept time with the tune. No jarring, no dissentient voice at our fireside; when my father returned from his workshop, he had always a hearty welcome. No whinings over the past. The present had its troubles, yet there were blessings and hope to cheer us on.

To return. As I stated, at seven years of age I found myself working whole days, and often entire nights.

My being placed so early to a laborious life was the result of an accident. While at play with some boys, I threw a stone, and inadvertently broke a window. My poor mother looked at me, and calmly said—"How wrong it is for you to be so thoughtless; you know how I have to work, and how I require money just now." The rebuke touched my heart. It was near quarter-day. I looked in my mother's sweet face; a sudden thought started in my mind, and my heart swelled. I threw my arms round her neck, and, kissing her, asked for a pair of my sisters' scissors. Smiling and inquiring what my little foolish head was thinking of, she gave me a pair. I took

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them, drew my little chair near to hers, placed some of the work on my knee; then, looking at her, I said with a triumphant air, "I'll soon pay for the window." In a very short time I became a very expert clipper, and from that day contributed my share towards the household expenses.

At this period, a great change in my affairs was likely to result from a trifling cause.

Returning home one morning from my aunt's, I came to where a poor old man usually stood begging; his face was eaten up with cancer, and his appearance abject in the extreme. My custom was to share with him the roll which my aunt always gave me at parting. At this particular time the man appeared to be more wretched than I had ever seen him. Without asking the Head's sanction, I drew forth the roll and presented it to him.

Scarcely had I walked a few yards, when a hand gently tapped me on the shoulder; starting, I looked round, and—

"Oh! it's you, uncle," I said.

"Did I not see you give that poor man something?" my uncle inquired.

"No; nothing, uncle, only my roll; I thought he required it more than I did."

"Have you another in your pocket?"

"No."

"Have you done this before?"

"No. I only gave him the half; I thought he looked very ill this morning, and that I could do without it for once."

"What school do you attend?"

"None, now; I work with my mother."

"Work with your mother, eh? Give me your hand."

I did so. He took it, pressed it, and walked with me to my mother's house. On entering, I took my little chair, armed myself with my scissors, drew the muslin across my knee. My uncle—when he saw me running with celerity the scissors from one knee to the other, then quickly separating the thread from

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the flower—laughed at the rapidity with which my little fingers ran along when cutting off the remaining end.

He looked kindly at my mother, as he saw a tear forcing its way to her eye. He understood her meaning, and, tapping her on the shoulder, said, "Now, now, Marjory, be quiet; I'll educate the little rascal."

A look!—but what a look was that!—and then a gush of tears. This was removing from her heart a great source of regret; for she considered she was doing wrong in profiting by my labour, when the time spent ought to have been devoted to my education.

My uncle left the house happier, and looking happier than I had ever seen him.

My mother rose, and kissing me, said "Well, my inmost wish will be gratified; to see you well educated, with a chance of rising in the world, has been to me a cherished hope."

Man projects! The result rests with a higher power!

A few days elapsed; my uncle fell suddenly ill, and in three months afterwards he was numbered with his fathers, and I was left without my promised protector.

On his death, my dear boy, for your benefit, I must make a few comments.

My uncle was young when he died; only 37 years of age. When he entered his 35th year he was full of life and joy; the world to him had been a flower-garden; but a garden, however rich its soil, if other projects interfere with its culture, soon will run to seed.

My uncle shared my aunt's ambition; and, instead of resting quietly and cultivating that Eden, which was more than sufficient to satisfy all earthly wants, he plunged into speculations. The possession of one large factory only served as a finger-board pointing to another, and a second possession pointed out two more in different directions. Steamboat speculations were then in vogue, and as in speculations at the present time, moneyed speculators suffered for the moneyless projectors.

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The severe loss of one year preyed upon my uncle's mind. If he had only had the fortitude—as I trust you will have, should circumstances lead you beyond that which reason dictates—if he had had the fortitude to acknowledge the penalty from on High, on those whom aggrandisement fills with inordinate wants; if he had laughed at the sneers of his friends, thanked God for the wholesome lesson that had not come too late; sold his shares, at whatever loss—one of his own works, or two, if required;—then called his wife and children to him, stood erect, and, acknowledging God's goodness, said with a contented heart:—"We are just as we were three years ago, and did we not then consider ourselves happy, rich, and comfortable? Why should we not be so now?" Whatever I have lost in money I have gained in experience. I have found out a great secret—that man's grasp is limited; that Nature will have her laws obeyed; that to retain wealth, we can only grasp a given quantity; one exception or two she may permit; but beware! How many hundreds, aye, thousands, have fallen from not attending to her general rule!

* * * * * * *

Time rolled on cheerfully. Life was young, and life in industry is always full of joy. The sound of the scissors was still heard—songs still broke the silence of our humble abode, followed by the bustle to be in time for the warehouse to reap the harvest of our industry, and then our frugal repast!

Four years passed away, and only two incidents broke the monotony of those four years of innocence, industry, and love. One, the sudden calmness that occasionally crept over my mother's countenance when her eye chanced to light upon my beaming face. In those moments I have seen the tear steal down that cheek, wan and pallid, from long nights of labour. I have watched her, and watched the tear, and then her upward look, as if in prayer to God to grant her some request. On one occasion my heart could bear up no longer, and, bursting into tears, I threw my arms round her neck, and imploringly asked

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the cause of her grief. Her answer was, "My dear boy, it grieves me to see thee thus, thy young days passing away without receiving that education which is justly thy due; for I have an impression that with education thou wouldst win for thyself an honourable position in society." I looked at my mother, kissed her, and bursting out laughing, exclaimed, "Is that all? Toot, toot! Can I not read? And has not Janet taught me to spell? And as for writing, that will not take me long. Now, mother, I must never see you shed tears about that again, for I am sure I will one day be a good scholar." The other incident was a degrading proposition made by a lad that lived next door. If such should ever be made to you, my son, do as thy father did. I called him a "low cur," and, in passing him afterwards, he received from me a contemptuous look.

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CHAPTER III.

CLOSE OF MY ANGELIC LIFE — ACCEPTED DIABLE AND SECOND BAPTISM—THE PETIT ENFER—HYPOCRISY—FLIGHT!

HOW truthful are the words of Holy Writ—Evil communication corrupteth good manners; for who can associate with the bad, without being contaminated?

Now, my son, I come to one of the objects of this little work, which is to show how important it is to avoid the society of the idle; for idleness engenders profligacy, and profligacy soon begets crime.

My angelic life continued up to my twelfth year—a boyhood life of love, truth, industry, and happiness!

Man is influenced by circumstances—not guided. Circumstances may guide an unsophisticated boy; but the mind once properly trained, man should make circumstances subservient to his will and purpose.

On reaching my twelfth year, my grandfather died, bequeathing my father a thatched cottage, well stocked with looms and shuttles, and that which pleased me most, a neat garden, with grass-plot and hawthorn trees.

We took possession.

My mother's first care was to find a school for me, and glad was her heart as she said to the good old Dominie,

"He is not advanced for his age. Indeed, sir, he has not had the opportunity; but I am sure you will find him very attentive and industrious."

"All right, ma'am," said the Dominie. "If that's the case, I'll soon sharpen him."

My first day was attended with a circumstance common

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enough in those pugilistic days. I had no sooner taken my seat at the desk, than the school *bully* said to a boy who was next him, "I don't think you could *lick* him."

"Couldn't I?" said the boy; and every time the schoolmaster's back was turned, the *bully's* pet sparred at me from the opposite side of the desk.

I looked at him, knit my brow, then went on with my lesson.

At length the hour of dismissal came. Each seized his satchel, and left. On reaching the door, I found a ring formed, and my antagonist waiting my arrival.

I looked round carelessly, and catching the soft eye of a lad who had called out "Shame!" I unstrung my bag, and asked him if he would hold it. "I'll do so; but it is disgraceful."

The result of that fight gained me the respect of the whole school.

I went to the boy for my bag, who kindly drew me aside, saying, "He well deserves what he has got; I and my poor brother were treated in the same manner, but we were not so successful."

All the time I remained in the school, no one ever insulted either myself or my friend.

I tell you this little incident with the view that when at school you may shun the company of the braggart and the bully—that you may choose for your companions the lively, the intellectual, and the studious, who are moderately fond of innocent sports and athletic exercises: I tell you this, too, in acknowledgment to my old friend, of the many beautiful principles which, through his instrumentality, first dawned upon my mind; that mild, soft, Christian temper of good-will to all, which characterised his every action, and helped to soften and modify the fiery energy of my spirit; in acknowledgment of the truths to which his mind directed my thoughts, and which first opened up to me the vast regions of intellectual light.

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Mr. B——, my old schoolfellow, is now a highly respected and influential merchant of Paisley.

My mother's industry stopped not with the sheathing of the scissors. Before many months had passed away, she had mastered another handicraft, pirn-winding, which I also learnt; and often, as I sat, with book before me, "I am," "thou art," "he is," might have been heard in song, mingling with the burring of the wheel.

Two years and a half elapsed; I stealing now and then from my lessons and labours half a day for amusement with Archy. The Braes of Gleniffer we climbed and foraged; at one time, with bow and arrow; at another, with basket to gather blackberries; then occasionally, with a fishing-rod, wending our way to the river Cart, from which we returned with fresh vigour to our studies. Two years and a half, I said, passed cheerfully away, and then I saw the necessity of looking out for some employment. My father said, "You shall never be a weaver;" my mother smiled; she knew my feelings on the matter. I was sent to an uncle's to learn a handicraft; but, whether it was from the jealousy of the men on the introduction of a relative, or my stupidity, I could not learn what the commonest booby could accomplish. One day, when thwarted by the overseer, in anger I seized the work, threw it at him, and left the place.

In a few days afterwards a schoolfellow, who made his morning rounds with his father's milk, told me that Mr. —— had inquired of him if he knew any boy who could read, write, and spell well, that wanted a place. Not a moment was lost on my part; I hurried at once to the house, but Mr. —— was out. On telling his wife, who assisted in the business, my errand, she shook her head, saying that I was not big enough.

"Do give me a trial, ma'am—do; you will find me very strong."

"Well, my little lad, there can be no harm in that. Be here to-morrow morning at seven."

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When seven was striking I was knocking at the door.

Mr. —— opened it, and, smiling, said, "Well, you are a little one; but Mrs. —— has promised a trial, and you shall have it."

Before the expiration of a month I was a bound and an accepted *diable*, regularly baptised, according to the custom of the region, by having my right arm swung up, and cold water poured down the sleeve of my jacket.

Here was a new life for me. Mixing with men, rude in speech and vulgar in habits; for in those days compositors and pressmen were less enlightened than at the present time. Pressmen then were worse than our present stokers, and the compositors were vain, half-educated, and arrogant, and *scoundrels* to the poor DEVILS over whom they had control.

In that *petit enfer*, I bore up passably well. *Patience*, which my dear mother used to tell me to learn in youth, as it would be exacted from me in after life, I practised with a good grace. *Temptations* there were many; but I adhered to the philosopher's leading truth: "When, by human weakness and the arts of the tempter, we are all but led into temptation, prayer is the thread that draws us from the labyrinth."

From my industry and aptness, I gained the good graces of my employer; but that, unfortunately, created an evil—it excited the jealousy of the overseer, a bigoted hypocrite, who insulted me whenever an opportunity occurred by which he could vent his spleen.

Often insulted, I bore his petty taunts till, off my guard, hostilities assumed a decisive form.

Skating was a favourite amusement of mine; and, returning one morning from breakfast, I said, addressing myself to one of the apprentices, "No more use for skates, Johnny; the slates are *rinnin'*."

The overseer turned sharply round, and said, "The slates *rinnin'*; I wonder they didn't fall on your thick skull."

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I retorted in anger, casting a reflection on his knock-knees.

A titter ensued, and he fixed his little keen eye upon me with the deadliest hatred.

I returned his look with scorn; then, without another word, we resumed our work.

In time, a drop of water will wear the granite; in like manner, daily taunts are sure to lead to an outbreak, even with the mildest of tempers.

"Here, do you call this work!" he exclaimed, as he dashed down and destroyed that which I had just completed.

I stood erect, and, with clenched hands and eyes fixed upon him, said, "You are a black-hearted villain."

B —— moved towards me; I put myself in a defensive attitude, saying, "You had better go to your work, sir."

He did so, muttering, "Impudent scoundrel, I will report you."

"I'll save you the trouble," I replied, coldly; then, putting on my cap, I walked down stairs.

I had scarcely gained the bottom, when the sound of footsteps struck my ear. I turned round; it was one of my fellow-apprentices whom I had often befriended, because he was simple in his habits, inoffensive, and an orphan.

"If you're going to leave, I won't stay."

"Go to Johnny—go back to your work; I'll soon find something to do."

"And so shall I," he replied. "All I know is this, that wherever you go, I shall follow."

"Nonsense, Johnny. But come to our employer; he will persuade you to go back."

I saw my kind employer; explained the matter; told him I could not account for the cause of Mr. ——'s strange conduct; that I was fully aware that, however reluctant he might be, I must leave, as it was more to his interest to retain him. I

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hoped he would persuade Johnny to return to his work; he had followed me out contrary to my wishes, and that I knew it was better for him to be under his protection, and that of those with whom he lived, than to go to a strange place, and to a strange employer.

No persuasion had any effect upon Johnny: and next morning, by break of day, we might have been seen marching gaily along, on our way to Glasgow, our hearts light, and our eyes lit up with bright hopes of the future.

When we reached Glasgow, Johnny fixed his eyes on one side in search of a printing office, and I on the other.

At length we saw one, and upstairs we went.

"Are you in want of a turnover?" said I, addressing an old gentleman.

"Don't know. Where have you been working? and how did you leave your place?"

"Left on account of the overseer, whose conduct neither our employer nor any one in the office could account for. We can have the best of characters."

"Let me see; yes, I will take you. I think I can find work for one."

"Please, then, take my companion; for I must see him in a situation before I take one; he left on my account."

The old man raised his spectacles; looked at Johnny, then at me. "Well, well; come to-morrow; there will be no harm in trying you both."

We parted, to meet at seven in the morning; but Johnny came not. I went to his house: the fatigue of the previous day had unstrung his resolution, and his semi-guardian had not found it difficult to persuade him to return to his employment.

On ascertaining this, I set off alone; and on stating to the old gentleman what had occurred, he gave me a warm welcome, and, complimenting me on my discreet behaviour, installed me in his office.

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CHAPTER IV.

MY SEVENTEENTH YEAR; AN AGE OF INQUIETUDE AND DANGER—THE SPOILED SON—THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE!—BAD HABITS ENGENDERED BY PRIDE AND ARROGANCE—THE SUCCESSFUL TEMPTER!—THE PREMIER PAS AND COSTLY STEP IN YOUNG LIFE.

I ATTAINED my seventeenth year—an age of inquietude and danger, when watching and self-denial are all-important—an age when the boy-man is full of presumption, strong in his own conceit, powerful in his own strength—an age when too often the good that is in us is choked up by pride, passion, and indiscretion—an age when habits are formed that lead to ruin and to the grave.

At that age be careful—be watchful—be vigilant over your actions. Self-restraint is indispensable. How many young men have I seen who acquired habits at that age that ruined them for life! Be careful! be vigilant!

* * * * * * *

Schmidt, whose father was a newspaper proprietor in Berbice, sent his son to our employer, who was the King's printer, to be thoroughly initiated in the art of printing. Schmidt, a genteel young man, dressed neatly, with smart appearance, excited our admiration. I, being of a lively turn of mind, perhaps better educated than my fellow-apprentices, clean, and neatly dressed, was selected by Schmidt for his companion, and I —oh pride! oh indiscretion!—was delighted at the honour conferred upon me.

Schmidt had plenty of money; doubloons by the dozen, cigars by the box, and he boasted too of his bottles of choice Madeira and hock. In a word, he was the spoiled son of a wealthy parent.

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tears—the tortured heart of thy martyr mother? Yes, mother-martyr; for I have seen her in silence suffer as a martyr. I have seen her, in feverish anxiety, pace our scantily furnished room, and I have watched the silent tear roll down her pale cheek; and, on my father turning round, I have seen her furtively brush the tears away. I understood those tears; and yet here was I, wretch, causing more agonising—more heart-rending tears than she had ever shed before. Forgive, O God! Mother, I shall see you to-night!"

The night was wet and stormy, yet the warring of the elements had no influence upon me. I reached the door; paused; then, attempting my usual whistle, I lifted the latch, and entered."

"Anything the matter, David?" inquired my mother, with an anxious look.

"No, mother; nothing. I was detained last night in town, and I have come to-night instead."

A deep sigh swelled my mother's breast. "Detained, were you?" she said, with a melancholy accent. "Detained. Perhaps, David, I expect too much. May God protect you!"

"Forgive me, mother. You have been watching me, and have discovered that of late I am not what I used to be."

"Watched you! What eye is so keen as a mother's? and her instinct, David, excelleth wisdom! Watched you!"

"I have lately observed your anxious look, and how remorse seared my heart. Not too late, mother! not too late! Dry up that tear. I have sinned, but am fully repentant. Heaven will help me. D'Orsay's school again. EXCELSIOR! There, mother, I pledge my words with a kiss."

"Thanks," said my mother, a tear forcing its way down her pale cheek. "You make me so happy; for I know you will keep your promise!"

"Depend upon that, dear mother. Joy for the tears I have caused you to shed."

"Do you know, David, when it was that my heart sank?

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It was when you broke your covenant with your God—the tie that links you with your Maker—when you broke the Sabbath-day, for then I saw the setting of my once bright star, the watching of which was my pleasure and my hope."

"I felt it here! mother, here! Conscience not void of offence; but, good night, mother. I shall not forget the All-Important Commandment of Promise. Good night!"

* * * * * * *

Dear departed mother! How much do I owe to the early impressions received from thee! Surrounded by vice, hypocrisy, and crime, to thee I owe my escape from snares and temptations—snares that ruined many of those with whom I was destined to come in contact; from pilfering from orchards to offences of a graver nature, which, in many instances, ended in transportation. Lives blasted! And the agonising tears of the parents—hair grey, and cheeks furrowed with remorse and regret! Sisters, too, weeping over the sad fate of their only brother—torn from them—to go where, and to do what? To expiate the guilt of crime in felons' chains!

Again, to thee, my mother, I render thanks for thy good example and thy wholesome precepts. Without thee, bold as I always was in spirit, I might have been STRONG IN VICE!

Thanks! Thanks!

Parents! parents! How many a lovely blossom have I seen blasted for want of the parental pruning knife!

A MOTHER'S TEACHINGS LIVE WHEN THE REMAINS OF THAT SOFT, QUICKENING TIE LIE COLD IN THE GRAVE!

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CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF CONFIDENCE!—REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST!—THE CHANGE!—THE THATCHED-ROOF COTTAGE AND THE OLD DUKE!—THE PARTING!

IT was five o'clock in the morning. With a thankful and light heart, I took the coffee proffered by my mother, who was happier than I had seen her for many months.

"Good bye," she said, with a fond smile.

"Good bye, mother. I won't forget my promise."

"I know it, David. My heart tells me. Good bye."

I kissed her cheek, and hurried away from the thatched-roof cottage, happier than I had been for nearly a year.

How beautiful is CONFIDENCE! It gives us strength to resist evil! In the pure world truth is built on faith, and faith upon confidence in one another's integrity!

On my journey, I did not hum a song, nor did I whistle; no, but I reflected upon my last twelve months' career. The snares by which I had been surrounded—the hairbreadth escapes—the upward hill of vice which I had been climbing—and my providential arrest before I had reached the summit. Then, in awe, I shuddered at the peril to which I had exposed myself!

Thus I reached the spot where I had parted with the old man, and his words came fresh and truthful to my memory.

"Smoking requires a companion!" "Energies become paralysed!" How true! For the last six months I have been dead to all that is ennobling. Fare thee well, good old man. I will not now smile at your warning voice!

I reached the office in good time; for though I had estranged

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myself from many moral obligations, I had not failed in the performance of my *devoir* to my employer.

In the evening, Schmidt took out his cigar case. I shook my head.

"What's the matter?" said he. "Take one."

"My dear Schmidt, you have been very kind to me I must grant; but the kindness is misplaced—'a love mistaken,' Schmidt. Let me try, now, to return that kindness."

"What do you mean?"

"Our habits are becoming depraved. They grow worse and worse every day. We are getting, as the poet says, 'Into a fixed, confirmed habit of sin, which will terminate in death; death, not only as to merit, but a moral and physical annihilation!'"

"Bah! you are dreaming."

"It is a dream, Schmidt, and the awakening from that dream startles me. I shall dream no more the dreams that lead to such a precipice. To D'Orsay once more, and for aye. Do join the class, Schmidt, there's a good fellow. If you knew the happiness that I experienced before I visited Mrs. Mac's and other places, you would not hesitate a moment. I was then living for something—pleasure in the progress I was making—hope in my future prospects. Lately I have been living with a soul deadened in regrets. Come, try. Mr. D'Orsay is very clever. You once tempted me. Be grateful."

"To-morrow."

"No, to-night. 'Set out early and resolutely, without procrastination, or looking back.' I'm off. Come along."

Schmidt did come; attended regularly for two weeks; then stopped away one night; then two; then altogether. He had found another companion, suited to his taste.

A few years afterwards, when, in Glasgow, Master John, the son of my old employer, when speaking of bygone times, said, "I suppose you have heard of your friend, Schmidt?"

"No," I replied.

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"Dead!"

"Poor Schmidt! His race was not a long-lived one. The victim of a light, foolish, and wayward heart. Dead! My mother's warning voice!"

* * * * * * *

Months rolled on; classes in the evening, and my happy Saturday trips to the thatched cottage.

"Here's a letter," said my mother, "that Johnny has left for you."* I broke the seal and read:—

"DEAR D.,—"The praying rascal has left us. Do come back to Paisley. Mr. —— is always asking after you, and he is engaged to print the *Paisley Independent* newspaper. Do come. He will be glad to have you, and then the happy days we used to enjoy. I will ask him to send for you. There!

"Yours ever, "JOHNNY."

Simple, good-hearted Johnny; how easy to speak. Granting that Mr. G —— would take me again into his office, how could I leave my present employer? No; no. I should like to live again in the thatched cottage—my little room, with window peering through the roof. Father and friends, Archy, and the Braes of Gleniffer. But, no; gratitude forbids! However profitable, never let it be said that I was guilty of ingratitude!

I mentioned the circumstance to Master John, who spoke to his father, who, in turn, asked me my views on the matter. So satisfied was he with my reply, that he at once gave me leave to go back to my old kind-hearted employer.

* * * * * * *

Joy of joys! Happy, happy change! To live with those we love; to associate with those we esteem; to work for the good and the worthy, change toil and labour into the work of love. What a change, too, did it make in the interior of that little thatched-roof cottage!

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* The lad that followed me to Glasgow.

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My good-hearted father, instead of improvidently spending his evenings with his light-hearted friends, passed them with me in my little room. At one time we pored over Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of Empires," at another he listened to the plaintive or merry air which I played on the violin.

Often have I lulled to sleep thy good old grandfather, who was so fond of thee, and whom thou rememberest well. I have quietly stolen down stairs, where my mother was busily plying her wheel, and, half-laughing, said, "The Duke's all right. If he awakes, tell him I have gone to the library, and that I shall be back in a few minutes." Then on my return I have found him seated by the kitchen fire, and no sooner did he fix his bright keen eye upon me than he said—laughter struggling with gravity in his open countenance—"You're a nice one, Davy; send me to sleep with your fiddle, then go out without me; you won't play me that trick again."

"Ah! Duke," I have replied; for we were more than father and son—we were two familiar, sincere friends—"Ah! Duke, I thought of awaking you; but while you were asleep I took into consideration your arduous *hand-and-foot gallop* during your long day's work, and wisely concluded that repose was better for you than recreation!"

Then the Duke's retort—then the merry laugh.

Never covet riches; never look with envy upon the wealthy —their coaches, their horses, their magnificent and dazzling apartments. For in that thatched-roof cottage, of which I speak, there played a fountain, refreshing and balmy—a fountain from which few of those whom man so envy ever drink. In that thatched-roof cottage there played a fountain; sweet was it to the palate, refreshing to the body, and invigorating to the mind—a fountain that filled the heart with joy, and changed that humble cottage into a paradise Shall I tell thee

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the name of that fountain? Well, it was the Fountain of Contentment, with its gushing streams of

INDUSTRY, HONESTY, AND TRUTH.

I have dined with the rich, where the table groaned with every luxury that the gourmand could desire, and every kind of wine that the vintner could supply; and I have left the table, and smilingly said to myself, "Is this all that man "FIGHTS FOR, WRONGS FOR, JEOPARDISES HIS SOUL FOR?"

In how much does that dinner surpass the wholesome and pure fare of our lowly cottage? Bah!

I have been driven in carriages; I have often seen anxiety and disappointment depicted upon the countenances of the extravagant and over-ambitious; I have asked myself—how much does this surpass our walks to the ravine, or glen, or waterfall, when on treading the greensward, we crushed the wild flowers, that, grateful as it were for human contact, filled the air with balmy fragrance; and when the rude cataract or lofty waterfall has burst upon the vision, we have raised our hands in awe and astonishment at the greatness of the works of the Almighty.

I do not mean, my son, that you should despise the rich, or riches. No. But do not covet them; nor think that to gain wealth is to attain happiness. Let your desires be properly governed: in proportion to their fewness will be the extent of your wealth.

This was a happy time, my son—the past was pleasant; for I had the reflection of having advantageously spent my leisure hours; the present was full of joy; the future, like the opening petals of a flower was rich in colour, and bright in bloom. Hope had woven her magic fabric, through which, looming in the distance, were distinguishable the airy castles of a vivid imagination.

* * * * * * *

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Two years passed away; but before the lapse of those years a cloud had gathered over our little abode. Changes are ever taking place in life; and to meet those changes or reverses with courage and fortitude, is a duty that brings with it certain reward; but if neglected, if despondency takes the place of boldness—the punishment is equally as certain.

One Saturday information was given, not only to me, but to all the men in the office, that the *Paisley Independent* was to be discontinued; consequently, our employer had no further use for us.

This intelligence I received with sadness, as it felled to the ground my newly-formed plan for making a first step out of the general track in which circumstances had placed me. I well knew that there was no chance for a young journeyman to secure, without waiting for months and months, another situation in a locality within ten miles of our abode; so one day sufficed for me to make up my mind; and I decided that the great mart, London, should be the place of my destination.

In a few days afterwards a parting scene took place at the threshold of our little cottage. That parting I softened as well as I could by promises of soon returning with means to take all our little family to London; and shortly afterwards I was seated in the fore part of a sailing vessel, which yielded to the impulse of the breeze that wafted me away from my native land. I was not the only one on board that vessel that had left the home of his fathers to earn a livelihood elsewhere. No; there were about a dozen others; all strangers to me; but with whom I was soon on the most familiar terms.

There was one young man, with calm and pensive air; over whose face, as if it were at our merry peals of laughter, a cloud was ever and anon passing. Interested and curious, I watched an opportunity, and at last succeeded in drawing him into conversation. I was not mistaken: his sadness was heightened by our jokes, our sallies of humour at the glorious deeds which we were about to achieve in Cockney-land; our seizure of

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the money-bags of the wealthy citizens; our capture of their fairest daughters; and how our life was afterwards to pass away in harmony and love; in gilded halls, with tapestried curtains, and downy couches of embossed gold.

The reason for the young man's sadness was comprehensible. The future that we were depicting for ourselves was full of Hope, which youth can colour with rainbow hues. He had done one act which disclosed to him a future of stern reality; stripped of the gilding of hope, or the paintings of the young imagination. He was an only son, and had a widowed mother. He had served an apprenticeship, and like ourselves and like hundreds more at that time, to do so was to be turned adrift on the world; but, having been taught a business, he was only turned out like a well-laden vessel, with the wide world before him, in which sober handicraft is sure to find a ready market.

The young man had waited, with his poor mother, till his heart sickened at her sufferings; but, instead of doing as we did, resolve and act—not waiting till Providence picks us out of a ditch—he accepted a shilling, and was on his way to Chatham, to join a regiment that was bound for China. By accepting that shilling, he secured a livelihood—that was for himself; but in doing so, he left his helpless parent without a stay, at the mercy of the world. By accepting that shilling he gained a livelihood; but how much heart gratification did we secure, that he lost? The gratification of being a stay in declining life—a staff in the rugged descent that supports the tottering steps of our aged parents to their last abode.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE O'DOCHERTIES IN LONDON — LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER—THE RECLAIMED!—THE INFLUENCE OF A HEAD WHEN UNITED TO A HEART!—LONDON AND ITS TEMPTATION!—THE EPOCH OF LIFE.

IT was a lovely morning, and bright was the sun shining on the dome of St. Paul's, as I stood, in astonishment, gazing upon the ponderous building of which I had heard and read so much. After satisfying my curiosity, I passed on, in search of the house of Mr. Smiles, a person to whom I had a letter of introduction.

I knocked at the door, and, though early in the morning, it was answered by a female, whose tidy and clean appearance corresponded with the neat and orderly arrangement of the interior of the room into which I was ushered.

"Is Mr. Smiles at home?"

"No, sir; my husband has just left for his work."

"What a pity I stood staring at St. Paul's. If I had not done so, I should have been in time. I have come from Paisley, and have brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Smiles' brother."

Mrs. Smiles looked at me. Then, with the free-heartedness of a countrywoman of the soil that has given birth to many a bright genius and many patterns of heroic virtue, with the warm-heartedness that characterises the Irish, she said:—

"Sure you must be hungry. Won't you come in and have something to ate?"

"With pleasure, ma'am," I answered.

I followed Mrs. Smiles into the only sitting-room she then

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had, where four or five young girls were busily engaged in millinery; sat down to a frugal breakfast; entered into conversation about London and Londoners, Ireland and the Irish, Scotland and the Scotch; and, on leaving, received an imperative invitation to dinner, as she said her husband would be delighted to see me; and he was delighted, and a friendship was cemented, which, though once interrupted by an unforeseen circumstance, remains up to the present time in all the warmth of true sincerity.

Of this flourishing and happy family, for the exercise of thy Head and Heart, I shall give thee a few details.

Mrs. Docherty, the mother of Mrs. Smiles, was a widow, with five young daughters; and finding hardships in Ireland which she thought she could avoid in England, she emigrated to London, where she earned an honest livelihood by following the business of a milliner. Her daughters grew up, and the industry of the mother being rooted in the children, she became, what is termed, well-to-do in the world.

Mrs. Docherty had also a niece in London; an actress of great ability.

Mr. Smiles, in his amateur love for the histrionic art, formed the acquaintance of Miss E——, and when she was attacked by ill-health, he worked and struggled to support her.

She died, and Mr. Smiles having been informed by the deceased that she had an aunt and several cousins in London, in fulfilment of her dying request, asked them to the funeral. In gratitude to the man who had done so much for the niece, Mrs. Docherty invited him to her home, although his thin and haggard appearance showed evident signs of dissipation. Her judicious daughter, Miss Docherty, saw in his acts towards her departed cousin the bright rays that the jewel of his heart had shed forth; she received him kindly; gave invitation after invitation; found out that under her influence his habits were fast improving; accepted him as a lover; and afterwards for a husband.

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And what sort of husband did he make?

"The best of husbands, and the best of men."

A head was here united to a heart; and when the heart rebelled, gentle and persuasive means brought it within proper control. Miss Docherty, on her becoming Mrs. Smiles, did not leave off her industrious habits. She still continued her business; she did more—she taught her husband the nature of a savings' bank; till he at length, with her, prided himself in the weekly amount which both added to the little fund which his wife, as Miss Docherty, had amassed. A steady and regular deposit of small sums soon swells up to a large amount. Mr. Smiles took a pattern by his wife, and started up as a small master in his own business. He succeeded; but he never was stingily sparing, nor did he deprive himself of the frugal enjoyments of life. To live well is to live frugally, not miserly. Many a happy excursion have we had together; and now the once thin, the once emaciated Smiles, struts about a Falstaff in size, a face full of happiness and good-humour; a cheerful wife and happy children to lighten the little troubles of business; and the knowledge of having a good banking account and funded property to brighten up his jocund heart.

After breakfasting with Mrs. Smiles, I took a letter of introduction from my pocket, and asking the locality of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, left, promising to return at one o'clock to dinner.

I presented my letter to Mr. W——, a fine old gentleman, whose good-humoured countenance and smiling face indicated that warmth of heart which he possessed in no ordinary degree. When he had perused the letter, he looked at me, and said smilingly to his head clerk, "I say, Robert, this is a young countryman of ours; he has brought a letter from your cousin."

"Yes," I said; "and my cousin, Mr. Mac, sends his kind compliments to Mr. Robert. He told me he was your schoolfellow."

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"Is Mr. —— a cousin of yours?"

"Yes, sir."

Questions were put by both on different matters—the state of trade; if the "auld" town was still flourishing; how So-and-So was. One answer excited sympathy; another a laugh; so that, before returning to the purport of my visit, I was on familiar terms both with employer and employed.

"You want a situation immediately," said the old gentleman.

"To-day, sir; that is to say, if I can get one."

"Only arrived this morning, and want a situation so soon. Would you not like to see a little of London first?"

"No, sir; away from business, I shall find plenty of time to visit the *lions* of London."

Being well dressed—new suit of black, new hat, and new shoes; the same in which I had lately followed a kind cousin to her last resting-place—he little thought that, after giving the soldier a shilling at Chatham, I had only thirteen shillings in my pocket. Besides, I had no one from whom I could borrow; nor did I ever dream of requiring it. On the contrary, I felt certain before the lapse of ten days I should be able to send something to cheer the hearts of the inmates of the happy home I had left.

My dear boy, if our desires are reasonable—if our plans for obtaining our object be in accordance with honour and good sense—the rule is that perseverance and industry will overcome difficulties; failure forms the exception. It is common to hear people say, "How lucky he is;" and "How unlucky I am." There is luck in being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth; but it is not luck that keeps it there. The foolish expect luck, and even wait for it! the wise and energetic make luck for themselves.

I entered upon my first London duties, and passed the *ordeal*

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that young men have to pass in entering, as actors term it, upon "The London boards."

Only two things worthy of observation occurred during my brief stay in my first London situation. One was that I had found out that on newspaper work quick hands could earn as much, if not more, in six hours than we did in ten.

The second was—Temptations were great, and to be delivered from them, self-control is indispensable.

I went to Mr. W——; asked him if he had any influence with the proprietor of the *Sun;* told him that I was satisfied with my present situation, but that I had ascertained that on a newspaper I could save time, which saving I could place advantageously to my own account.

"Oh, yes, yes! I will give you a letter."

The good old gentleman gave me a letter, and I succeeded.

In securing my second situation, tact was required; but you must not associate tact with deceit. The former is justifiable, as it is the result of wisdom and discretion; the latter is at all times despicable, because it is the wisdom of evil—the bitter and unwholesome fruit of the forbidden tree.

My second situation, being one of the best in the business, was, consequently, difficult to obtain. More than a letter of recommendation was required; for, with the overseer, excuses are current; and a promise no sooner given than forgotten, sums up—using poor Paddy's expression—(one of the men in the office) "*the tot of the whole*" of a letter of recommendation.

I presented my letter to the proprietor; who read it, looked at me, then, returning it, said, "Go up stairs; ask for Mr. Smith, my overseer; give him the letter (to which he had added a few words), and should there be a vacancy you shall have it. If not, you will stand first on the list."

I politely thanked the gentleman, obeyed his order, and presented my letter.

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"Fresh from the north; a good workman?"

"Yes, from Paisley," was my reply to the first question; "I have never been considered a bad one," was my answer to the second.

"I don't think I can find a vacancy; but should I be able, I suppose you would have no objection to lodge at my house. We have a spare room?"

"It matters little to me where I lodge; only the poor old couple where I am at present treat me with all the affection of parents; and parting from them would, I am sure, be painful."

Here a tall man, with light curly locks, interrupted us with his rough, jocular voice. He was the *sub.;* that is, the second in office.

"What! a fresh arrival! By St. Andrew! all Scotland will soon be here."

Pleased with the look of the intruder, though astonished at his familiarity with his superior, I replied, half-laughing, "What strange people you Londoners are; to call a sort of castaway supplicant a *fresh arrival.* I thought that that title belonged only to the nobility when travelling."

"Never mind; you are a decent-looking callant; so come and sit beside me; then you can tell me all the news. I'll report the *affairs of the nation* to the governor. What say you, my worthy chief?"

"All right Gal. Take him with you."

I followed my humorous townsman; who, giving me a seat beside his own, resumed his work.

"Well! what about the auld town? Is it still standin' in the same place; and does it still flourish; and is the tree there that never grew; and is the fish there that never swam, and the bell there that never rang; eh, man?"

"Just as of yore, sir; but as for the bell that never rang, I suppose you mean the bell that's never done ringing."

Here Gal fixed his humorous eyes on me, and laughing, said, "You're a young *deevil;* and it wouldn't surprise me

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though, as a bad soldier is drummed out of the regiment, you have been rung out of the place for being a bad Christian."

"Give me a case, and let me help you. I can speak and work, think and work, and sing and work; then I will tell you all about the town; how it is spreading its great wings over the fields where we used to play; and about the river which we used to wade, that now requires a good swimmer to cross."

"Well, as you like."

This was an old saying of Gal's. "Well, as you like," meant, "I never wrangle; if it pleases one and does good to another, without harming either, in that case he is a churl who gives a refusal."

My new friend invited me to sup at his house; and, by way of showing his respect for me, gave me to understand that no one of his office had ever been there.

I told him what the governor had said about his spare room.

"I am glad you have mentioned it to me. No; on no account go there. I know his purpose. He looks a good man; but you must not depend on looks in London. Evade giving an answer for a fortnight. A circumstance is going to take place, when we shall want a hand or two. Call upon me any day after four; knowing the wish of the proprietor to oblige the gentleman who gave you the letter, I will keep our governor tight to his promise; but never mention the letter to any one."

I followed the advice of my new friend, and notwithstanding rebuffs from one, or the interested remarks of another, in less than a fortnight, with the assistance of Mr. Gal, I entered upon my new situation.

TEMPTATION.

I HAD now reached an epoch in life—an epoch fraught with good, or fraught with evil—an epoch that determines a young aspirant's rise or fall in life—the period of *moral control*—the epoch of temptation—the time for *self-control* and *resistance*.

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My son, young man, or whosoever you may be, if London, or any large city, is to be your chosen field, in which you desire to earn reputation, renown, or riches; if you have not *moral courage* to refuse boldly that which you know is pernicious—ruinous; if you have not self-control to smile at the tempter; if you have not sufficiency of self-denial to enable you to resist the "only a glass," fly from London, for you are as able to erect a Babel, as to establish yourself in the city of temptation. How many have I seen, young men, too, with prospects much greater than mine own, who, through yielding to the "only a glass," have become tenants of an early grave; some that have escaped the shafts of death are to be found in the workhouse; others are to be seen about the streets, scarcely distinguishable from the common beggar.

Of all vices, DRUNKENNESS is the worst; it is the parent of all others. He who indulges in the glass undermines his reason; and, losing control over himself, passion triumphs, and the brute-par is the level of his condition. Should a tempter say, "Only a glass;" reply—"No, nor a thimbleful." A few such answers, delivered in cold earnestness, will rid you of such *friends*.

I was scarcely in my new situation a week when I found out that I was, with an exception or two, surrounded by two classes of men—knaves and fools. One knave supplied the fools with money, which, with interest, was deducted from their wages on Saturday; another sold spirits in the office, and at every leisure half-hour, "A refresher, my boy," greeted each ear. The fellow-knave got off with single chalks; the double chalks were reserved for the heedless, good-hearted fools. The gin-supplier only asked me once. I looked at him straight in the face, and taking advantage of the information I had received from my friend Gal, I made the sign of a double chalk, and sneeringly said, "No, sir." The bad man never asked me again. Soon afterwards he died an untimely death, and was buried, unpitied, in the Savoy churchyard.

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Instead of frequenting public-houses and "sing-songs," I became a member of the Mechanics' Institution, and with the view of improving my French I occasionally visited a French hotel, where, under the pretence of playing dominoes with some poor, isolated Frenchmen, I received, what I considered, a good French lesson.

Here I met two men;—and if there ever lived two like to the two first-born of woman, they were personified in Hammers the musician, and Courvoisier the murderer.

Poor Hammers! Well you must recollect him, my son. He it was who, when you were an infant, used to place you in the baby-jumper, play the violin, while your little feet kept time to his plaintive tunes or merry airs. Poor Hammers was fond of you; and when you had secured his spectacles and my hat and boots, his ejaculation!—an improper one—expressed what he could not find words to explain.

Hammers came to London with Strauss's band—a band that lent fresh grace to the waltz, elegant poses to the dancer, and thrilling music to the ear. How great had been his fall! From a principal of a far-famed band; from a good composer and arranger, he had become a wonder—the Paganini of a tap-room, and the subservient tool of men who thought it no disgrace to buy fortune and reputation for a trifle. Poor Hammers! Before I knew him, the seed of dissipation had germinated, sprung up, blossomed, and was then in full bloom. I tried hard to uproot the unwholesome plant; but I only succeeded in nipping the flowers, which, like monthly roses, bloomed afresh. Besides engaging him half a day every week and securing pupils, from whom he could have realized a fair living, I got him a regular situation in a band; but he gave up all to be the lord of a tap-room, where he was rewarded for his performance by a plentiful supply of grog, and a subscription made up by the parties present.

Whenever Hammers failed in the wherewithal to secure a dinner, then his long, thin, emaciated form used to stalk

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silently into my office with a manuscript sheet of music in his hand.

"Well, Hammers, out of luck's way. Have you run into debt with the landlord, and does he now refuse to give you a dinner?"

His usual ejaculation! then, "Ah, you po-ett; alvays full of dee fun. Vy, I tell you vat; I have just compose such a bu-uty, and I have put you for dedication."

"The mischief you have. Then that means, Hammers, that I am to have it for nothing."

On one occasion, when he brought me a "bu-uty," I looked at him; it was winter; he had scarcely a shoe to his foot, and his elbows protruded through his coat sleeves. "Well, Hammers, I think a pair of my shoes and one of my coats would be a fair price for it."

His ejaculation! and "Vat a clever to guess so; it vas for dat dat I wrote dee bu-uty; but you know you must geev me money too; for I must sell your coat to get one bigger von."

"Fiddle; try this on; see, it has swallow tails—it was made for me when I was thinner."

"And was you tall as me?"

"Don't you know that all great men, po-etts, as you call them, grow short as they grow wise; we change length into breadth for the sake of warmth and convenience."

Hammers tried on the coat; hearty laughter ensued, interrupted by remarks and ejaculations. I satisfied poor Hammers.

Perhaps three months might have elapsed before Hammers called on me again; and when he did, I retreated, bowing and scraping; laughing, and pleased at the outward man of the simple, good-hearted musician. He was dressed beyond the top of fashion; a shirt-collar, stiff and white, reached his ears; shirt-bands to the tips of his fingers; kid gloves, a gold chain, and in his right hand, a silver-mounted switch.

"Well," I exclaimed, laughing—"thou monster, licked into

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the shape of a puppy; where, and how, and by what means, hast thou been metamorphosed?"

"I live at the Hubbubs."

"Where is the Hubbubs? Is it upon earth, under it, or?—

"Vat, don't you know Hubbubs, in Covent Garden?"

"You mean the Hummums Hotel?"

"To be *surely*."

"What! has some fortunate event given you a kingdom to squander away, Hammers?"

"No; my old friend V——, that I used to live with in the Bench."

"What, the profligate that first enticed you from your honourable calling; he, who, after making a wreck of that which was noble, left his victim to starve, or to become a street fiddler, or vagrant, for what he cared?"

"Oh, but he could not *found* me. His father ees dead, and he ees going to get married to an heiress. I am going to play and write music for him, and teach his new vife?"

Well, Hammers, so far so good. If your friend, as you call him, will only undo what he did in years of profligacy, no one will be more pleased at the change than myself. Go with him; any change is better than the life you have lately led; I have my own opinion in regard to your friend's kindness, which time will prove."

"Vat is dat."

"Never mind. Go with him, and be as steady as possible. Where did he find you?"

"O dat was very funny—O vat a fun! Vy, you know the —— public-house. Vell, I have been stopping dere two *month*. I play to dee society in dee evening, and accompany dee songs dat dey sing—very good company, very. L. R—— [an unfortunate literary gentleman, of some note], takes dee chair. Ve break up at two, sometimes tree in dee morning; so I have no bed. I vait till a printer go out at five, ven pot-boy vake me to put me in his varm place. Vell; I vas asleep, vith my

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legs under dee cross tings of dee chair, ven dee rascal pot-boy geev me such a tump on my back, calling 'cos clear;' so I am verry frighten; I jump up, but could not, my feet vere caught; so I tumble down veed dee cheer on dee top of me. Vell, dee boy, full of laugh, pull dee chair out of me. Ven I look at myself I found my knees out of my trowser, and I was all burst behind."

I laughed heartily; poor Hammers joined me.

"Well, did your friend find you in that state?"

"He found me in dee afternoon, ven I did not know vat *for* to do, *for* to go out *for* to geev a lesson; and ven he saw me, he shook me by dee hand, clap me on dee shoulder, and said he had been looking for me for tree year; dat I vould never vant for anyting—dat his old fiddling friend, who stuck to him in prison, vould never be forsaken. He call for a cab, put me in, drive me to a tailor, and you now see how I am."

"When do you start with your friend?"

"To-morrow."

About two months afterwards Hammers called upon me. "What!" I said, "so soon back?"

"Yes; and I shall stay back."

"Why?" What's the matter; has your friend offended you?"

"Friend! he is no friend; he ees von great hypocrite; von *grand rascaille*."

"Stop, stop, Hammers. Let me hear what he has done; then you must be guided by me."

It was as I at first suspected. The friend wanted to use Hammers for his own purpose; and H——, though poor, was a giant in independence. A generous act would melt him to tears—a mean one would fire his soul with indignation; neither starvation nor any earthly fear could chain the tongue of the irritated musician."

"Never mind, Hammers; I suspected as much. Be only steady. I think I can get you a leadership at ——."

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"Can you? But how did you suspect that *rascaille?*"

In giving me his history, you told me one act that he committed out of prison, and one he committed when there; and from these two acts I knew he was a bad man. Errors of the heart never lead a man to commit cold, calculating treachery."

I succeeded in installing Hammers at the head of a small band, where he received unqualified praise, and gave great satisfaction. This, however, was of short duration. One afternoon, he met one of his old public-house acquaintances, and Hammers allowed himself to be persuaded to call upon the landlord of ——, who was an amateur violinist. Hammers, amid hearty welcomes, was led into the parlour, a large glass of grog was placed before him, and a fiddle was put into his hand. Hammers played, the company cheered; the company sang and Hammers accompanied each song, to the delight of the singer. Time was up; but Hammers was in his glory. He remained, and consequently lost his situation.

Hammers returned to his old ways, and continued in them, till disease attacked him; then he was an object of pity; a walking shadow—a miserable wreck of man! Past teaching and past fiddling, with a soul too proud to beg, his position was deplorable; but Providence kindly interceded, and through the influence of the late Prince Consort, Hammers was admitted an indoor patient of the Brompton Hospital, where in the chapel his soul found vent in the strains which he poured forth on the organ, till death stepped in, and closed the career of a man that might have been a useful and an ornamental member of society! Alas! Poor Hammers! He indulged in folly; and deeply did he drink of the cup of bitterness?

Poor Hammers! though dead, he yet lives in my memory; though forgotten in the concert-room, my thoughts often revert to him and to the days gone by, when the airs are played which he first moulded into harmony.

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Again, I repeat, be careful in the selection of your companions. The fall of poor Hammers may be traced to his confidence in the pretended benevolence of a man, who was generous when he was poor; who was lavish to a lordly degree, because duped creditors had to pay the bills of fare; to his confidence in a man who, when poor, used him for his own purposes, and when rich, tried to do the same: but Hammers found that the ways of the rich man were different from those of the poor one; and, when too late, discovered the nature of the man who had lured him from the path of honour and integrity.

The other man that frequented that hotel—the murderer Courvoisier—was the wretch who cut the throat of his kind, indulgent master, Lord William Russell.

A strange fact, my son, attended this dreadful murder,—a fact which will show you that crime discharges its shafts not only at the intended victim, but spreads misery in the homes of families the most remote.

Did the crime of Courvoisier end in the murder? No. It rendered a man an idiot, a wife husbandless, and a child fatherless. It did more—it reduced a family to poverty, to which the father fell a victim, and caused his wife, after a vain struggle to earn a livelihood in London, to leave her native land for America, where she hoped to gain a sustenance for herself and her fatherless offspring.

"You ask, how was that?"

Courvoisier had so artfully effected the murder and robbery, that his counsel declared him, before his God, innocent, and acquittal would have been the result; but Madame Piolaine, at the eleventh hour, stepped forward, and pointed out the man who had left a parcel containing the plate of the murdered nobleman. At her look Courvoisier trembled. That look cost him his life. How much did it cost the poor woman? That look rendered her homeless, shook the reason of her husband,

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who ended his days in a madhouse, and left her penniless, a widow and a mother, in, to her, a cold world.

Thou startest, my boy, and any other reader may start; but though strange, the fact is not less true.

The hotel of M. Piolaine was supported by foreigners; and, because the inhuman murderer happened to be a foreigner, they shunned his house, and his *interested* neighbours alleged that Piolaine had brought one of their countrymen to the gallows —that he had sold his countryman for a promised reward. Piolaine denied having given up the parcel with a mercenary view; he maintained that the foul deed was so monstrous that, had Courvoisier been his own brother, he would have felt himself bound to bring him to justice.

This would not do; his house was marked, and the finger of scorn was pointed at him. For a period he struggled on, thinking that time would bring about a change—but no. He became a bankrupt: fled to Boulogne, where he became a *touter*, and soon afterwards ended his days in a madhouse.

His industrious wife, who was an Englishwoman, returned to London with her orphan boy, opened a shop, which did not answer, and at last left for America, in the hope of earning a livelihood there.

I met a third man at that hotel. Who could have foretold the coming greatness of that man? It was he who invited my little tailor (Merlet) and my *quasi*-English pupil and fencing master (Guillaume Léon), with others, to a trip on board the *Eagle*, and when on board declared his intention of taking Boulogne. For that act he was called a fool, but Napoleon never was a fool; he was as wise and sagacious as a private gentleman as he has proved himself to be as Emperor of the French.

"Well, Merlet," I said to my little tailor, on his return, "how did Napoleon act when he found that he was deceived,

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CHAPTER VII.

PARIS—BOYHOOD'S HOME—DEBUT AS AN EDITOR—POOR JANET—A MOTHER'S DEATH—THE OLD DUKE—A DIVIDED HOUSE.

TIME rolls on! I had, with the view of increasing my knowledge of French and of the French people, determined on a trip to Paris. Gal. gave me leave of absence, and bright was that morn and light was my heart when I leapt on board the packet-boat destined to convey me to the Gallic shores.

There was a strange medley on board; a variety of character, and some of it not of the most reputable kind. A rich young lord, with whom were members of the Prize-ring; those pugilistic monstrosities that continue to blur the face of social morals in England. One was flying from his country, having, what the Ring called it, "pinked his man." Brutalised by the long habit of attaching *honour* to a *profession* which is in itself a disgrace, these men committed several unbecoming acts—forcing passengers to drink champagne; and one of them threw a glassful in the face of a respectable old man who refused to drink. I called out "Shame!" and appealed to the nobleman to "assume" the gentleman, and use his influence. He did so. One of these *men*-brutes was evidently bent on making a victim, and had fixed his eyes on a respectable-looking person in green spectacles. I defeated the intention, and to his mortification and displeasure, I took the young man with me to a respectable hotel, when he kindly thanked me for my interference, as he acknowledged himself that, for want of moral courage, he certainly would have accompanied the young lord and his brutalised companions.

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MORAL COURAGE, my son, is valuable in life. Without it we become the tools of the bully and the cunning. Practise boldness in all that is upright. Let your "*no*" mean no, and yes, "*yes.*" No prevarication. When your mind is made up, decide and abide by your decision. Better to err slightly than to live floating in indecision. A "no-yes" man won't do in this matter-of-fact world.

In forming an acquaintance with the gentleman in green spectacles, my object was disinterested, but it was dangerous. His habits were expensive—his purse was well filled. My habits were frugal and my purse was light. Still I was too proud not to bear my share of the expense. In my own way I was rich; with the *green spectacles* I would soon be that which no man of spirit could brook—a *hanger-on.*

Avoid associating with those whose habits and pretensions are more extravagant than your own. Living above your means is a dangerous game; its beginning is *disquietude*, its end is *misery.*

When I reached Paris, I found that a "desultory invasion" had been made on my small purse. Without replenishing, what was I to do; and where was I to find the hidden treasure? I ruminated, and then I said, "I have it. From the shrine of industry, whence sprang my health and my happiness." I took up a pen; wrote a letter to M. Galignani, the proprietor of *Galignani's Messenger*, dressed and presented my letter *in propriâ personâ.* M. Galignani looked at me, then read; then surveyed me from head to foot, then looked at the letter. At length his soft Italian voice thrilled pleasantly in my ear. "I think I can find room for you in one of the situations—*Venez.*"

I went, and was forthwith installed upon *Galignani's Messenger.*

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Paris. How charming! but this is not the place to descant upon its charms. In short, I was delighted with Paris —with the people—with everything that was Parisian; and few, however rich or extensive their means and equipment, enjoyed Paris more than I did.

The progress I made in the French language was great, no doubt accelerated by my teaching English to Frenchmen. This was gratifying; for I had planned starting evening classes in London for French—a first move out of the groove in which circumstances had placed me.

* * * * * * *

I returned to London, and received a pleasant greeting from Gal., who had kindly kept my place open for me, and gave me leave to visit my native place, as I intended bringing my sister to London.

I had kept my intended visit a secret. When I reached the thatch-roofed cottage, I stopped at the window and looked in. My industrious mother was busy at the wheel; beside her was my youngest sister; and busy, broom in hand, was Janet sweeping the floor.

When the light was obstructed, Janet looked up, and dropping the broom, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother; here's Davit!" I lifted the latch, and walked in.

An ever-watchful and benign Providence ensures riches for the son who is dutiful to his parent—riches that make the whole world's wealth as naught. Could the gold of a Crœsus purchase the overflowings of affection that attended our meeting, as I touched a dear sister under the chin, and kissed away the tears from the eyes of my beloved mother? I trod the floor of that lowly cottage with a manly step—that cottage which had been the scene of boyhood's struggles, and boyhood's endearments. No, no! the world has no wealth like that of a pure and affectionate heart! The world would have called me poor, but

THAT MOMENT, MY SON, WAS THE RICHEST OF MY LIFE!

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What rejoicings! Old faces! Archy! Scenes of boyhood! but let imagination paint it!

My father came in, with his gladsome face, and chuckled outright. We sat down to a supper, seasoned with cheerfulness, good-humour, and bright thoughts of the days to come.

I spent four weeks in Scotland. What weeks!

On my return to London, I fixed on Soho, a locality then thickly inhabited by foreigners, for my *début* as a French teacher.

My evening classes, at a *shilling* per week, proved a perfect success; for in less than a month I had upwards of fifty pupils. At the same time I held two situations—one on the *Sun* newspaper, and two nights a week on the *Observer*.

I was getting rich, and Janet was happy, and we did not forget to share our prosperity with the good people of the thatched-roof cottage.

Emboldened by my success as a teacher, I became an author—I published my "SELF-INSTRUCTING FRENCH GRAMMAR"—which, like the lessons I gave, had for recommendation—SIMPLICITY. The Press acknowledged they had "never seen an elementary work better worth its name"—"as useful in its nature as it is ample in its plan," &c.—and edition after edition followed.

Again emboldened by success, I started a cheap bi-monthly publication, called the "Student," a French and English publication, composed of English tales and essays, and essays and tales in French.

Cheap publications were not then in vogue with publishers—so after a severe struggle—working night and day, I completed the volume, and as I was appointed editor of the *Mirror*, buried my bantling with a good grace.

In doing good to others, my son, we confer a benefit on ourselves. My being appointed editor of the *Mirror* was entirely through Janet. She had brought a letter of introduction to a Scotch lady, whose husband had succeeded

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to the business of her late brother, Mr. Macrone, one of the most enterprising publishers of the day; he who found out the genius of Boz, and who introduced him to an admiring public in the publication of the "Pickwick Papers." At the hour when he had secured a Boz, a Thackeray, an Ainsworth, and other literary men of talent —when fortune began to smile, Death stepped in, and in the up-hill battle of life, in the midst of his labours, he was numbered with his fathers!

Janet saw Mrs. Cunningham; who, pleased with her honest face and naive manners, listened attentively to her exaggerated praises of her brother's abilities. The result: two of her daughters were placed under my care, and the husband, hearing how I was struggling to establish my "Student," read a few of my articles and tales, was pleased, and knowing that I had not the means to sustain the struggle, advised me to stop the publication, and that he would give me the *Mirror* to edit. I took his advice, and continued to edit the pioneer of cheap and pure literature for years.

I then followed three different avocations. At one time conversing with literary men of high standing; the lamented Thackeray, who was then glorying in his "*Plush Breeches.*" Harrison Ainsworth, whose magazine was published by Mr. Cunningham; Laman Blanchard; Albert Smith, and others of literary notoriety; then with apron on, and sleeves tucked up, composing and making fun with the compositors at the *Bell's Life* and *Observer* office; then as a French teacher——

"I have brought my daughter to learn French. Are you a native?"

"*Oui, oui*, Madam! Just come from dee *Paree.*"

"Oh, I am so glad of that; because I want my daughter to have a pure Parisian accent!"

I promised that her daughter should acquire a pure accent.

Perhaps you think I was wrong, my son, by stating that which to all appearance was an untruth. No: I knew French so well, that I passed for French with Frenchmen,

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and was then teaching Frenchmen their own language; and from the progress of my pupils had proved that I could teach French as well as any Frenchman in England. It may appear egotistic;—but Mr. D., your old friend, who was one of my early pupils, knows the veracity of this statement.

Learn from this, that it is better to know one thing or one language well, than to have an imperfect knowledge of half-a-dozen.

* * * * * * *

Now the star of Hope was bright! now for my long cherished desire—to see my father; to see my mother and sister Jeanie, at a comfortable London fireside. As for my brother, poor fellow, he was morally wrecked in youth. Evil associations had marred a goodly life! When a boy, I was told he promised fair; but my father—I think the step was injudicious, although it is adopted by many fathers at the present day—put his young son to learn weaving, that he might be a better judge of goods woven, as he intended making him a shawl manufacturer, the flourishing trade of Paisley.

Educate and train a youth, and when he attains years he will adapt himself to anything. When the mind is well grounded, it will soon acquire a knowledge of how a thing should be done. An architect can direct a builder, although he had never laid a brick—a civil engineer can guide the mechanic's hand, although he had never handled a tool—indeed the most flourishing printer that I ever knew (he was a reader for the press) had never lifted a type.

Knowledge is power. It commands the head as well as it governs the hands. Had my father, instead of placing John in a den of half-educated, presumptuous men of loose habits; had he, when he could well afford it, formed his son's mind, had him properly trained and educated, John might have been a flourishing manufacturer, might have proved a blessing, instead of a thorn in his bosom.

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Amongst these presumptuous, half-educated men, there were atheists; and John, young, ignorant of the truths of Holy Writ, proud of being ranked with these *soi-disant* wiseacres, imbibed the pernicious doctrine, and *perished.*

Eschew such vain, presumptuous, ignorant men, my son,—for their sun is soon set, never to rise again. South wisely says, "that men are atheistical, because they are first vicious; and question the truth of Christianity, because they hate the practice." Such men are the transient victims of arrogance or ignorance. Eschew them, for no atheist can be a true friend or an affectionate relation. The fire is out! God's love has ceased to beam in their hearts!

* * * * * * *

All was joy with us! Janet was looking out for a small house in the suburbs for our little family, as Mr. Cunningham had kindly promised to give my father, who was a good accountant, a situation in his publishing office; but alas! how often does it turn out that our best laid plans are profitless —our schemes fragile as a reed!

Poor Janet! little did I think when she said to me one morning, "Davit, I have seen such a pretty little cottage, with a garden in front and a nice little garden behind; and you'll not guess, grape trees growing round the house. Won't mother be pleased? I am so happy!" Little did I think, then, that a chain in my life was so soon to be broken—snapped—never to be linked again, except in the sweet associations of the past!

One short, quick, industrious year, when I had all but reached the goal of a first generous aspiration—all within my grasp—my mother with me and happy,—the old Duke, as my father was familiarly termed, and sisters, too, and then the world before me! Youth's joy—bright illusions: but how stern the reality!

Poor Janet was taken ill with an internal complaint that baffled the skill of the first physicians; and in less than three months that loving sister, that warm-hearted, pure, innocent,

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intellectual daughter, breathing the words, "My mother!" passed into eternity!

In my arms, my son, she died. But it was not like other deaths that I have witnessed; hers was more like a pleasing dream; and as the spirit, the light of the soul, gradually left the eye in its upward flight—in ecstacy and holding out her arms, she exclaimed, "Oh! my mother!"

I shall never forget those words, nor that look of joy! nor the effect of death upon the eye; at once bright and radiant, then the gradual opaqueness that forces the light, the soul, upwards to our Maker!

That was a blow; for adversity welds strongly the links of affection; but one as terrible awaited me!

While gazing in mournfulness upon the placid face of the playmate, or rather the little labourer of my early days; while thinking over scenes passed away never to return, I was startled by the postman's knock. I opened the door, and received an ominous bordered letter, which I tore open and read:—

"Dear David,—You have lost one of the best of mothers!" I could read no more; but looked at the signature, and saw by the writing that it was from my father.

"My mother, too, and Janet." Death's shaft had saved one of these loving creatures from feeling the pang of sudden separation. The summons that called the one, reached the ear of the other. Then Janet, sensible to the last! Her extended arms, her look of astonishment and joy, and then her ecstatic words—"Oh! my mother!" And then—the eye!

How mysterious are Thy ways, O God!

* * * * * * *

When life is young, the buoyant spirit of the aspiring cannot give way to a long grief; besides, I had one cheering reflection which lightened my heart. May you have the same, my son; for you know not its value till too late—when, as many have found out, remorse takes the place of pleasing

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souvenirs of the past, and the mind is filled with vain regrets, instead of the sweet, though melancholy rejoicings of a surcharged heart.

I had been a kind and dutiful son, and the promise of the fifth commandment has been amply fulfilled!"

Look to it, young man! Look to it! Vain regrets are bad condolers of a bitter conscience!

* * * * * * *

Not long after these sad events, I received a letter from my dear old father, stating that he was on his way to London. The evening of his arrival was cold—very cold. I hastened to the vessel, leapt on board, accompanied by your friend, my old pupil, Mr. D——; shook hands with my poor old father, who was changed; so much so, that I scarcely knew him.

"Well, sir Duke, I am happy to see you. You are cold. Come along: you have not forgotten the warming influence of a stiff glass of toddy. If you had taken less, sir Duke, you would not be so cold to-night.

"Ah! Davit, Davit! you little know what I have suffered!"

"Well, well! Let bygones be bygones. Look forward hopefully to what God reserves in the future!"

The dear "Duke," as I called him, was made comfortable, and rested that night in the sweet and tranquil slumbers which never fail to visit the good, the simple-minded, and the "pure of heart."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Cunningham, probably to assuage the grief of my sudden loss, engaged me to adapt a work of Victor Hugo, which was popular all over the Continent. It was his "Rhine," a work of talent, full of legendary lore, and pleasing reminiscences. We were forestalled by a popular publisher.

I advised Mr. Cunningham to publish a work that was creating a *furore* in Paris, the "Wandering Jew," by Eugène

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Sue—which I would adapt to the English taste—and reduce it, so as to make a neat two-shilling volume. His shopman shook his head. Mr. C. seemed lukewarm on the matter. Bruce and Wild, listening to the idea, engaged me at once to adapt it. I received a small sum for my labour; and Bruce and Wild netted several thousands. Bohn afterwards engaged me to write the "Novelists of France;" and Mr. Darton several educational works.

About this time Mr. Cunningham took a partner—quarrelled; house became divided, separation, bankruptcy; and the *Mirror* passed into other hands, and I was left without one of my certain literary occupations.

* * * * * * *

WHEN ONE DOOR SHUTS ANOTHER OPENS, IS THE REWARD OF A JUST OBSERVANCE OF OUR DUTY.

Walking up Catherine street, a familiar voice greeted my ear.

"Hollo! my dear A——; I have been looking for you for the last three days."

"And find me the fourth. My dear H——, I am happy to see you."

"I'll tell you. I have an offer, a good offer, to publish the *Gardener's and Farmer's Journal.* All gentlemen connected with it, and I have promised those gentlemen that, provided you undertake the management, I will do so, because then I may rely on success."

"Flattery, H——; too much so; but I will see the gentlemen." I saw Messrs. Lee, of Hammersmith, and well may Mr. Hutton have called them gentlemen; for two more benevolent, good men, are rarely, if ever, to be met with. The publication was for a charity—got up for the benefit of the wives and families of decayed gardeners and farmers. I was engaged to manage, sub-edit, and print the journal, which I continued to do for several years.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. JAMES WILSON—THE HOMES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD—PROBITY—CHOICE OF SOCIETY—A PRACTICAL MAN.

I AM now about to relate a strange—an important event—one that greatly influenced your father's subsequent career—the introduction to a great and good man.

"You are Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. ——, do you think you could print the *Economist?*"

"It does not require a thought, sir. I know it."

"Ah! But I understand you print another paper; the *Gardener's and Farmer's Journal.*"

"I not only print it, but I manage it, and edit the News Department."

"How could you print my paper, having so much to do?"

"With method and system, I could print two papers a day."

The keen eye of that great, gifted man was on me.

"What am I to do with the men?"

"Give them a fortnight's notice."

"But should they *strike?*"

"Let them; that will matter not."

"How?"

"I shall have hands in reserve to bring the paper out in less than a day."

"There are three that I should like to keep."

"Well, as for that, keep them all; if they are fit for their place, I won't discharge one."

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"That great good man—good, but not so great as he afterwards proved himself—was only once in the printing office. I had ordered a certain thing to be done; the man demurred. My order to him was to *obey*. I knew what was right.

With acute perception, that shrewd good man said, "Mr. —— is right!" then walked down stairs.

From that time, I never saw that distinguished gentleman in the printing office, though our connection lasted till his death—a duration of upwards of fifteen years.

* * * * * * *

Years rolled on, pleasantly too; for my *studio* was next to that of a gentleman whom I esteemed for his worth, whom I admired for his talent, and whose example was one of the brightest that could be set forth to a young man.

I say my studio: for the pen was still in requisition, though I became one of the largest newspaper printers in London. I was of the printing office, not in it, and managed the whole easily by kindness and by system.

Here, again, I found my French of great advantage; for my services in that respect were occasionally useful to Mr. Wilson, which tended to unite our friendship by a closer tie than otherwise would have been effected.

Years rolled on, and with each year Mr. James Wilson rose a step in the ladder of fame, while my printing office grew from a wooden press to two offices with seven steam printing machines. Indeed, had I been desirous of being a large printer, I might have been so under distinguished patronage; but I cared little about amassing wealth to the sacrifice of intellectual pursuits; so I studied! wrote! and hoped!

After the tedium of the day, I occasionally passed pleasant hours with Mr. Wilson; but were I to narrate to you all the pleasurable moments I have passed with that dear departed friend, I could fill a volume. On one occasion I received a letter, dated Claverton Manor, requesting me to be there in the evening. I started by the train for Bath. On arriving, I

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hired a cab, and drove up to Claverton Manor. I rang the bell; the porter was at the gate; and behind him the Right Hon. James Wilson. He came forward, shook me by the hand, and when the cab was being driven away, asked me where my portmanteau was?

"I have no portmanteau."

"I want you to stop with me."

"Well, that I can easily do."

"But," he said, laughingly, "where's your night-shirt?"

I smilingly answered, "How many times have both you and I slept—a hard couch for sleeping-place, lulled by the knocking-up of formes, and the whirring of the engine?"

"Come along! You're a strange fellow!"

I entered the drawing-room. It would not be easy to describe the happiness of that united family. You must not imagine that these great men, my son, have not their moments of joyousness. Quite the reverse. In their homes, they are children in hilarious merriment; and the charm which attends the moments, stolen from weighty cares and deep thought, is scarcely describable. It is, as it were, a delicious stream, wherein they float, filled with philanthropy, unconscious of their mighty tasks! Bed-time arrived; I was shown to my room by that excellent and amiable man, who, as he said "Good night!" with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, presented me with a night-shirt.

But what a night was that, my son!

I was in a state of collapse! Drowned, as it were, in a sea of eider-down! Smothered, or nearly so! Sleep I could not. I said to myself, "Is this the bed of luxury? Oh, for my hard sofa."

I was up by sunrise; and, always a lover of nature, experienced delight in its contemplation.

I returned to breakfast.

"How did you sleep, Mr. ——?"

"Sleep!" I said, "Sleep! How could I sleep in an oven?"

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All laughed.

"Rather, ask me how I have survived the luxury of being smothered in a bed of down!"

After breakfast we visited the fernery, where I was astonished at the knowledge of plants and flowers possessed by Mr. Wilson. Then we visited the stable, when he asked me if I could ride.

"When I was a boy I used to take the Paisley coach-horses to the river Cart. No saddle nor bridle, only a halter; but those horses had not the eye of yours. Not that I am afraid, but I would not like it to be said that you had invited a man to your house who could not sit his saddle.

Mr. Wilson smiled, saying, "Well; we shall use our feet, then." We walked up the Downs, laughing and chatting; his genial liveliness and vigour giving life to the instructiveness of his conversation; then we returned to dinner, where humour and happiness reigned.

* * * * * * *

Poor Mr. Wilson! To rise as he did by his own ability from a hatter to the high position which he had attained—to be Secretary of the Treasury—and then to go to India for his country's sake, and sacrifice his useful life so soon! Sad, sad, indeed! His funeral, my son, was the largest ever known at Calcutta, and was attended by almost the entire population, from the Governor-General downwards, and not a single voice dissented from the general grief.

"That he should have come out to die here!" "That he should have left a great English career *for this!*" were the phrases in every one's mouth.

* * * * * * *

When I first heard the melancholy intelligence of his death, we were playing, my son, with pebbles at the sea-side at Hastings.

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An old gentleman came to me abruptly, with a paper in his hand, saying—"What a loss you have had Mr. ——!"

My question was—"What do you mean?"

"JAMES WILSON IS DEAD!"

You remember how I snatched the paper from him: read the lines; but remained in utter disbelief. I rushed away to seek the *Times* and *Daily News;* for the paper he showed me had on occasions contained doubtful intelligence. I hastily went from shop to shop, till I obtained the papers I sought. Alas! the news appeared to be but too true; yet, still I doubted. We started by the next train for London, where doubt gave way to stern reality.

As the life of the late Right Hon. James Wilson affords many bright traits from which your father profited much, a recapitulation of a few, extracted from his "Life," by his talented son-in-law, Mr. W. Bagehot, may prove edifying and beneficial in the guidance of your head and heart, both of which Mr. Wilson possessed to an eminent degree.

PROBITY.

"In 1836, or thereabouts, Mr. Wilson was unfortunately induced to commence a speculation in indigo, in conjunction with a gentleman in Scotland. It was expected that indigo would be scarce, and that the price would rise rapidly in consequence. Such would indeed appear to have been the case for a short period, since the first purchases in which Mr. Wilson took part yielded a profit. In consequence of this success, he was induced to try a larger venture—indeed to embark most of his disposable capital. Unfortunately, the severe crisis of 1837 disturbed the usual course of all trades, and whether from that cause or from some other, indigo, instead of rising rapidly, fell rapidly. The effect on Mr. Wilson's position may be easily guessed. A very great capitalist would have been able to hold till better times, but he was not. 'On the first of January,' he said at Devonport, 'in a given year, my capital was nearer

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25,000*l.* than 24,000*l.*, and it was all lost.' Numerous stories were long circulated—most of them exaggerated, and the remainder wholly untrue, as to this period of misfortune in Mr. Wilson's life; but the truth is very simple. As is usual in such cases, various arrangements were proposed and agreed to, were afterwards abandoned, and others substituted for them. A large bundle of papers, carefully preserved by him, records with the utmost accuracy the whole of the history. The final result will be best described in his own words at Devonport, which precisely correspond with the balance-sheets and other documents still in existence. They are part of a speech in answer to a calumnious rumour that had been circulated in the town:—'Now how did I act on this occasion? And this is what this placard has reference to. By my own means alone I was enabled at once to satisfy in full all claims against me individually, and to provide for the early payment of one-half of the whole of the demands against the firm, consisting of myself and three partners. I was further enabled, or the firm was enabled, at once to assign property of sufficient value, as was supposed, to the full satisfaction of the whole of the remainder of the liabilities. An absolute agreement was made, and an absolute release was given to all the partners; there was neither a bankruptcy nor an insolvency, neither was the business stopped for one day. The business was continued under the new firm, with which I remained a partner, and from which I ultimately retired in good circumstances. Some years afterwards it turned out that the foreign property which was assigned for the remaining half of the debts of the old firm, of which I was formerly a partner, proved insufficient to discharge them. The legal liability was, as you know, all gone; the arrangement had been accepted—an arrangement calculated and believed by all parties to be sufficient to satisfy all claims in full; but when the affairs of the whole concern were fully wound up, finding that the foreign property had not realised what was anti-

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cipated, I had it, I am glad to say, in my power to place at my banker's, having ascertained the amount, a sum of money to discharge all the remainder of that debt, which I considered

"'MORALLY THOUGH NOT LEGALLY DUE.

"'This I did without any kind of solicitation—the thing was not named to me, and I am quite sure never were the gentlemen more taken by surprise than when a friend of mine waited on them privately in London, and presented each of them with a cheque for the balance due to them. Now, perhaps, I have myself to blame for this anonymous attack. I probably brought it on myself, for I always felt that if this matter was made public, it might look like an act of ostentatious obtrusion on my part, and therefore, when I put aside the sum of money necessary for the purpose, I made a request, in the letter I wrote to my bankers, desiring them as an especial favour that they would instruct their clerks to mention the matter to no one; and in order that it should be perfectly private, I employed a personal friend of my own in the city of London, in whose care I placed the whole of the cheques, to wait on those gentlemen and present each of them with a cheque, and I obtained from him a promise, and he from them, not to name the circumstance to any one.' The secrecy thus enjoined was well preserved. Many of the most intimate friends of Mr. Wilson, and his family also, were entirely unacquainted with what he had done, and learnt it only through the accidental medium of an electioneering speech. It may be added, too, that some of those who knew the circumstances, and who have watched Mr. Wilson's subsequent career, believe that at no part of his life did he show greater business ability, self-command, and energy, than at the crisis of his mercantile misfortune.

"It is remarkable that the preface to Mr. Wilson's first pamphlet, on the 'Influences of the Corn Laws,' is dated the 1st March, 1839, the precise time at which he was negotiating with his creditors for a proper arrangement of his affairs; and

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to those who have had an opportunity of observing how completely pecuniary misfortune unnerves and unmans men—mercantile men, perhaps, more than any others—it will not seem unworthy of remark that a careful pamphlet, with elaborate figures, instinct in every line with vigour and energy, should emanate from a man struggling with extreme pecuniary calamity, and daily harassed with the painful details of it."

My dear boy, I was aware of this great trait in that good man's character, and at that time the thought struck me he had read an old Scotch song, and paraphrased it thus:—

There is as good gold in the world
As ever yet was taken;
I'll cool my brain, and try again—
I've been but once mistaken.

CHOICE OF SOCIETY.

"Mr. Wilson took great pleasure in such intellectual society as he could obtain; was especially fond of conversing on Political Economy, Politics, Statistics, and the other subjects with which he was subsequently so busily occupied. Through life it was one of his remarkable peculiarities to be a *very animated* man, talking by preference and by habit on *inanimate* subjects. All the *verve*, vigour, and life which lively people put into exciting pursuits, he put into topics which are usually thought very dry. He discussed the Currency or the Corn Laws with a relish and energy which made them interesting to almost every one. 'How pleasant it is,' he used to say, 'to talk a subject out,' and he frequently suggested theories in the excitement of conversation upon his favourite topics which he had never thought of before, but to which he ever afterwards attached, as was natural, much importance. The instructiveness of his conversation was greatly increased as his mind progressed and his experience accumulated. But his genial liveliness and animated vigour were the same during his early

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years of business life, as they were afterwards when he filled important offices of State in England and in Calcutta. Few men can have led a more continuously prosperous and happy life than he did during those years. Unfortunately it was not to continue."

Mr. Wilson as a Practical Man.

"Mr. Wilson's predominating power was what may be called a business-imagination. He had great power of conceiving transactions. Political Economy was to him the science of buying and selling, and of the ordinary bargains of men he had a very steady and distinct conception. In explaining such subjects he did not begin, as Political Economists have been wittily said to do, with, 'Suppose a man upon an island,' but 'What they *do* in the City is this.' 'The real course of business is so and so.' Most men of business will think this characteristic a great merit, and even a theoretical economist should not consider it a defect. The *practical* value of the science of political economy (the observation is an old one as to *all* sciences) lies in its 'middle principles.' The extreme abstractions from which such intermediate maxims are scientifically deduced lie at some distance from ordinary experience, and are not easily made intelligible to most persons, and when they *are* made intelligible, most persons do not know how to use them. But the intermediate maxims themselves are not so difficult; they are easily comprehended and easily used. They have in them a practical life, and come home at once to the 'business' and the 'bosoms' of men. It was in these that Mr. Wilson excelled. His 'business-imagination' enabled him to see 'what men did,' and 'why they did it'; 'why they ought to do it,' and 'why they ought not to do it.' His very clear insight into the real nature of mercantile transactions made him a great and almost an instinctive master of *statistical selection*. He could not help picking out of a mass of figures those which would tell

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most. He saw which were really material; he put them prominently and plainly forward, and he left the rest alone. Even now, if a student of Parliamentary papers should alight on a return 'moved for by Mr. Wilson,' he will do well to give to it a more than ordinary attention, for it will be sure to contain something attainable, intelligible, and distinct.

"Mr. Wilson's habit of always beginning with the facts, always arguing from the facts, and always ending with a result applicable to the facts, obtained for his writings an influence and a currency more extensive than would have been anticipated for any writings on Political Economy. The business-like method and vigorous simplicity of Mr. Wilson's arguments converted very many ordinary men of business who would have distrusted any theoretical and abstruse disquisition, and would not have appreciated any elaborate refinements. Nor was this special influence confined to mercantile men. It penetrated where it could not be expected to penetrate. The Duke of Wellington was, perhaps, more likely to be prejudiced against a theoretical Political Economist than any eminent man of his day; he belonged to the 'pre-scientific period;' he had much of the impatient practicality incident to military insight; he was not likely to be very partial to the 'doctrines of Mr. Huskisson;'—nevertheless, the Duke early pointed out Mr. Wilson's writings to Lord Brougham as possessing especial practical value; and when the Duke at a much later period was disposed to object to the repeal of the Navigation Laws, Mr. Wilson had a special interview to convince him of its expediency."

Indefatigability as a Journalist.

"But it was not by mere correctness of economical speculation that Mr. Wilson was to rise to eminence. A very accurate knowledge of even the more practical aspects of Economical Science is not of itself a productive source of income. By the foundation of the *Economist* Mr. Wilson secured for himself during the rest of his life competence and comfort, but it was

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not solely or simply by writing good Political Economy in it. The organisation of a first-rate commercial paper in 1843 required a great inventiveness and also a great discretion. Nothing of the kind then existed; it was not known what the public most wished to know on business interests; the best shape of communicating information had to be invented in detail. The labour of creating such a paper and of administering it during its early stages is very great; and might well deter most men even of superior ability from attempting it. At this period of his life Mr. Wilson used to superintend the whole of the *Economist;* to write all the important leaders, nearly all the unimportant ones; to make himself master of every commercial question as it arose; to give practical details as to the practical aspects of it; to be on the watch for every kind of new commercial information; to spend hours in adapting it to the daily wants of commercial men. He often worked till far into the morning, and impressed all about him with wonder at the anxiety, labour, and exhaustion he was able to undergo. For some months after the commencement of the *Economist*, he was still engaged in his former business; and after he relinquished that, he used to write the City article and also leaders for the *Morning Chronicle*, at the very time that he was doing on the *Economist* far more than most men would have had endurance of mind or strength of body for. Long afterwards he used to speak of this period as far more exhausting than the most exhausting part of a laborious public life. "Our public men," he once said, "do not know what anxiety means; they have never known what it is to have their own position dependent on their exertions." In 1843, and for some time afterwards, he had himself to bear extreme labour and great anxiety together; and even his iron frame was worn and tried by the conjunction.

"Within seven years from the foundation of the *Economist*, Mr. Wilson dealt effectively and thoroughly with three first-rate subjects,—the railway mania, the famine in Ireland, and

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the panic of 1847, in addition to the entire question of Free Trade, which was naturally the main topic of economical teaching in those years. On all these three topics he expressed somewhat original opinions, which were novelties, if not paradoxes then, though they are very generally believed now. To his writings on the railway mania he was especially fond of recurring, since he believed that by his warnings—warnings very effectively brought out and very constantly reiterated—he had "saved several men their fortunes" at that time.

"The success of the *Economist*, and the advantage which the proprietor of it would derive from a first-hand acquaintance with political life, naturally led him to think of gaining a seat in Parliament, and an accidental conversation at Lord Radnor's table fixed his attention on the borough of Westbury. After receiving a requisition, he visited the place, explained his political sentiments at much length "from an old cart," and believed that he saw sufficient chances of success to induce him to take a house there. He showed considerable abilities in electioneering, and a close observer once said of him, "Mr. Wilson may or may not be the best Political Economist in England, but depend upon it he is the *only* Political Economist who would ever come in for the borough of Westbury." Though nominally a borough, the constituency is half a rural one, much under the influence of certain Conservative squires. The Liberal party were in 1847 only endeavouring to emancipate themselves from a yoke to which they have now again succumbed. Except for Mr. Wilson's constant watchfulness, his animated geniality, his residence on the spot, his knowledge of every voter by sight, the Liberal party might never have been successful there. A certain expansive frankness of manner and a wonderful lucidity in explaining his opinions almost to any one, gave Mr. Wilson great advantages as a popular candidate, and it was very remarkable to find these qualities connected with a strong taste for treating very dry subjects upon professedly abstract principles. So peculiar a combination

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had the success which it merited. In the summer of 1847 he was elected to serve in Parliament for Westbury."

First Speech.

"Mr. Wilson made his first speech in the House of Commons on the motion for a Committee to inquire into the Commercial Distress at that time prevalent. And it was considered an act of intellectual boldness for a new member to explain his opinions on so difficult a subject as the currency, especially as they were definitely opposed to a measure supported by such overwhelming Parliamentary authority as the Act of 1844 then was. Judging from the report in "Hansard," and from the recollections of some one who heard it, the speech was a successful one. It is very clear and distinct, and its tone is very emphatic, without ever ceasing to be considerate and candid. It contains a sufficient account of Mr. Wilson's tenets on the currency—so good an account, indeed, that when he read it ten years later, in the panic of 1857, he acknowledged that he did not think he could add a word to it. At the time, however, the test of its Parliamentary success was not the absolute correctness of its abstract principles, but, to use appropriate and technical language, 'its getting a rise out of Peel.' Sir Robert had used some certainly inconclusive arguments in favour of his favourite measure, and Mr. Wilson made that inconclusiveness so very clear that he thought it necessary to 'rise and explain,' which, on such a subject, was deemed at the moment a great triumph for a first speech."

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CHAPTER IX.

The Death of the Right Hon. James Wilson.

THE death of the Right Hon. James Wilson was a severe blow to your father; for his kindness and familiarity had created a tie between us that was almost fraternal. No man could love, respect, and admire a talented, promising brother more than your father did him; no brother could rejoice more than your father did at each successive rise that Mr. Wilson made in life; and no one lamented his death more sincerely.

Acquaintances surmised that your father grieved for his loss from worldly motives. They were wrong. It was from a loftier feeling—one thoroughly refined from all base dross of selfishness and interest.

Mr. Wilson's death, no doubt, arrested the onward career of your father; but at that he repines not. In patience he pursues his usual course, deeply sympathising with those who have most cause to mourn for his loss, and happy to think he is still of some little service to the family of the departed statesman.

The portrait that is hung up in my library will be cherished as a memorial of the family of the Right Hon. James Wilson. It is a proof-print likeness of my lamented friend, sent to me by Mrs. Wilson, with the following letter:—

"My Dear Sir,—I have thought it would be agreeable to you to possess a likeness of my dear husband, and I have forwarded a proof print, of which I beg your acceptance, as a

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remembrance from myself and family to one so long connected with Mr. Wilson, and for whom he had much esteem.

"Believe me, very sincerely,

(Signed) "E. WILSON.

"The Arches, Clevedon, near Bristol, Jan. 19, 1861.

"To Mr. ——."

Meet reverses, my son, with a bold heart. Continue to persevere. Though the tide has ebbed, it may yet flow.

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CHAPTER X.

BILLINGTON — THOMAS CARLYLE — ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN—ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS—VOICE OF YOUNG SCOTLAND.

ILLINGTON was a rising man; he had been the favourite pupil of the great preacher, Dr. Chalmers; and when I first knew him, he held an influential appointment, and was editor of a prosperous journal, and a contributor to the periodical press. He had talent, he had industry and perseverance, and fame was smiling upon him, and fortune all but within his reach;—yet, my son, one false step wrecked the prospects of that rising man, and left him bankrupt in fame, and poor—indeed! Many a pleasant day we spent together! many literary schemes we planned; but, alas! that fatal error eclipsed a rising star, and robbed it of the lustre which it had attained.

Poor Billington! You remember him. Many a hearty laugh you have enjoyed when he related his humorous anecdotes, which he told so well.

I impressed upon you the care required in selecting your companions in youth—your boyhood companions. When you reach manhood the same care in the choice of your *friends* must be observed; for unwise fellowship ruins thousands. Before you admit a man into your friendship, watch him well; weigh his actions; and if there be a flippancy of words or a deficiency of honour and integrity, eschew him. A little watching, and his propensities, his disposition of mind, will

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reveal themselves. Bad deeds will ooze out. Beware of the flatterer! Remember the good old proverb, "He that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet."

Companionship in boyhood springs from impulse; but proffered *friendship* in after years often arises from *motive;* consequently, the beginning of TRUST should be the result of calm consideration. Above all things, see that your friend is a good man, for if not, his friendship is rotten; for a bad man is not true to himself, and therefore must prove false to you. Have nothing to do with him.

Mr. Billington leaped out of a handsome two-horsed brougham, rushed into the office, and shaking me by the hand, said, "I want to introduce you to my friend S——; come along. His brougham is at the door. We dine at Lovegrove's."

"Who is S——? I don't remember his name."

"Just introduced to him. Fine fellow! He will be of use in our concern. Come along; I want you to give me your opinion of him."

We sat down to a sumptuous dinner; the wine went freely round; Billington was full of anecdote; S—— laughed and complimented Billington on his wit. Compliments, and the obsequious "Friend Billington, your health!" tickled poor Billington, who was pleased, and talked, and laughed, and drank, and was overjoyed with the dinner and the wine, and with all about and around him. Friends present, and friends absent, received the warm words of affection from my excited friend.

About a fortnight afterwards Billington called at my office in THE brougham. He was alone, and called to give me a drive and a dinner.

"What do you think of my friend S——? Fine fellow! keeps a splendid table; has a box at the Opera, and mixes in the best society."

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"What do I think of him?"

"Is he not a fine fellow?"

"Handsome enough."

"You don't like him?"

"I have seen men at a first interview that I liked better."

"He is acknowledged to be a shrewd, clever man."

"Granted; but there is such a thing as being too clever and too shrewd."

"He takes you for a shrewd man."

"Common sense and honesty, Billington, that's all. I wish your friend possessed the latter. But, tell me, how do you stand in matters of business with him?"

"He is appointed our actuary."

"Actuary! Be careful; for I have my doubts. But, my dear B——, have you given up your literary pursuits and your lectures for a brougham and a dinner, and nights of pernicious pleasures, which you used to despise? Where is your promised lecture on 'Colonisation,' that you purposed giving at the Egyptian Hall, when your respected friend, the eminent lecturer on 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' was to preside?"

"You are right. I must reform. Back to my paternal cell! I shall give the lecture. I now see that my pace is fast. Good night, and thanks."

Billington fixed a day and lectured, and an excellent lecture it was, "On the Advantages of Colonisation."

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who was present, and to whom I was introduced, spoke encouragingly—praised, but advised less flights and more facts—as the simple expression of facts is more eloquent than the arts of rhetoric.

I looked at these two men—the one not old, but great; the other young, and growing fast into greatness.

Let me now contrast the relative position of these two friends.

It was only the other day that the greatest honour that could be conferred upon a philanthropist, was conferred upon the good and noble-hearted Carlyle—his installation as Lord

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Rector of the University of Edinburgh. His address to the students on that occasion breathes the spirit of love and encouragement, and portions of it deserve to be engraven on the memory.

Analogous Position.

"Your enthusiasm towards me, I must admit, is very beautiful in itself, however desirable it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour, and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it; for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on."

Voice of Young Scotland.

"There are now fifty-six years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen—fifty-six years ago—to attend classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, 'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard: you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges.' As the old proverb says, 'He that builds by the wayside has many masters.' We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and perhaps will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence."

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Ambition.

"When this office was first proposed to me, some of you know that I was not very ambitious to accept it at first. I was taught to believe that there were more or less certain important duties would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it—at least in reconciling the objections felt to such things; for if I can do anything to honour you and my dear old *Alma Mater*, why should I not do so? Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different state of things; and my weak health—now for many years accumulating upon me—and a total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may, however, depend upon it that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavour to do whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment."

Pursuits.

"In the meanwhile, the duty I have at present—which might be very pleasant, but which is quite the reverse, as you may fancy—is to address some words to you on some subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. In fact, I had meant to throw out some loose observations—loose in point of order I mean—in such a way as they may occur to me—the truths I have in me about the business you are engaged in, the race you have started on, what kind of race it is you young gentlemen have begun, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper and had it read out. That would have been much handier to me at the present moment, but, when I attempted to write, I found that I was not accus-

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not solely or simply by writing good Political Economy in it. The organisation of a first-rate commercial paper in 1843 required a great inventiveness and also a great discretion. Nothing of the kind then existed; it was not known what the public most wished to know on business interests; the best shape of communicating information had to be invented in detail. The labour of creating such a paper and of administering it during its early stages is very great; and might well deter most men even of superior ability from attempting it. At this period of his life Mr. Wilson used to superintend the whole of the *Economist;* to write all the important leaders, nearly all the unimportant ones; to make himself master of every commercial question as it arose; to give practical details as to the practical aspects of it; to be on the watch for every kind of new commercial information; to spend hours in adapting it to the daily wants of commercial men. He often worked till far into the morning, and impressed all about him with wonder at the anxiety, labour, and exhaustion he was able to undergo. For some months after the commencement of the *Economist*, he was still engaged in his former business; and after he relinquished that, he used to write the City article and also leaders for the *Morning Chronicle*, at the very time that he was doing on the *Economist* far more than most men would have had endurance of mind or strength of body for. Long afterwards he used to speak of this period as far more exhausting than the most exhausting part of a laborious public life. "Our public men," he once said, "do not know what anxiety means; they have never known what it is to have their own position dependent on their exertions." In 1843, and for some time afterwards, he had himself to bear extreme labour and great anxiety together; and even his iron frame was worn and tried by the conjunction.

"Within seven years from the foundation of the *Economist*, Mr. Wilson dealt effectively and thoroughly with three first-rate subjects,—the railway mania, the famine in Ireland, and

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the panic of 1847, in addition to the entire question of Free Trade, which was naturally the main topic of economical teaching in those years. On all these three topics he expressed somewhat original opinions, which were novelties, if not paradoxes then, though they are very generally believed now. To his writings on the railway mania he was especially fond of recurring, since he believed that by his warnings—warnings very effectively brought out and very constantly reiterated—he had "saved several men their fortunes" at that time.

"The success of the *Economist*, and the advantage which the proprietor of it would derive from a first-hand acquaintance with political life, naturally led him to think of gaining a seat in Parliament, and an accidental conversation at Lord Radnor's table fixed his attention on the borough of Westbury. After receiving a requisition, he visited the place, explained his political sentiments at much length "from an old cart," and believed that he saw sufficient chances of success to induce him to take a house there. He showed considerable abilities in electioneering, and a close observer once said of him, "Mr. Wilson may or may not be the best Political Economist in England, but depend upon it he is the *only* Political Economist who would ever come in for the borough of Westbury." Though nominally a borough, the constituency is half a rural one, much under the influence of certain Conservative squires. The Liberal party were in 1847 only endeavouring to emancipate themselves from a yoke to which they have now again succumbed. Except for Mr. Wilson's constant watchfulness, his animated geniality, his residence on the spot, his knowledge of every voter by sight, the Liberal party might never have been successful there. A certain expansive frankness of manner and a wonderful lucidity in explaining his opinions almost to any one, gave Mr. Wilson great advantages as a popular candidate, and it was very remarkable to find these qualities connected with a strong taste for treating very dry subjects upon professedly abstract principles. So peculiar a combination

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had the success which it merited. In the summer of 1847 he was elected to serve in Parliament for Westbury."

First Speech.

"Mr. Wilson made his first speech in the House of Commons on the motion for a Committee to inquire into the Commercial Distress at that time prevalent. And it was considered an act of intellectual boldness for a new member to explain his opinions on so difficult a subject as the currency, especially as they were definitely opposed to a measure supported by such overwhelming Parliamentary authority as the Act of 1844 then was. Judging from the report in "Hansard," and from the recollections of some one who heard it, the speech was a successful one. It is very clear and distinct, and its tone is very emphatic, without ever ceasing to be considerate and candid. It contains a sufficient account of Mr. Wilson's tenets on the currency—so good an account, indeed, that when he read it ten years later, in the panic of 1857, he acknowledged that he did not think he could add a word to it. At the time, however, the test of its Parliamentary success was not the absolute correctness of its abstract principles, but, to use appropriate and technical language, 'its getting a rise out of Peel.' Sir Robert had used some certainly inconclusive arguments in favour of his favourite measure, and Mr. Wilson made that inconclusiveness so very clear that he thought it necessary to 'rise and explain,' which, on such a subject, was deemed at the moment a great triumph for a first speech."

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CHAPTER IX.

The Death of the Right Hon. James Wilson.

THE death of the Right Hon. James Wilson was a severe blow to your father; for his kindness and familiarity had created a tie between us that was almost fraternal. No man could love, respect, and admire a talented, promising brother more than your father did him; no brother could rejoice more than your father did at each successive rise that Mr. Wilson made in life; and no one lamented his death more sincerely.

Acquaintances surmised that your father grieved for his loss from worldly motives. They were wrong. It was from a loftier feeling—one thoroughly refined from all base dross of selfishness and interest.

Mr. Wilson's death, no doubt, arrested the onward career of your father; but at that he repines not. In patience he pursues his usual course, deeply sympathising with those who have most cause to mourn for his loss, and happy to think he is still of some little service to the family of the departed statesman.

The portrait that is hung up in my library will be cherished as a memorial of the family of the Right Hon. James Wilson. It is a proof-print likeness of my lamented friend, sent to me by Mrs. Wilson, with the following letter:—

"My Dear Sir,—I have thought it would be agreeable to you to possess a likeness of my dear husband, and I have forwarded a proof print, of which I beg your acceptance, as a

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remembrance from myself and family to one so long connected with Mr. Wilson, and for whom he had much esteem.

"Believe me, very sincerely,

(Signed) "E. WILSON.

"The Arches, Clevedon, near Bristol, Jan. 19, 1861.

"To Mr. ——."

Meet reverses, my son, with a bold heart. Continue to persevere. Though the tide has ebbed, it may yet flow.

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CHAPTER X.

BILLINGTON — THOMAS CARLYLE — ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN—ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS—VOICE OF YOUNG SCOTLAND.

BILLINGTON was a rising man; he had been the favourite pupil of the great preacher, Dr. Chalmers; and when I first knew him, he held an influential appointment, and was editor of a prosperous journal, and a contributor to the periodical press. He had talent, he had industry and perseverance, and fame was smiling upon him, and fortune all but within his reach;—yet, my son, one false step wrecked the prospects of that rising man, and left him bankrupt in fame, and poor—indeed! Many a pleasant day we spent together! many literary schemes we planned; but, alas! that fatal error eclipsed a rising star, and robbed it of the lustre which it had attained.

Poor Billington! You remember him. Many a hearty laugh you have enjoyed when he related his humorous anecdotes, which he told so well.

I impressed upon you the care required in selecting your companions in youth—your boyhood companions. When you reach manhood the same care in the choice of your *friends* must be observed; for unwise fellowship ruins thousands. Before you admit a man into your friendship, watch him well; weigh his actions; and if there be a flippancy of words or a deficiency of honour and integrity, eschew him. A little watching, and his propensities, his disposition of mind, will

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reveal themselves. Bad deeds will ooze out. Beware of the flatterer! Remember the good old proverb, "He that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet."

Companionship in boyhood springs from impulse; but proffered *friendship* in after years often arises from *motive;* consequently, the beginning of TRUST should be the result of calm consideration. Above all things, see that your friend is a good man, for if not, his friendship is rotten; for a bad man is not true to himself,and therefore must prove false to you. Have nothing to do with him.

Mr. Billington leaped out of a handsome two-horsed brougham, rushed into the office, and shaking me by the hand, said, "I want to introduce you to my friend S——; come along. His brougham is at the door. We dine at Lovegrove's."

"Who is S——? I don't remember his name."

"Just introduced to him. Fine fellow! He will be of use in our concern. Come along; I want you to give me your opinion of him."

We sat down to a sumptuous dinner; the wine went freely round; Billington was full of anecdote; S—— laughed and complimented Billington on his wit. Compliments, and the obsequious "Friend Billington, your health!" tickled poor Billington, who was pleased, and talked, and laughed, and drank, and was overjoyed with the dinner and the wine, and with all about and around him. Friends present, and friends absent, received the warm words of affection from my excited friend.

About a fortnight afterwards Billington called at my office in THE brougham. He was alone, and called to give me a drive and a dinner.

"What do you think of my friend S——? Fine fellow! keeps a splendid table; has a box at the Opera, and mixes in the best society."

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Rector of the University of Edinburgh. His address to the students on that occasion breathes the spirit of love and encouragement, and portions of it deserve to be engraven on the memory.

Analogous Position.

"Your enthusiasm towards me, I must admit, is very beautiful in itself, however desirable it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour, and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it; for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on."

Voice of Young Scotland.

"There are now fifty-six years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen—fifty-six years ago—to attend classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, 'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard: you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges.' As the old proverb says, 'He that builds by the wayside has many masters.' We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and perhaps will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence."

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Ambition.

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Pursuits.

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tomed to write speeches, and that I did not get on very well. So I flung that away, and resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment—just to what came uppermost. You will, therefore, have to accept what is readiest, what comes direct from the heart, and you must just take that in compensation for any good order of arrangement there might have been in it."

Advice to Young Men.

"I will endeavour to say nothing that is not true as far as I can manage, and that is pretty much all that I can engage for. Advices, I believe, to young men—and to all men—are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing. And talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices, and you have heard it a thousand times, I dare say; but I must, nevertheless, let you hear it the thousand and first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not—namely, that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day. Diligent! That word includes all virtues that a student can have; I mean to include in it all qualities that lead into the acquirement of real instruction and improvement. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counsellers there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. At the season when you are in young years the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind

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pleases to order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man, but as he has begun he will proceed to go on to the last. By diligence I mean, among other things—and very chiefly—honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.

"There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows about things when he does not know more than the outside skin of them. There is also a process called cramming in some Universities—that is, getting up such parts of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that is entirely unworthy of an honourable habit. Be modest, and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to value them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality in study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others."

On the Choice of Books.

"Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kinds of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be

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really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you you must be guided by the books recommended to you by your professors for assistance towards the prelections. And then, when you get out of the University, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have selected a field, a province in which you can study and work.

"The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut out for him in the world, and cannot go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done. If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of patients. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not, but that they are toothsome, and for the moment, in baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has appetite for—what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books. As applicable to almost all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into history—to inquire into what has passed before you in the families of men. The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that all the knowledge you have will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have the most remarkable race of men in the world set before you, to say nothing of the languages, which your professors can better explain, and which, I believe, are admitted to be the most perfect orders of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And

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you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations shining in the records left by themselves as a kind of pillar to light up life in the darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while, if you can get into the understanding of what these people were and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, as I found, that does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see Romans face to face; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform those feats in the world; I believe, also, you will find a thing not much noted, that there was a very great deal of deep religion in its form in both nations. That is noted by the wisest of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is particularly well worth reading on Roman history; and I believe he was an alumnus in our own University. His book is a very creditable book. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people, notwithstanding the wildness and ferociousness of their nature. They believed that Jupiter Optimus—Jupiter Maximus—was lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of men, provided they followed his commands—to brave all difficulty, and to stand up with an invincible front—to be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to veracity, to promise, to integrity, and all the virtues that surround that noblest quality of men—courage—to which the Romans gave the name of virtue, manhood, as the one thing ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome, that had very much decayed away; but still it had retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people.

"Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have a striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most distinct recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God.

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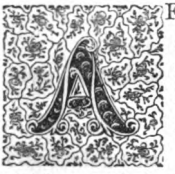
CHAPTER XI.

Conclusion.



FTER your father was honourably admitted a member of one of the Inns of Court, he relinquished his printing administration for legal studies, to which, you are aware, he assiduously applied himself.

To describe all the battles of the press in which your father had been engaged—fights against the stamp duty—fights against the paper duty—struggles to establish papers and publications—fights against the cheap immoral press—to tell you of his calmness in success, and the boldness with which he met reverses, would not only be irrelevant to the purport of this work, but would appear egotistic, in which your father fears he is already a bankrupt. One thing, however, your father must state, that during a long period of his life as a printer and editor, when immorality blurred the pages of the cheap press, your father's aim and influence was to support its dignity; and whether it was the *Mirror*, the *Home Companion*, or any other publication with which he was connected, not one line was printed that could in the slightest degree taint the mind of youth, or cause a blush to crimson the cheek of modesty.

On one occasion, as your father passed through the office, he observed an engraving that had an offensive appearance. He at once ordered the machine to be stopped, saying, "Send the formes to the person they came from, and tell him from me, that rather than disgrace humanity, I will take all responsibility with respect to the fortnight's notice to which he is entitled!"

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On another occasion a person called, with whom your father had been on friendly terms. He had been machinist of a well-known morning newspaper, had subsequently started in business, and had brought out a new publication, entitled "P—— T."

That man called upon your father to have his publication machined; but observing an engraving of a questionable character,

"S——," your father said, "let me have a proof."

Your father looked at the proof, and then looked at the man.

"You have a daughter—or daughters?"

The reply was, "Yes, one daughter."

"Do you mean to tell me that the types of this publication are set up on your premises?"

"Yes."

"I am ashamed of you. Take your formes away."

That man, my son, like all men who lend themselves to bad ends, did not prosper. His daughter, mixing with the profligate contributors to such a periodical, naturally fell, and the father went to Australia, where in poverty he ended his days.

A bad man cannot prosper, my son; nor can any man who tries to secure gain by debasing or dishonest means.

History and our own experience confirm the fact — that to live well is to live honestly and in love with all mankind. "A dishonest man cannot do anything real;" and, as Carlyle says, "it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing anything. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. This is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations, of which we are the latest."

THE END.

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PART II.

ECONOMY OF LIFE.

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"Economize Time, my Son; for Time well spent beareth goodly fruit; while he that squanders Time is like the barren fig-tree, fit only to be hewn down."

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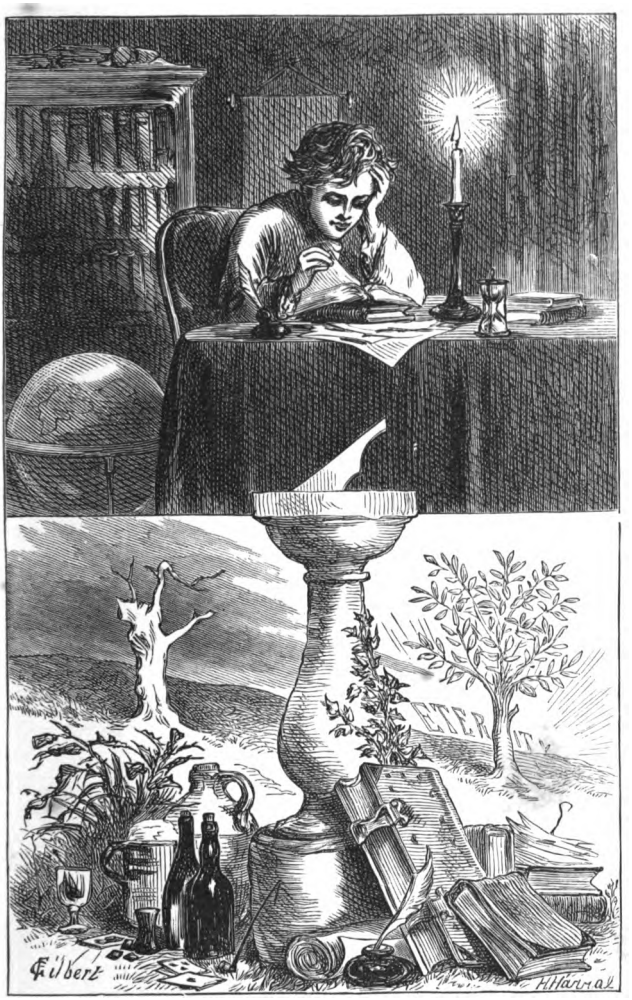

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CHAPTER I.

USELESS LEARNING—PRECEPTS—THEIR SUGGESTIVE INFLUENCE—LANDMARKS OF WISDOM.

HE history of men's follies," says Fontenelle, "makes no small part of our learning, and, unhappily for us, much of our knowledge terminates here."

The chief object of education is to prepare us for some useful and important vocation of active life. Aside from this, learning is not worthy of its name; for that which is not available is worthless; even science itself is useless unless subservient to human progress, and under the direction of human reason. What man of good sense cares a straw for the senseless prattle about the claims of one of the heathen gods over another,—whether Jupiter was born upon Mount Ida; whether Venus was lovely, or Minerva wise; whether Psyche was the daughter of a king, or of Sol and Constancy? Whether the "Medea" of Sophocles or Ovid's "Metamorphoses" best illustrates the doctrine of space and infinity? Of what use is a labyrinth of philosophical absurdities, miscalled science, to win man's end and aim in the great BATTLE OF LIFE? Will they make him happy; or teach him his duty to his God, himself, or his neighbour? Will they teach him to curb his desires or regulate his conduct? Will they give him a clear idea of the works of nature, and the wonders that are every day passing before his sight? Can they be productive of good? or will they ensure him the philosopher's two great blessings of life—a sound body and a pure mind;—a state of FELICITY IN ITS HIGHEST ATTAINMENT!

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If we wish to benefit ourselves or the community in which we live, let us study things that are essential to life; let us acquire that knowledge upon which the grand pillars of society rest for its peace and happiness. Knowledge of this kind is always in demand, is always available, and it is by means of it that so many self-taught men attain the highest intellectual greatness, and win the esteem and admiration of the world.

It is good to excel in music; it is well to excel as a linguist. To excel in any art or science is praiseworthy; but let the foundation be the morality and wisdom taught by a Socrates and a Seneca—the guides of the illustrious men of subsequent ages, who bequeathed to us the valuable lessons—that from practising the wisdom of bygone times they overcame obstacles in life that otherwise would have been insurmountable; that from a lowly condition they rose to influence and affluence; and that by furthering science and art, they promoted civilization, and thus became great by working out the general welfare of mankind.

From communion with the arts flow the graces, the affections, the charities of life; and as beneficent nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement and welfare of his species, so from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness!

PRECEPTS taught these men that to live well was to live for others. By precepts the understanding is nourished and augmented. Precepts lead us to the observance of our duties, and the virtues of PRUDENCE and JUSTICE are inspired by them. Those men stored up precepts and examples to regulate their own lives. In a word, precepts and examples taught them the great secret of Life—

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To Live by Rule.

An "Essay to Do Good" influenced the mind of the modern philosopher Franklin, and helped to regulate the life of that great man, who, as he expresses himself, cherished life that he might benefit mankind.

"From the bosom of poverty and obscurity," he says, "in which I first breathed and spent my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of opulence, and to some degree of celebrity in the world." Salutary as the perusal of that great man's life has been to youth, not less so was the influence of the early precepts that the father impressed upon the mind of the young Benjamin.

"At an early age," says he, "my father, from a circumstance apparently trifling to us, convinced his sons that nothing which was not strictly honest could be useful, and illustrated true greatness in honesty, justice, prudence, and good conduct of life; that without these all our efforts would be futile—a labour in vain that would end in disappointment."

Descartes, having doubted, and being vexed at his own waverings, deemed it necessary to frame for himself

Three Rules of Life.

"First.—As it is a long time ago that I was assailed by doubts concerning the opinions in which I had blindly acquiesced and adopted, I am determined to keep the laws and manners of my country—to follow the opinion of the moderate and sober, and avail myself of principles which regulate life and are accepted by every sensible man; for, having begun to suspect the opinions I had formerly adopted, and to examine their foundations, I thought it would be most prudent of me to follow for the time the example of enlightened men; and though it may happen that there may be found in Persia or in China as many enlightened men as with us, notwithstanding I thought it prudent

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to be governed by the opinions of men in whose society I am to live. Moreover, in order to ascertain what they prefer and approve, I determined to look more to their ACTIONS than WORDS, not only because I thought that men rarely say just what they feel, but more so because many are quite incapable of giving any account of their actions; because to distinguish the good from the bad and to acquiesce in it, is the result of two very different exertions of intellect, and we often find in men the one without the other. Of all the opinions generally received I always gave my preference to that which is more moderate, because it proves to be easier in practice, and in the most cases the best. I consider every extremity to be an error, because if, on following the middle way, I happen to blunder, it would always be a consolation to me, that I will find myself gone astray not so much from the right way on following that middle way, as when running to extremes. Placing myself in the middle, I resolved, however, for myself, the right of changing my opinion; not that I would be inclined to condemn the laws, which bind every one down to his promise and oblige him to fulfil his engagements; but as I never saw anything in the world unchangeable, I could not preclude myself the liberty of changing, especially as I cherished the hope that my opinions will always improve, not get deteriorated. It appears to me very unreasonable to abide by the old and worse opinion, only because I happened formerly to acquiesce in it, and to consider it my duty to act according to an opinion which ceased to be true, or which I could approve no more, only because I happened to have approved it formerly.

"Secondly.—I determined to prosecute my aim with perseverance, without hesitating and procrastination; those I have set my mind to for certain reasons, as well as those that I undertook for doubtful or no reasons at all, imitating the prudence of a man in a thick forest, when the last trace of a footpath has disappeared, who never goes to and fro, but proceeds all the time in one direction, which he took to for a very

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slight, perhaps for no motive at all, and then never leaves it; for thus, though he may not reach the place he wished to come at, he is nevertheless sure of extricating himself out of the mazes in which he was wandering. And as it is impossible to postpone everything in our life, therefore, being at a loss to know immediately what would be the best, I determined to prosecute my way to the goal which appears to be the best. Having no stronger motive for one thing rather than another, we must make nevertheless a choice and abide by it, not considering it as doubtful as far as the immediate practice is at issue, but as sure and certain; because the motive why we have preferred one thing among many others is indubitable. This rule of conduct has spared me a great many anxieties and painful wavering, that is commonly the plague of weak minds, who are prone to abandon a thing which they considered at first as beyond any doubt.

"Third rule.—I laid it down as a rule never to be transgressed —to vanquish myself rather than to struggle with my destiny— to change my own will rather than the established order of the world. I endeavoured to impress upon my mind the conviction that we have solely unbounded mastery over our thoughts, so that if, after the greatest exertions we are unable of attaining our wishes, we must lay it down among impossibilities. It was in my opinion sufficient to check and avert my desires from things unattainable, and thus to forward my happiness. For our will naturally aspires to things acknowledged by our reason as possible to attain. If we are schooled to consider the external world as lying equally out of our power, the blighted hopes and frustrated wishes and claims will as little affect us as that we are not sovereigns of China or Mexico. So bending our will to necessity, we will not be sorry that our body is not so indestructible as the diamond, that we have got no wings as birds; we will suffer the pains of a disease with more patience, and when shut up in a prison, we will not sigh for liberty. I don't deny that to look at all things in such a light it requires

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a long practice and reiterated meditations. And this is, in my opinion, the source of that boasted equanimity of those philosophers, who, amidst the greatest sufferings of the body, under the pressure of poverty, professed themselves to be happy. For having constantly present in mind that nature has put certain limits to our powers, they were so strongly persuaded that everything, except their thoughts, is out of their power, that they wished for nothing more, and, by dint of meditation upon that truth, they were so schooled to keep down their will, that they were well entitled to consider themselves as the wealthiest, the most powerful, and happy. For man, not strengthened by such convictions, will never meet with such a happy destiny as to have all his longings and wishes accomplished."

Franklin, following the example of Descartes, from the books which he states were the companions of his boyhood, formed a guide for his own life—illustrating the words of his old master Seneca, who says that he who lays down precepts for the governing of our lives and the moderating our passions obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations. "Poor Richard" was the basis of the structure of worldly knowledge which Franklin erected for the glory of himself and the benefit of mankind, thus surpassing his master, who was the father of Precept; but the modern philosopher did more. He rendered a still greater benefit to posterity; he showed that the precepts were practicable, and changed the philosopher's dreams into practicable realities. He practised the precepts, and changed them into LIVING EXAMPLES, for the better guidance of mankind.

Immediately after publication, "Poor Richard" startled the thinking world, for Franklin had compressed into a short interesting story a volume of "Life's Maxims," showing at once great ingenuity and discrimination in devising the means for the improvement of the youthful mind. So much was Pamphilius and an old schoolfellow struck with it, when reading

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the "Life of Franklin," that they committed to memory the aphorisms contained in the story, and in the rugged paths of life these landmarks of wisdom came fresh to their memory, and by their means, in the midst of shoals, both steered safely on their onward course.

As such "truisms" should not only be read, but imprinted on the memory of youth, we take the liberty of borrowing from—

Poor Richard.

(Landmarks of Wisdom, from the Portfolio of Pamphilius.)

"Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the key often used is always bright," as Poor Richard says.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander TIME, for that's the stuff LIFE is made of."

[What a volume of thought is compressed into these few words!]

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave." If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality; since "lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy," and, "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;" and, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

[Yes; Seneca—sloth makes a LONG BEING with a SHORT LIFE! Do with time as the wise man does with the torrent—use it, for it soon passes away.]

What signify WISHING and HOPING for better times?

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We make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry needs not wish," and "He that lives upon hope will die fasting."

[Seneca again! The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation. He that trusts to the future loses the present, which is his own, by looking forward to that which depends upon Fortune.]

"There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed;" "He that hath a trade, hath an estate, and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour;" but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; "At the working man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter;" nor will the bailiff or the constable enter: for "Industry pays debts, but despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy: "Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "God gives all things to industry; then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; "One to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and, farther, "Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? do it to-day." "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle." When there is so much to be done for yourself, be up by peep of day: "Let not the sun look down, and say, 'Inglorious here he lies!'"

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that "A life of leisure

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and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labour? No; "Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many without labour would live by their own wits only; but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they follow you; the diligent spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow."

But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, and settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others;

> "I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as one that settled be."

And, again, "Three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

> "He that by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

Once more, "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands!" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, "Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; as the Almanack says, "in the affairs of the world, men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, "Learning is to the studious, and riches to the careful, as well as power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous." And farther, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes "a little neglect may breed great mischief;" adding, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the

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horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as Poor Richard says; and,

> "Many estates are spent in the getting;
> Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy."

> "Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse:
> Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

> "Vessels large may venture more,
> But little boats should keep near shore."

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for "Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt." And, in another place, "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

> "What is a butterfly? At best,
> He's but a caterpillar dressed;
> The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as Poor Richard says.

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But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of a sale six months' credit, and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt. You give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying. "The second vice is lying; the first is running in debt." "Lying rides upon Debt's back;" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to speak to any man living. "Creditors [Poor Richard tells us] have better memories than debtors, and are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as at his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent [saith Poor Richard] who owe money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor," disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency; be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

> "For age and want save while you may,
> No morning sun lasts a whole day,"

as Poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain; and "It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel." So "Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

> "Get what you can, and what you get hold
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

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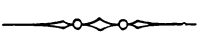
And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may be profitless, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now, to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as Poor Richard says. However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled cannot be helped," and, further, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles."

The plain common-sense truthfulness and sterling worth of this epitome of human nature struck a chord of intelligence whose vibrations echoed through the civilized world. "Poor Richard" was translated into various languages, and appreciated as rules for life and self-government. Though the style is quaint, contrasted with the literature of the present day, the legacy that Franklin bequeathed to the world in the aphorisms of Poor Richard still retains its pristine value, and the sound sense which these maxims embody will prove landmarks of wisdom for generations to come.



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CHAPTER II.

The Government of Life.—Voyage of Life.

HE wisdom of the ancients as to the government of life was made up of precepts—pointing out what to do, and what ought not to be done, in accordance with the laws of Reason.

Precepts refresh the memory and bring us to a more distinct view of the parts which we saw but confusedly in the whole—we carry away the tincture of good whether we will or not; and, when impressed upon the faithful mind, the imprint is deep and lasting.

"To perfect oneself," says Seneca, "is not a thing of chance, but is approached by industry and labour. As we are all inclined to evil before we are good, we must unlearn iniquity and study virtue, and the difficulty lies in beginning the enterprise, for a weak mind is afraid of new experiments—it loves procrastination, which is the bane of slothfulness." Speaking of his friend and the virtue of true friendship, Seneca says, "It is a kindness, that you call upon me to keep a strict account of my time—that nothing less than a diary of my life will satisfy you; for I take it as a mark both of your good opinion and of your friendship in believing that I do nothing which I care to conceal. I will hereafter set a watch upon myself."

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labour does the body. The pusillanimous say, "This is a hard lesson, and we cannot go through with it." We could if we would endeavour; but we CANNOT, because we take it for granted that we CANNOT without trying whether we can or no. The reason is that we are of a SICKLY HUMOUR, pleased with our vices, and allow ourselves to be mastered by them—resort to an excuse rather

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than cast them off. We WILL not, under pretence that we CANNOT; and we submit to error for the INDOLENCE of it.

Some people embrace good things as soon as they hear them, while others require quickening by admonition and precept. A word to one is sufficient; to a second, admonition; a third, example and precept.

"A few precepts," says Socrates, "at hand, are more useful, and do more towards a happy life, than whole volumes of cautions that we know not where to find." Precepts are the RULES by which we ought to square our lives; for they appeal to the affections, invigorate the mind, and stimulate to virtuous actions. When given with kindness and respect (for a blessing attends counsels that flow from the heart), they impress us with our duty; for they appeal to reason, and explain why we are to do this, and why refrain from doing that. Our understandings are so weak that we require help to expound to us what is GOOD and what is EVIL.

Precepts teach us to cherish virtue—to love to give—and to follow good counsels. If they do not lead us to honesty, they at least prompt us to be honest.

A precept that has taken root in the heart may change the whole current of a man's life.

Allegories are founded on precept— they waylay the youthful mind, and gently lead it from the labyrinths of romance into the dome of truth and reason.

The beautiful allegory of Addison, the

VOYAGE OF LIFE,

was suggested by one of Seneca's precepts.

"'Life,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.'—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the

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gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

"My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

"I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

"Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sank unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

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"The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

"It was, however, not very common to steer with much care and prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and he believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

"This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

"The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that however long soever he might by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

"This necessity of perishing might have been expected to

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sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way took care never to look forward, but found some amusement in the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of Life.

"Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon from irreparable decay.

"In the midst of the current of Life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they

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always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

"Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every rustle of the water, till they sank, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulph of Intemperance.

"There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had the least of their assistance.

"The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sank later and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance or the anguish

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of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

"As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked."

As separate parts make up but one harmony, and the most agreeable music has its discords, so should a prudent man cull and gather examples and precepts from the highways and by-ways as a guide for his own life.

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CHAPTER III.

LEARN WISDOM IN YOUTH—HAPPINESS BEGINS AT THE DAWN OF UNDERSTANDING—UNHAPPINESS IS CONSEQUENT ON THE NEGLECT OF EARLY IMPROVING THE MIND—DUTY.

IT is necessary, says Blair, "to habituate our minds in our younger years to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age; for however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish for childish amusements, and if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must, of course, become miserable at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits—a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves and with every frolic as trifling as themselves; but when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dęw, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of the imagination—a property of youth—may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects which have none inherent in them, just as the sunbeams may tint a cloud and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark and unsubstantiative in itself. Knowledge and virtue shine with undiminished lustre; they are ever bright; and in religion there

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is an inexhaustible store for the mind; there is everything that is beneficial to man—comfort to himself and happiness in the administration of comfort to others—for where there is no basis, nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review."

Nature, when beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, ensures happiness, and is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem. It is a well-known fact that the neglect of early improving the mind is attended by unhappy consequences.

There is no greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, says an old philosopher, "than not knowing how to pass our leisure hours." A man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, or any other intellectual pursuit, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish for those arts. The arts of the florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments, are great reliefs to the mind, and avocations which are in many ways useful; to study which is better than to suffer the mind to lie idle or run adrift by any passion that may chance to influence it; and, remember, that whatever knowledge or acquirement we do not solidly lay the foundation of in youth, is difficult to master in after years, and knowledge is a comfortable retreat and shelter; but if we do not plant when young, there is no shade for us in old age. Let youth store up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge when he may, for when he is laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth which others waste in follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there result a serenity and complacency which add strength to strength; for, in science, as in each new conquest, what he gains empowers him to push his conquests still further, gives impulse to his exertions, and enlarges the centre of reason; thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making more acquirements, and still animated with fresh hopes of future discoveries.

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Opportunities Lost are Difficult to Recall.

Let not valuable opportunities escape; for once lost, they are difficult to recall. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous and praiseworthy life is to set out at once. It is in youth that our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us; that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable, the ways of wisdom being the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious hereditary appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power to turn back, and recover the right way, from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life when health, perhaps, faileth us, and our journey's end may be near? "Happy for men," says the philosopher, "would they once seriously consider their evil ways;" and no time can be more proper than the present, when discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover that though they are awhile carried supinely down the stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed, the waves will arise, and dash them on rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is, therefore, the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel; while whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and they are at length sure to reach a serene and secure haven.

Duty.

Our duties are moral and social, as they relate to ourselves or our neighbours. He who, under the guidance of reason and calm reflection, feels he has a duty to perform to himself or others, and neglects it, is morally guilty of an act of dishonesty, and conscience will be his silent but inexorable accuser for the wrong.

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He best performs his duty to God and man who, taking reason for his guide, and listening to that "still small voice within," strives manfully in the station which circumstances have placed him to live a blameless life—and to fulfil his obligations as a parent, a neighbour, and a citizen—to do his duty to his God, and to do to others as he would be done by.

"There is no consideration in life," says an eminent philosopher, "that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty;" for he knows that there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing—not any temptation that is not subject to our reason—nor any passion or affliction for which Virtue has not provided a remedy; so that it is our own fault if we FEAR or COVET anything, which TWO AFFECTIONS are the ROOT of all our miseries.

Man's duty to God and man's duty to man are the hinges upon which man's happiness depends—the corrosion of one is the canker of the soul—a flaw in the other imperils man's happiness.

Duty is the first step to greatness—the helm that steers man safely over the billows of life. If we fail in our duty, we bid farewell to the land of promise—to the haven of hope. Man's honourable occupation is gone.

Let youth engrave upon his mind that DUTY is twin-brother to honesty—that duty is a fundamental law of nature, the observance of which she rigidly exacts from the children of prosperity. A disregard to duty mars prospects, blasts hopes, and *bars* success in life.

How many young men can trace their rise in life to a strict observance of their duty in regard to time—in being not only careful of their own time, but scrupulously faithful of the time

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of their employers. The tide in the affairs of youth is punctuality; and if not attended to, how many floods of fortune glide away.

There is an old story on record, and, no doubt, there are many at the present day unrecorded, of a certain citizen who took a pleasure in looking after the interests of his men, and more particularly young men, whom he deemed deserving from their punctuality, steadiness, and industrious habits.

"Smart young fellow, that," said a friend, pointing to one of the apprentices.

"Aye, aye!" said the old man, "clever lad; but he nibbles the kernel."

"The kernel; what's that?"

"The kernel—don't know what the kernel is, and born in a wood, too," said the old man, ironically. "Did you ever give yourself a great deal of trouble in reaching a nut, and after you had nearly broken your teeth upon it, found that a worm had been there before you?"

"What has that to do with that clever-looking lad?"

"Why, I'll tell you. Imagine my office a nut, and guess what I call the kernel of that nut—you can't. Why, man, it's TIME; and, notwithstanding the pains I have taken with that young lad, he is always nibbling at my kernel whenever an opportunity occurs. By nibbling at kernels boys throw away many chances in life."

PUNCTUALITY is a sterling coin—passes current, though not the best-looking nor the brightest, and is one on which all masters place a high value. Punctuality, patience, and industrious habits, secure wealth, wisdom, and worth; while ability or genius without it will be found grovelling in the mire.

Be careful of time; and, above all, that time which is not your own, let it be spent diligently.

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The Employment of Time.

Chesterfield, in his advice to his son, very shrewdly remarks:—

"How little do we reflect on the use and value of time! It is in everybody's mouth, but in few people's practice. Every fool, who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, frequently utters some trite common-place sentence to prove at once the value and fleetness of time. The sun dials all over Europe have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time without frequently hearing and seeing how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. Young people are apt to think that they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a FUND of GOOD SENSE, and REASON to suggest rather than receive them.

"Time is precious, life short, and consequently not a single moment should be lost. Sensible men know how to make the most of time, and put out their whole sum either to interest or pleasure; they are never idle, but continually employed either in amusements or study. It is an universal maxim that Idleness is the mother of Vice. It is, however, certain that laziness is the inheritance of fools; and nothing can be so despicable as a sluggard.

"'Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves,' was a very just and sensible reflection of old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury under William III., Anne, and George I. I therefore recommend to you to take care of minutes, for hours will take care of themselves. Be doing something or other all day long; and not neglect half-hours and quarters of hours, which, at the year's end, amount to a great sum. For instance, there are many short intervals in the day, between studies and pleasures; instead of sitting idle, and yawning at those intervals, snatch

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up some valuable book, and continue the reading of that book till you have got through it; never burden your mind with more than one thing at a time; and in reading this book, do not run it over superficially, but read every passage twice over; at least, do not pass on to a second till you thoroughly understand the first, nor quit the book till you are master of the subject; for unless you do this, you may read it through, and not remember the contents of it for a week."

METHOD.

Despatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to despatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings, let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep an useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. That was the rule of the famous and unfortunate Pensionary De Witt, who, by strictly following it, found time not only to do the whole business of the Republic, but to pass his evenings at assemblies and suppers, as if he had nothing else to do or think of.

History records the value that great men placed upon time—

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that TIME was beyond price—it was out of the reach of Fortune, as no gold could recall the past.

When King Alfred was asked how he found time for all the variety of his occupations, his answer was that "he FOUND TIME BY NEVER LOSING IT."

The great and principal rule for the ECONOMY of TIME is to set a value upon it, watch it, and systematize it. Alfred, whom historians agree in characterizing as, perhaps, the wisest, best, and greatest King that ever reigned in England, was a remarkable ECONOMIST of his TIME. Asser relates the method he took for dividing and keeping an account of it. He caused six wax candles to be made, each twelve inches long, and of as many ounces weight. The inches were regularly marked, and having found that one of them burnt exactly four hours, by this means he regulated his studies.

This Prince, we are told, was twelve years of age before a master could be procured in the Western Kingdom to teach him the alphabet. Such was the state of learning when Alfred began; but to show the result of DETERMINATION, feeling the misery of ignorance, he resolved on rivalling Charlemagne in the encouragement of literature. He is supposed to have appointed persons to read lectures at Oxford, and is considered to have been the founder of that University. He diffused knowledge throughout his dominions; nor was this end promoted more by his countenance and encouragement than by his own example and his writings; for, notwithstanding the lateness of his education, he had acquired extraordinary erudition, and had he not been illustrious as a king he would have been famous as an author.

PHILOSOPHERS hold it as a sacred truth—that he who WOULD BE HAPPY must place a full value on his time.

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MOMENTS, they consider, are the dice-boards of destiny: cast well, for eternity hangs upon the hazard of the die.

"In the distribution of human life," says Socrates, "we find that a great part of TIME passes away in evil doing—a greater in doing nothing at all—and effectually the whole in doing things *beside* our business; some hours in ceremony, a few to pleasure, and the remainder runs to waste."

The greatest loss of time is PROCRASTINATION and EXPECTATION. We let slip the present, which is in our power, and depending upon fortune, quit a certainty for an *uncertainty*. We should do with TIME as the prudent man does with the TIDE —use it while we have it, for it does not last long. Time runs on, and all actions have their fate. They are enshrouded in darkness to the blind; but are foreshadowed to the vigilant.

There are three divisions of life—time present, past, and future. What we do (the present) is short; what we shall do (future) is doubtful; but what we have done is certain. The present glides away almost imperceptibly, and the greatest folly in the world is the loss of that time which is at our command, and which we cannot recall; for the future is full of uncertainties, and the present is all that we can call our own. "He that takes a day away from me," says the philosopher, "takes away that which he can never restore."

Time well spent is full of blessings; but he who does not know how to spend his time is the most miserable creature in existence. He is restless in his thoughts, unsteady in his counsels, dissatisfied with the present, and solicitous for the future. Whereas he that prudently computes his hours and his business, does not only fortify himself against the common accidents of life, but improves the most rigorous dispensations of Providence to his comfort, and stands in firmness under all the trials of human weakness.

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Bring Back my Flowers.

"On the velvet banks of a rivulet," says the allegory, "sat a rosy child, Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds was twined round her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it, and her voice was as clear as that of the birds that warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and, with a merry laugh, threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood she flung them upon the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang upon her feet and burst into tears, calling aloud to the stream, 'Bring back my flowers.' But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and, as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze and the fitful burst of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, 'Bring back my flowers!' Thoughtless youth! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, observe in this thoughtless child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Each moment used may dispense blessings around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its benevolent Giver. Cherish it; else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt then cry, in tones more sorrowful than those of the child, 'Give me back my time!' and the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past, 'Give me back my time!'"

Time Lost—Thoughtless Youth, ebbs into Eternity.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Choice of Company Determines a Predilection for Good or Evil—The Late Mr. Buckle—Story of the Nettle—Departed Genius—Poor Soyer.

HE greatness and goodness of great men may be traced to early associations and early examples.

Noble examples stir to noble actions, and the very recital of noble deeds inspires youth to generous thoughts.

It is impossible to mix with the good without carrying away the tincture of virtue.

Evil communication has ruined the generous aspirations of youth of the fairest promise.

The love of society is natural to man; but the choice of our company is a matter of the greatest wisdom and prudence.

The best companions are those who teach in their lives, and prove their words by their actions.

Hannibal himself was unmanned by the looseness of his companions, and though a conqueror by his arms he was overcome by his pleasures. To mix with men staggering in drunken hilarity—*spectacles* of lust, luxury, and excess—is not safe. The wise as well as the weak do well in flying temptation.

Practical philosophers are the best companions, for they preach to us the things necessary, and keep us to the practice of them; for example adds to the force of a precept, and touches the heart with an affection to goodness. Even seeing and hearing a wise man delights us, and suggests profitable contemplation.

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A bad example makes mischief, and one voluptuary makes many. "The best way," the ancient philosopher says, "is to retire, and associate only with those that may be the better for us and we for them. The benefit is mutual, for while we teach we learn."

Only wise and prudent men can be TRUE FRIENDS; others are questionable companions.

A firm and gentle friendship soothes our cares, dispels our sorrows, counsels us in all extremities; and even soothes our pillow on the bed of death. But we are not to number our friends by the visits that are made us, nor to confound the decencies of ceremony and commerce with the offices of UNITED AFFECTION. No. The difficulty rests in the CHOICE and the DISTINCTION. To have a friend, let him be virtuous, of a sound head and a good heart; for vice is contagious. Friendship cemented by a common LOVE of GOODNESS is always reliable. He that is a friend to himself is a friend to mankind.

Friendship admits of no reserves. As much deliberation as you please before the tie; but no doubting or jealousies afterwards. Suspicion breeds deceit. To make a man faithful let him understand that he has your entire confidence.

A friendship of interest cannot last longer than the interest itself; thus it is that a man in prosperity is so much courted; but no sooner does he come down in the world, than the tide is changed, when no one will go near him. Temporary friends will never stand the test; they forsake you for fear of loss. It is not friendship, but negotiation, that has an eye to advantages. Wise and prudent men can alone be friends; others are but companions.

The felicities of mankind are strengthened by the counsels of the good!

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We cannot be the choosers of everything that we may fancy, but of our friends and associates we may; and we can adapt ourselves to the ways and doings of the wise and good. This is the mode of making "MORTALITY IMMORTAL."

The knowledge of these facts ought to impress upon the mind of parents the duty—their bounden duty—to be careful of the early associates of their children; for as a pestiferous air may endanger the best constitution, so may a place of bad repute and example undermine the innocence of youth, and endanger even the man of experience advanced in years.

Writing upon this subject, the thoughts of Pamphilius wandered to an incident of yesterday.

Poor B——! Many a time, my son, have you stood, your little hand clasped in his, and your greedy ears all attention to his soft, kind words of encouragement, when he told you of his early struggles in life; of the victory of perseverance and industry; of his introduction to the pioneer of civilization, whom he termed his *great master*, the immortal engineer, James Watt; of the happy days he spent with him as manager of the Soho Engine Works at Stafford; of his superintending the voyage of George IV. to Dublin in the first steam mail packet between England and Ireland, called the *Lightning*, and that the same year they changed its name to the *Royal Sovereign;* and how great was your astonishment when he added that the same boat and engines are still employed on the Thames as a Woolwich tug-boat, under the name of the *Monkey*.

Yes, my boy, Mr. Buckle is gone! Another man of genius —the contemporary of Watt, Stephenson, and others, whose exertions in the various walks of science made the early part of this century so distinguished, and earned an imperishable reputation for the country that gave them birth. Mr. Buckle, says the *Era*, in its brief sketch of departed genius, raised himself from comparative obscurity to be the friend

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and companion of the first men of the age, was the inventor of an equalizing motion for preventing the unequal action of steam-engines; was the builder of the first locomotive ever made—the identical engine which opened the line from Liverpool to Manchester when Mr. Huskisson was unfortunately killed, and when the first men in the kingdom were present to witness the experiment. Mr. Buckle is also celebrated for having constructed the first of those lofty manufacturing chimneys built inside without scaffolding, now so common, but then looked upon as little less than the work of a madman. That lofty flue, erected at Birmingham, and laughed at and ridiculed as "Buckle's Folly," after thirty years' exposure to the battle of wind and storm, and, worse than all, at the time, to man's contempt, stands as firm and useful as when first erected.

In 1851, after Joseph Hume, M.P., had overturned the old company of moniers, Sir John Herschell sent for him to take charge of the Coining Department in the Mint, which office he continued to hold till his death, and in which establishment he expired, leaving behind him a fresh chapter in the lives of eminent men who rose from comparative obscurity to influence and greatness.

To return—to pay a mark of respect to the memory of that dear friend—to bid a last farewell to departed genius—Pamphilius seated himself upon a Kensal Green omnibus, on which there happened to be one of the guardians of the peace—a respectable-looking policeman. To divert his thoughts from the gloomy current by which they were swayed, he addressed his companion by asking him if vice was on the increase or decrease—if a policeman's life had become a sinecure?

"Sinecure! Oh no, Sir! The wickedness of Human Nature!" added the policeman, philosophically.

"Is Human Nature so wicked, then?"

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"If you but saw," said he, with a satisfied air, "the wickedness that I see, you would blush for human nature. Human nature is bad!" added the *quasi*-philosopher, casting reflections on the Giver of all Good.

"Stop, stop!" said Pamphilius, "the nature that you speak of is not the nature he received from the hand of his Maker.

"A wicked nature, Sir. Born in wickedness."

"You look at the black side of nature."

"Black or white, I can tell you it's a wicked nature."

"Is it not we who are wicked, who look at nature through an opaque glass?"

"I daresay I am bad enough; but we are all born in sin."

"If I," answered Pamphilius, "were a preacher instead of what your Human Nature would call a very, very wicked man, I might enlarge upon the sinfulness of human nature. But this I can tell you, there is divinity in us all! Have you a son?"

"No, Sir," said the policeman, brightening up, "but I have a nice little daughter."

"She knows the difference between right and wrong?"

"She is a very good girl, Sir, and never does anything but what she is told."

"Associates with the children in your neighbourhood?"

"No, Sir; her mother is very strict. She goes to school, and when the school is over she returns home, works with her mother, reads to her, and they go out for walks together. Indeed, my wife calls her her little companion; a blessing sent by God to comfort her."

"No wicked Human Nature, eh? Not born in sin like the little sufferers that are dragged to the police-station for trying to earn an honest penny by cleaning shoes, or buffeted for giving a longing look at a baker's window?"

"She's a very good little girl, Sir."

"Thrice happy child," said Pamphilius, musingly, "to have

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such a mother. Know, then, that the RIGHT that she knew from a child is the divinity that is innate in man; the wicked nature that you speak of is the result of the moral pestilence that has vitiated and corrupted the purity of the heart. Bad culture, evil communication, and bad habits have blighted the purity of the soul. Blame not Heaven, nor be too harsh with Human Nature, more especially with those poor boys who, nurtured in crime, know nothing but criminality. They pay the penalty of the crimes of their parents; they are the inheritors of curses instead of blessings. If you had a son, such a wife as yours could mould him even as she has shaped the mind of your daughter. But, oh! the fatal blight! evil communication! parental neglect! Your human nature is the offspring of darkness, reared without the benign influence of the sunshine of the heart. My human nature is man's divinity, reared and influenced by the rays of paternal care, and developed from childhood by the beams of maternal affection."

"Very pretty, Sir," said the policeman, drily.

"When you meet," continued Pamphilius, "suffering, degraded human nature, be not too harsh, Sir; a kind word may awaken the divinity that slumbers within, and bring forth one bright spark from the innate goodness of the heart."

"A kind word does cheer the heart; I know that," said the policeman.

"Well, practise kindness, Sir. A kind word has changed the whole current of a life. The world blames the ragged urchin, and the unfortunate homeless; and they are of the world. Did you ever read the story of the 'Nettle?'"

"No, Sir; I think not."

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The Nettle.

Listen; it is told by a very old, respected friend of mine—Victor Hugo. One day he saw several countrymen busily occupied in tearing up nettles. Looking at the pile of uprooted plants, amongst which were the withered and the dying, he said, "Though dead, they are good, if people only knew how to make use of them. When nettles are young, the tops are an excellent vegetable; when old, they are fibrous like hemp and flax. Nettles, when chopped up, are good for fowls; when powdered they are excellent for horned cattle; and the seed mixed with their food gives a lustre to their coats. The roots, too, are also of use; for, when mixed with salt, they produce a beautiful yellow. Besides, the nettle is an excellent hay, which bears twice mowing. And how simple is the growth of the nettle! Neither time nor trouble is needed—a little earth will suffice for its cultivation. The seed falls as it ripens, and there is a little care required in garnering it—that is all! With little trouble the nettle would be exceedingly useful—it is neglected, and it becomes a hurtful weed." He paused, then continued, "How much man resembles a nettle! My friends, bear this in mind—there is no such thing as a bad plant, nor are there any bad men. There are only BAD CULTIVATORS!"

"Right, old friend; the seed of divinity is sown within us, and if the mind be well cultivated the fruit will answer the original; if not, like the nettle, all runs to weeds."

Pamphilius alighted. He wandered among the lowly earth plots and the gorgeous tombstones. The birds were chirping over both. He scanned the words of affection, extolling the inestimable worth of departed souls, who had winged their way to everlasting bliss, and he sighed as he gazed upon the faded rose that, exhaling its perfume, breathes the spirit of a humbler mourner.

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What colossal monument is this? One side bears the inscription, "Erected by a bereaved husband to the memory of his departed wife;" the other, "Erected by a disconsolate widow to the memory of departed genius!" The bereaved widower had been the husband of the disconsolate widow, who in her turn, in deep respect, inscribed on the monumental tablet "To the MEMORY of GENIUS," and that genius was

DUCROW.

The birds sang alike over the graves of turf, and of marble, and of flowers!

Pamphilius wandered onward. Another monument!

[SOYER.]

What figure is that with easel and paint-brush? An English *artiste*, the wife of the famed French cook. Poor Soyer, I knew him well! This is a token of the good-hearted Frenchman's deep respect for his talented wife. And where is the tablet to Alexis? Nowhere! Alexis is all but forgotten—the monument is fast decaying; but the memory of Soyer still lives—yes; Soyer may live for ages to come in economic soup and *sauce piquante*.

Pamphilius gazed around, listened to the feathery songsters warbling over these monumental wailings; and wondering whether the policeman's HUMAN NATURE excelled the instinct of the little warblers, he reached an open grave, and shed a tear to the memory of DEPARTED WORTH!

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CHAPTER V.

The Three Steps to Wisdom, Wealth, and Worth.

HAT is true Wisdom? A right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil; what is to be chosen and what rejected—a judgment grounded upon the value of things, and not the common opinion of them—an equality of force and a strength of resolution. Wisdom sets a watch over our words and deeds; it makes us invincible both in good and evil fortune; it fashions the mind, governs our actions, tells us what to do, and what not to do; it sits at the helm, and guides us through all hazards; it points out to us all the duties of life.—Love to God, duty to our parents, faith to our friends, and charity to the distressed.

To be Wise, therefore, we require a stable, well-regulated mind, which makes men judge what are the best ends, what the best means to attain them, and gives them the advantage of the resolutions of wisdom, which are free, absolute, and constant.

To attain wealth, the mind must be firm—not constantly on the change—a rolling stone of mental purpose—ever shifting, sick, and dissatisfied.

To be worthy, we must be steadfast, conscious of our own integrity, strong in our loves, moderate in our desires.

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The great requisite, then, to attain WISDOM, WEALTH, and WORTH is to possess

THE POWER OF KNOWING HOW TO DETERMINE.

To know how to determine is the great secret of man's rise in life, for a man without decision does not belong to himself; he is in the power of any one, belongs to every one, and is the victim of an infirmity that makes him the slave of all.

How is determination to be acquired?

Acquire knowledge, for knowledge gives DETERMINATION; knowledge leads to a course of thinking that partakes of the nature of reasoning—a reduction of thought to a conclusion, as a mechanic decides upon the mode of working a certain piece of wood or iron to produce a given result.

Study biography, watch the starting acts of all great men; note how they acted regardless of the timid surmises and sarcasms of the incredulous. You will perceive that a step once taken, the man of decision pursues his course with firmness, and each obstacle that he encounters only increases his energy and perseverance. You will find that he achieves what the weak man considers impossible. His mind is well regulated, which constitutes a DETERMINED mind, and it takes for its shield the twin sister of perseverance—

PATIENCE.

And with Patience man can accomplish everything, do anything that comes within the boundaries of reason.

There is not a quality in the human mind that is more important to the prosperity of man than decision of character. "Without it," as Foster says in his clever "Essays," "a human being—with powers at best but feeble, and surrounded by innumerable things tending to perplex, to divert, to frustrate their operations—is, indeed, a pitiable atom, the sport of divers and casual impulses."

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Decision shapes and fashions everything, and saves us dreads and anticipations which are baneful to our prosperity in life. A false step thoughtlessly or undecidedly taken has marred the prospects of a whole life. A man who is decided is respected, for a man of decision is a thoughtful man—a man of sound judgment who weighs matters with the scale of reason. It is necessary to think and weigh to a conclusion—not to act as the simpleton who says, "Well, what I have done I did for the best, and I hope it will turn out luck." He who puts faith in LUCK will soon find reason for considering himself UNLUCKY. In matters of life, CERTAINTY is the rule of judgment, LUCK is the exception.

It is truly pitiable to see people anxiously hesitating between opposite determinations. Impulse sways the mind, now to one side, now to the other; then doubt makes it halt between both; and so a great opportunity in a man's life may be frittered away in miserable suspense. The tide has ebbed, and the chance has flowed with it.

The casualties of life bow to a bold spirit, because the brave man will not bow to them; he grapples with casualties, and makes them subservient to his own use; while the man of indecision becomes the TOOL of CIRCUMSTANCES, and is buffeted passively from one side to the other, wondering how all the embarrassments in the world happen to fall to his lot. "Incapable," as Foster says, "of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued IF his talents, his health, his age, had been different; IF he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; IF his friends were in this or the other point different from what they are. And he

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gives himself as much licence to complain as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused by a malignant or capricious fate. Thus is he occupied, instead of marking with a vigilant eye and seizing with a strong hand all the POSSIBILITIES of his actual situation."

The man of decision balances with caution; he weighs with the scales of reason, poised by honesty and integrity; and next day there is no hesitation, for he has determined the plan which he will adopt, and it requires reasons the most subtle to induce him to make a change. Temporary doubt gives him pain; he plans, determines, and acts; then trusts to perseverance and patience for success. He deals not in shadows, he must have a tangible reason for what he does; he must grasp the whole in an arranged form, not in unconnected fragments; he deals in the visible and tangible world, he leaves the shadows of castle-building to the sanguine, less calculating, and ever-erring enthusiast. He forms his plan from the experience of the past, and from present observation; from each of which he draws his analogies and inferences. He may not succeed in his plans, as the best laid schemes are often thwarted by unforeseen causes. He knows the rock, although he could not foresee it, upon which his bark foundered. The vessel is only wrecked. Its cargo, the mind and determination, are still left him. He constructs a fresh bark, and then, with the cheerfulness of a strong mind, once more tries his fortune on the quicksands of life.

Pamphilius, in his *Head and Heart Legacy*, records an instance in life of one of those indomitable characters—an event in the life of one of those men of decision who rose from comparative obscurity to goodness, greatness, and worth.

He, like the man of decision just pictured, entered into a speculation. A crisis disturbed the usual course of trade, and he found himself a loser of upwards of 20,000*l.*

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Did he sink into a state of despondency? No. On the contrary, that great loss opened up to his mind's eye a fresh career in life, and while negotiating with his creditors for a proper arrangement of his affairs, he wrote a careful pamphlet, with elaborate figures, instinct in every line with vigour and energy, on the "Influence of the Corn Laws," written when struggling with extreme pecuniary calamity, and daily harassed with its painful details.

It is out of all reason to imagine that a man can always succeed in his undertakings; the best laid scheme, as Nature's Caledonian bard says, "*gangs aft agee.*" The man of a decided character is a close observer, and draws upon the fund of examples and precepts with which biography abounds.

Another striking case of decision of character, worthy of noting, came under the observation of Pamphilius. Mr. —— had been for a considerable period in India, and on returning to his native land determined on supplying a want which he had felt in India—certain mercantile intelligence. To supply that want he started a newspaper, and all who have had anything to do with publications know the uphill fight of a proprietor. Mr. —— struggled on, regardless of the warnings of his friends. He toiled night and day, spent a considerable capital on his undertaking, and persisted in carrying on the newspaper. He listened to his advisers, but the arguments set forth failed in creating a wavering of the mind. No. He knew his task was great, but there was something TANGIBLE in his undertaking. His answer to his friends was, "I know such a paper IS WANTED, and when it is properly known people MUST BUY it. I would have given five times the money for such a paper when I was in India." He instanced the struggle that other people had had with newspapers, and their ultimate success, and, summing up, he said, "I know that an organ IS WANTED, and MINE shall be that organ."

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After a heroic struggle, Mr. —— succeeded, and is now enjoying in comfort a large income from the profits of his paper.

History abounds with instances of heroic and determined men accomplishing triumphs—men whose sound judgment enabled them to decide RIGHTLY, and whose inflexible spirit kept them from wavering.

No man, it may be affirmed, who is born timorous, could possibly make himself brave; but a STRONG FAITH in Heaven, with a DETERMINED HABIT of facing every danger, would so restrain this timidity that it might eventually be overcome. No man can quite rid himself of that impulse which theologians call anger and men of the world hot temper, but we see every day how men may, by continued SELF-RESTRAINT, by CULTIVATING the habit of FAIRNESS, acquire the serenity other men enjoy without an effort. In these two instances, the excessive pressure from without, the contempt with which Northern races regard cowardice, and the social obloquy produced by bad temper, compel the sufferer to EXERT his WILL to OVERCOME the HABIT of his organization. In a third and equally frequent case, that of a man born VACILLATING, there is no such pressure, and it is, in this instance, therefore, that TEACHING IS MOST USEFUL.

Biography affords sufficient proof to establish the fact that all AFFECTIONS can be OVERRULED by REASON.

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Indecision of Character.

Of all the foibles, except envy, indecision is, perhaps, the most injurious, and the one which it is hardest to correct. For it exists most strongly in those natures which, from their feminine elements—their affectionateness, gentleness, and habit of sympathy, are of all others most likely to be buttressed by social love, and most likely to fall into the ruinous habit of asking small advice. It exists, too, unlike most deficiencies, almost invariably in a semi-completed form, as an *imperfect* foible, hardly perceptible even to its victim himself. Complete indecision, extending to all cases and circumstances, operative when there is but one course, and uncorrected even by principle, is the rarest as it is one of the most painful of human weaknesses. It is *half* indecision, such as is thus described by Foster, an indecision which has a root in the conscience as well as the temperament, which is the curse of men's lives. "A man has, perhaps, advanced a considerable way towards a decision, but then lingers at a small distance from it, till necessity, with a stronger hand than conviction, impels him upon it. He cannot see the whole length of the question, and suspects the part beyond his sight to be the most important, for the most essential point and stress of it may be there. He fears that certain possible consequences, if they should follow, would cause him to reproach himself for his present determination. He wonders how this or the other person would have acted in the same circumstances; eagerly catches at anything like a respectable precedent; would be perfectly willing to forego the pride of setting an example, for the safety of following one; and looks anxiously round to know what each person may think on the subject; while the various and opposite opinions to which he listens, perhaps, only serve to confound his perception of the track of thought by which he had hoped to reach his conclusion. Even when that conclusion is obtained, there are not many minds that might not be brought a few degrees

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back into dubious hesitation by a man of respected understanding saying, in a confidential tone, 'Your plan is injudicious; your selection is unfortunate; the event will disappoint you.'" The summary of the plan is this. Upon all occasions of life which are not of the last importance, think as steadily and clearly as your capacity will allow you to do, compel that thought to bring you to some sort of conclusion without consulting any human being. Clear thought, continuous thought, and silence—all exercised on the daily trifles of life—these habits, which are none of them difficult, will so harden the mind as in a very short period to make it incapable of indecision. "Another advantage of this character," says Foster, "is, that it exempts from a good deal of interference and obstructive annoyance which an irresolute man may be almost sure to encounter. Weakness, in every form, tempts arrogance; and a man may be allowed to wish for character of a kind with which stupidity and impertinence may not make so free. When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man, and leaves him room and freedom. The disposition to interrogate, dictate, or banter, preserves a respectful and politic distance, judging it not unwise to keep the peace with a person of so much energy. A conviction that he understands, and that he WILLS with extraordinary force, silences the conceit that intended to perplex or instruct him, and intimidates the malice that was disposed to attack him. There is a feeling, as in respect to fate, that the decrees of so invincible a spirit *must* be right, or that, at least, they *will* be accomplished."

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STAFFORD.

There is an indecision which philosophers consider the offspring of selfishness, insincerity, and ingratitude, where men all but conclude arrangements, and afterwards hesitate, equivocate, and finally endeavour to set them aside, repudiating every moral obligation, regardless of loss of time and injury inflicted. Such indecision is a moral wrong, and sooner or later meets its merited punishment.

Stafford was a clever man, and possessed the three great adjuncts to success in life—sobriety, industry, and perseverance. By dint of extreme acuteness in selecting proper instruments for the duties which he had to impose, he succeeded in a few years in raising himself to a position of comparative influence and affluence. Amongst the body of literary men whom he had enlisted in his service he had made friends; but, failing in steadfast principles—which some term indecision—equivocating, and restless shifting, he thinned the ranks of his adherents, and by changing a labour of love into an irksome task, he lost his friends who had been his valuable counsellors.

Indecision is often tantamount to a selfish want of principle; for he who is governed by principle can never waver in his decisions to the detriment of others. The wise man is slow to promise, but prompt and sure in his performance.

To paint the phases of Stafford's mind requires a search into the labyrinths of an unsatisfied soul. More, more! and for such there is a certain DAY of RETRIBUTION.

Stafford became wealthy and powerful; but that sad failing —indecision, or insincerity, or ingratitude—reduced him from a morning giant to an evening dwarf. Powerful at sunrise, impotent at sunset!

How often did Pamphilius tell Stafford that man's grasp was limited; that pushing business beyond solid resources was

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dangerous; that too many irons cool the fire; that to "live and let live" was the wise aphorism of the philosopher.

Stafford listened, acknowledged that Pamphilius was right, *smiled*, and went on increasing his liabilities till at last he was forced to mortgage. Stafford's failing again showed itself. He trifled. The mortgagee was worldly, and as shrewd as Stafford. He foreclosed, and, at all hazards, advertised a sale. Stafford, to thwart the mortgagee and sale, committed a rash act—he struck the docket that consigned himself to bankruptcy, and thereby rendered himself a powerless man. He had parted with his own power!

Stafford took the mortgagee for a mouse, and played with him as he had done with others. The mouse proved a Tartar, and the wealthy Stafford of the morning was an unfortunate bankrupt by nightfall.

Stafford had many good qualities, and in his time had done much good; but indecision blighted the once prosperous Stafford.

SMILES—AN INCIDENT OF EVERY DAY.

There is another kind of indecision—a vacillation that trembles in doubt upon that which is really the best, without the slightest intent to injure—the desire to do right; but the judgment is weak, and the mind oscillates between two roads leading to the same end, neither of which are sufficiently clear to be followed without hesitation. This hurts only the waverer himself, and too often sacrifices his peace of mind and destroys the comfort of his home.

Dear little Smiles was, unfortunately, one of those men,—as honest and as good-hearted a little fellow as ever worked hard for fame and an honest livelihood.

Pamphilius met him one day. "Well, Smiles, anything new—anything fresh to exercise your talent upon?"

"Yes; very busy," said Smiles, with his usual *he, he!* for

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Smiles was very good-natured and always in good humour. "Glad to see you; *he, he!* Indeed, I wanted to see you very much; for, do you know, *he, he!* I want your advice about becoming a shareholder in the British Bank—good speculation! a shareholder, *he, he!*"

"Stick to the WOOD, Smiles. To be a shareholder in a young company is no laughing matter. Do you know the responsibility of a shareholder?"

"I think I do; *he, he!* Good directors; *he, he!* and look at the advantages!"

"My dear Sir, there are people foolish enough to grasp at shadows, and by doing so lose all. Shares have ruined thousands. Stick to the engraving. It would have been well for many had they reduced their expenditure rather than have listened to the flattering proposals of large incomes. The dread of a house surrounded by white walls would not then have embittered their lives by constantly forcing itself before their eyes. You are doing well; 'Let well alone' is a good old proverb."

"But there is no danger in the British Bank; *he, he!*"

"Where there is doubt there is danger. I have been repeatedly asked, accompanied by favourable proposals, to change my account, but I refused the tempting offer. While in business, be satisfied with the market profit on labour and the bank interest for money.

"But,—but,—I am a shareholder," said Smiles, with an unusually forced and continued *he, he!* "I refused at first, but I was persuaded it was a good thing; *he, he!*"

"I am sorry for it."

"I was told, indeed I am sure, it is all right; *he, he!* Don't you think so?"

"I trust so, for your sake."

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Months rolled on. I met my smiling little friend; but there was no smile on his countenance—no *he, he!* His face was thin, his good-humoured countenance had become elongated and woe-bestricken.

"Ah! you were right," he said. "What a fool I have been. I suppose you have heard that it's all up with the Bank?"

"I have, and I am sorry for it, for your sake and for the sake of others. It is a sad blow to a number of small tradesmen."

"It is not only the money I paid for the shares, nor the money—my little ALL that I had lodged in the Bank; but I am threatened with an action. I don't know what to do. All my hard earnings—all from WOOD, too," he added, with a faint smile and a small *he, he!*

"Never despair. It is sad, sad indeed," added Pamphilius.

"It is easy saying 'Never despair;' but what am I to do?"

"See the principals at once. Put your case plainly and honestly before them. There are those amongst them who have hearts. Like you, they have suffered—and no doubt will give your case due consideration. You have lost your all, but you have still left your honesty, industry, and perseverance. The fruits of a season have passed from you. Patience! It is a dear-bought lesson for speculating in things of which you knew nothing."

Pamphilius again met his little friend, in whose face there was a smile, but whose looks still bore the impress of sadness.

"Well, S., how are you?"

"All right. Doing pretty well. But what a fool I was to put faith in humbugs."

"Never mind. You are still young, and have the world before you."

"All out of wood, too; *he, he!* Few wants ensure many blessings; *he, he!* Very fine of you; *he, he!* Your advice was good. I saw the parties, and I am now clear of that abominable

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British Bank; *he, he, he!* Had I kept my first resolution; *he!* Indecision; *he, he, he!* Never despair! *he, he, he!*—all very good, Mr. Pamphilius."

"Never despair, my dear Smiles. Patience, and all will come right."

"*He, he, he!* Patience, eh! Few wants make many blessings! *he, he!* very good of you; *he, he!* AU REVOIR!"

How many thousands, from listening to the advice of the cunning and the injudicious, have, for the sake of a trifling additional interest, reduced themselves to penury, and ended their days either in gaol or in a workhouse!

The sad calamity of the British Bank gave rise to the Act which is now in force—the Limited Liability Act, 20 and 21 Vict., which enables joint-stock companies to be formed on the principle of limited liability.

To conclude this important subject, we quote West on indecision, who says "That the man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass with every breath of caprice that blows—can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who carries into his pursuits those great qualities which Lucan ascribes to Cæsar—consulting wisely, resolving firmly, and executing his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—who can advance to eminence in any line."

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CHAPTER VI.

Every Wise Man Lives by Rule.

O LIVE BY RULE is the aim of the prudent man. Now, the evil is, that there are men who have no design at all; who pass through the world like straws tossed upon the highway—they do not go, but they are carried. Others only deliberate upon the parts of life, not upon the whole; they AIM without a mark to shoot at, and then live, as it were, by chance, tormenting themselves with the PAST, regardless of the FUTURE. "What *did* I endure!" one exclaims, in lamentation. "Never was any one so put about; my very heart was ready to break!" and fifty other such foolish ejaculations. In looking in advance he afflicts himself with the apprehension of evils to come, and betwixt the past and future his life is divided between misdoings and repentances.

Some people are never still—others are always so; both are to blame. For that which looks like activity and industry in the one is only a restlessness and agitation; and that which passes for moderation and reserve is but a drowsy and an inactive sloth. Some are perpetually shifting from one thing to another; others, again, make their whole life but a kind of uneasy sleep. Some lie tossing and turning till at length uneasiness lulls them to rest; others, again, are indolent and lazy.

Let MOTION and REST both take their turns, according to nature and the order of things; for the closer we imitate nature the nearer we arrive at truth. Let us avoid inordinate desires—dispel uncertain hopes—avoid perpetual solicitousness and suspense—irresolution and restlessness; for as age advances, such

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men grow impatient and irritable, till the heart breaks for want of vent. It is this that makes men sour and morose, envious of others and dissatisfied with themselves, till at last, betwixt their envy of other people's successes and the despair of their own welfare, they fall foul upon fortune and the times, and retire to a corner, soured with life, to brood over their own disquiets.

The RULES of wisdom teach a man to be uniform in action, always the same, always liberal and discreet; not profuse upon himself and sordid to others; not niggardly at home and lavish abroad. The reverse is the result of a dissatisfied and an uneasy mind.

There are men who are so bound up in business matters that RULE appears difficult—they can neither loosen nor break the tie that enthrals them. Such men require PHILOSOPHY to aid them. Let them trust to Heaven, be watchful and vigilant, and wait with patience for that TIDE which is sure to bring relief.

By doing so difficulties may be softened, and heavy burdens disposed of to our ease.

The man who lives by RULE is contented and hopeful, without envying the advantages of others; for he knows that greatness stands upon a craggy precipice, and that many men who appear great are forced to keep their station from MERE NECESSITY, because they find there is no change for them but headlong descent. These men ought to fortify themselves against ill-consequences by PHILOSOPHY, which will make them less solicitous for the future; it will teach them to restrict their desires, and to leave nothing to fortune which they can keep in their own power. This may not wholly compose them, but it will show them, at worst, the end of their troubles.

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CHAPTER VII.

Philosophy is the Guide of Life.

F it be true," says the ancient philosopher, "that the Understanding and the Will are the two eminent faculties of the reasonable soul, it follows necessarily that Wisdom and Virtue must be the perfection of our reasonable being, and consequently the undeniable foundation of a happy life."

The ancients divided Philosophy into three classes—Moral, Natural, Rational. The first concerns our manners, the second regards the works of Nature, and the third furnishes us with propriety of words and arguments, and the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong. Philosophy is the art and law of life, which teaches us what to do in all cases. In men's weakness it gives the security of holiness, in sickness it is a never-failing remedy; for whatsoever eases the mind is profitable to the body. The physician may prescribe diet and exercise, and accommodate his medicine to the disease; but can he cure the wounded soul? No; but philosophy can.

In poverty philosophy gives us riches, or such a state of mind that makes them superfluous; for it arms us against all difficulties. Philosophy relieves the infirm, shows the ignorant their errors, and rectifies their affections. It rouses us when we are faint and drowsy; it binds up what is loose, and humbles in us that which is contumacious. Philosophy delivers the mind from the bondage of the body, and raises it up to the contemplation of its Divine Original.

When the mind is tinctured with philosophy there is no place

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for grief, anxiety, or superfluous vexations. It is prepossessed with virtue to the neglect of fortune, which brings it to a degree of security not to be disturbed; it gives contentment, and induces man to look upon his own lot in life as one of the best. Though it does not pretend to make man succeed in everything he undertakes, yet it teaches him this:—That what he UNDERTAKES to DO he must DO WELL.

The ancients have three degrees of Philosophy. First, those men who come within SIGHT of it, but not up to it; for they have learnt what they ought to do, but they have not sufficient power to put their knowledge into practice.

A second are those who govern their appetites for "a season," but who are constantly falling back upon their badly acquired habits.

A third, those who are free from many vices, but not all. They are not covetous, but over-ambitious; firm enough in some cases, but weak in others.

Philosophy teaches man VIRTUE; for it is that perfect good that makes up the complement of a happy Life. Virtue is sociable and gentle; free, steady, and fearless; full of inexhaustible delights—an invincible greatness of mind not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill fortune; for the seat of it is a pure and holy spirit.

"If one," says Socrates, "could but see the mind of a good man, as it is illustrated with virtue—its beauty! its majesty!—would not a man bless himself at the sight of such an object, as he would at the encounter of some supernatural power—a power that has a charm upon the souls of those who are truly affected by greatness?" For however bad a man may be, there is something in his nature that makes him reverence the holy

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and the good—he has a respect for that which he cannot, or will not, practise himself. If he has no love of virtue, he respects the virtuous.

Philosophy teaches us that he that would live happily must neither trust to good fortune nor succumb to bad. He must rely upon himself, without depending upon other people.

PHILOSOPHY tells us that nothing can be good which gives neither greatness nor security to the mind; that Virtue dwells not upon the tip of the tongue, but in the temple of a purified heart; that Virtue is free and indefatigable, and accompanied by concord and gracefulness; whereas vanity or vice is mean, transitory, sickly, and scarce outlives the tasting of it; that it is by the impulse of virtue that we love virtue; so that the way to virtue is by virtue, which embraces the LAWS of HUMAN LIFE.

Virtue raises us above grief, hopes, fears, and chances; and makes us not only patient but willing. He that possesses it not can ill grapple with dangers, necessities, adversity, or the dissolution that awaits us all! Wealth, honour, and power may come upon a man by chance, but virtue is the work of industry and labour; and it is certainly worth our pains to labour hard to purchase that good which brings all others with it—the GLORY of a VIRTUOUS MIND!

PHILOSOPHY tells us that a good man is happy within himself and independent of fortune; that he is KIND to his friends, TEMPERATE to those who wrong him, scrupulously JUST, indefatigably LABORIOUS, and discharges all his duties with constancy and cheerfulness. PHILOSOPHY warns us that there is no avarice without punishment over and above that which it is to itself, for money is a greater torment in the possession than it is in the pursuit; that the fear of losing it is a great trouble—the loss of it a greater—and the fear of the one or the other is the gnawing worm that keeps us ever in disquiet.

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PHILOSOPHY tells us that parents train up their children to an admiration of wealth and the power of gold, and the love of it grows with them; instead of training up a child to do his duty in whatever sphere he may be placed, as RICHES that give PEACE to the HEART will follow. Poverty is painted as a curse, and thus they turn the greatest misery of mankind into the greatest blessing; for if they that run mad after wealth and pomp could but look into the hearts of those who possess them, how would they startle to see those hideous cares and crimes that wait upon ambitious greatness—the vicissitudes of fortune, and the awful depths of degradation to which speculation reduces man.

PHILOSOPHY gently hints that honesty is fair and even, as is virtue; but the road to ill-gotten greatness is rugged and craggy; traversing precipices with gulfs on every side; that ill-gotten riches lead to trouble, and the very causes of sorrow are made the objects of delight.

PHILOSOPHY tells us that honours, emoluments, and all the works of vanity and ambition are destroyed by time; but that the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity; that those men who were neglected in their lives are adored in their memories, and, though dead, still live in the heart of ages, having left a halo of glory round their names; and, like the oases in the wilderness, their words and actions still cheer us on in life, ease our anxieties, and, by following their bright example, we "chase away the idle phantoms that all but frighten us to death." In distress PHILOSOPHY breathes comfort. Be cheerful and vigilant; do thy duty; "let God's will be done on earth;" and the echo from heaven is—AMEN!

PHILOSOPHY tells us that the true felicity of life is to

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be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man, and to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to be too strong in Hopes nor too weak in Fears, but to be reasonably satisfied with what we justly possess; that Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress, for it is the state of HUMAN PERFECTION; as it raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter.

To have a TRANQUIL MIND, therefore, is the first step to happiness, for it ensures a constancy in all conditions—a care for the things of this world, a care not amounting to a trouble; a lukewarm indifference for the bounties of Fortune, that either with them or without them we may live contentedly.

A SOUND MIND knows no fear, for he that fears, serves; it knows no lamentations, nor grumbling, nor sloth. The cheerfulness of the man of sound mind is great, for it is like the resolution of a brave man that has Fortune under his feet. "He," says Socrates, "that can look Death in the face and bid it welcome; he that bridles his own appetite and opens his door to poverty, is the man whom God has established in the possession of inviolable delights." The pleasures of folly are vain and unsubstantial; but the delight of wisdom is solid and eternal. A PEACEFUL CONSCIENCE, HONEST THOUGHTS, VIRTUOUS ACTIONS, and an INDIFFERENCE to CASUAL EVENTS, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.

This consummated state of felicity is only in harmony with the dictate of right nature; the fountain of it is wisdom and virtue; the knowledge of WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO and what we ought NOT to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge.

Men are vicious for the profit of villany, for conscience within condemns the act which they have just committed. So kind is God that every man has the light of virtue within him for a guide, which we all feel and acknowledge, though we do not follow it. It is this that makes the sick bed of the man of God

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better than health to the wicked. The former is contented with the will of Heaven, and repines not—the latter is never satisfied, nor at rest.

The ancients divide Virtue into two parts. One part of virtue consists in discipline, the other in exercise; for we must first LEARN, and then PRACTISE, "and," says the moralist, "the sooner we begin to apply ourselves, the longer shall we enjoy the comforts of a rectified mind."

How many men pass their minority, but not their indiscretions! and, what is worse, they have the authority of seniors and the weakness of children.

In boyhood we long to pass from school subjection into a state of liberty and business. How much greater to cast off the boyish levity of our minds, childish desires and weaknesses, and range ourselves among the brother helpers of mankind. To do this may not appear easy; but things are the less to be feared that appear the most difficult. Virtue is open to all, to the poor as well as to the rich, to the servant as well as to the master.

There is no state of life so miserable but there are in it remissions, diversions—nay, even delights. We murmur at trifles as great evils, that have nothing in them but what reason will at once cast aside.

Life is a warfare, and a brave man prefers the tent to the shambles. Fortune is like a good swordsman; she scorns to encounter a timid, fearful man. There is no honour in the victory where there is no danger, and it is in adversity that the mind is tried and purified. Chastenings are often blessings sent to us to remind us of our duty, and what is due to the goodness of God. The afflictions of a great mind teach others to suffer; for example has its salutary influence.

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Calamity is often a whip to virtue and a spur to a great mind.

A good man can never be miserable, nor can a prudent man be unfortunate; for he cheerfully submits to the will of Providence.

There is nothing that is properly evil that can befall a good man, for reason has armed him against ambitious prospects, insatiable avarice, and low and sordid actions. Prudence and integrity are above accidents, and draw good out of everything; and the constancy and resolution of the good man are the grace and dignity of the picture.

No man can be happy who is not prepared for all contingencies, and can say to himself, "I should have been contented had it been otherwise; but since it is so determined, God in due time will provide better."

How accurately was the truism of the ancients exemplified at the fireside of the humble cottage described in the *Head and Heart Legacy*. In the midst of what some would call overwhelming cares and anxieties, with poverty knocking at the door, has a cheerful wife, who, after a wealthy sister had left, said to her husband, "Well, Johnny, do you know I would not change places with Mrs. Mac. Indeed! if I had the world to begin again, I would desire no change. We have had ups and downs; but [singing] 'We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.'" There was no place in her cheerful mind for grief; superfluous vexations were strangers to her generous soul. Here the mind was tinctured with philosophy —a spirit unsubdued by all the caprices of fortune—alive to the sacred truth, that no calamity can prostrate the generous mind; for, in the midst of the wreck of fortune, there are still courage, temperance, and prudence left.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A Happy Life.

OCRATES wisely says "that there is not anything that is more talked of and less understood than the business of a happy life." It is every man's wish and desire, and yet not one of a thousand knows wherein that happiness exists. We live in blind and eager pursuit of it, and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the further we are from our journey's end. If we could find out the right track—the medium route—every turn would take us nearer to the desired goal.

But how get into the true track; how get out of the ruck in which thousands keep constantly jogging along, and who at the end of each day are as far alienated from happiness as when they first set out?

Divines will tell us to pray, which is good; but we must do more—we must try to find a guide, and the guide that can conduct you thither is not to be purchased by ordinary means—gold, though riches are not to be despised; but, without you know how to make use of them, riches will be found a troublesome commodity, getting you into all sorts of scrapes, envy, malice, indiscretions, and a world of troubles.

The guide that you must secure to promote Happiness and Welfare is Knowledge and Understanding.

But how acquire knowledge and understanding?

Fill the mind rather than the coffers. Let your life be steadfast, fearless, equal, secure. Stand firm in all extremities, and bear the lot of humanity with a divine temper.

Good Conscience is necessary to happiness, for it is the testimony of a well-spent life, and its sweet reward. He that

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dedicates his mind to virtue, and to the good of mankind, has consummated all that is either profitable or necessary for him to know or do towards the establishment of his peace; for every man has a JUDGE and a WITNESS within himself, that approve of the good he does,and condemn the evil that he commits. It is the inward judge that constitutes the good man's God, the bad man's fiend; life's solace, and life's curse—a beam of divinity, a spark of hell.

Beware of a bad conscience! A pure mind is a ray of divinity embodied in the flesh, and may be the blessing of the humblest, as well as the richest of the land. It is of Heaven, and to Heaven will return!

How different the ill-regulated mind! Wickedness may escape the law, but it cannot escape the inward judge and jury. Nature has set up torments and worse than gibbets in the consciences of transgressors. They live in perpetual terror, and expecting punishment, the very dread lashes them every day. Their restless nights! Ah! who can depict them?

A good conscience, like a contented mind, is a continual feast —the fountain of true joy.

To keep a good conscience Socrates called himself to an account every morning.

"What infirmity did I master yesterday, what temptations resisted, what virtue acquired? I was a little too hot in such a dispute. My opinion might have been as well spared, for it gave offence, and did no good whatever. The thing was true! but all truths are not to be spoken at all times. I would I had held my tongue, for there is no use contending with fools or our superiors. I have done wrong; but I shall try to avoid doing so in future."

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Seneca wisely reviewed his life daily; for, says he, "Who can ensure his life to last an hour?" A short reckoning with one's conscience is, no doubt, the surest way to secure peace.

A BENEVOLENT LIFE IS A HAPPY LIFE.

BENEVOLENCE is the well-spring of the heart, for it gladdens the soul of the giver, as well as the heart of the receiver.

But there must be a discretion used in giving. It is one thing to know HOW TO GIVE, and another not to know HOW TO KEEP. "Give me a heart," says Seneca, "that is easy and open. I'll have no holes in it. Let it be bountiful with judgment, but not lavish to indiscretion. No running out without knowing how."

The good-will of the benefactor is the fountain of all benefits—nay, it is the benefit itself—the stamp that makes it valuable and current—Heaven's coin, for it has for its soft sound the still small voice of love.

Every gift is materially sweetened by the manner of conferring it. The virtue rests in the intent; but the beauty and ornament lie in the good nature and address in bestowing it. Whatever we give let us do it frankly. A kind benefactor makes a man happy as soon as he can, and as much as he can. There should be no delay in a benefit. Give as we would receive, modestly, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that "sticks to the finger." Demurring is next door to denying. It was well said of him that called a benefit grudgingly bestowed "a stony piece of bread." It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down. An unkind tone, look, or action, destroys the grace of a courtesy. He that gives quick, gives willingly. A flat denial is infinitely better than a vexatious delay. He that holds a man needlessly

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in pain loses two precious things—TIME and the PROOF of friendship.

LITTLE KATY.

"There is no fountain so pure as the springs of a generous heart; there is no bliss so sweet as that which flows from the inspiration of benevolence." So said an old friend, after reciting this truthful story. There was a tear in the old man's eye, the welling of spontaneous bliss.

It was a lovely day in July. A stranger was seen wending his way along the banks of the river Clyde. Occasionally he stopped, looked earnestly upon some green plot, then on the vessels that were gliding majestically past him, then on the large buildings that studded the banks of that commercial stream. Pensively he exclaimed, "Progress! progress! what strides hast thou made since my boyhood's days! Where now is the bank where the gowans grew, the little hillock from which merry youth plunged into the quiet and limpid waters? Gone! like the wild daisy plucked with truant heart, swept away like the merry youth that revelled on thy once tranquil bosom. Progress! Progress! Civilization! Civilization! Singular words! strange enigmas! So great the march of civilization, yet so much poverty, so much crime! The march of progress and the increase of misery! Progress and civilization, poverty and crime!" He paused, and gazed again, and then muttered, "And there the heather grew, and the young and old in merry song plucked the blackberries; but now, progress has changed those plains into fields of waving corn, and the birds, as intermediate thanksgivers, are warbling their notes to earth and heaven. There sat the chubby urchin, with stained lips, and his little bonnet filled with hidden fruit; but now, strange and unaccountable change! beings are seen with their strangely aged faces, little creeping forms, shrinking, as it were, from their own misery."

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"What is your name?" said the stranger, to a little bare-footed girl, in whose emaciated face shone a pair of bright, intelligent eyes.

"Katy," faltered the little urchin, her small hand holding her foot, which was bleeding from a wound caused by the flinty stones of the newly macadamized road.

"Katy!" said the traveller, "you have hurt your foot, my little girl."

"Yes."

"Gathering faggots to light the fire, Katy?"

"No. Mither sells them, for she has naethin' to do noo."

"What does your father do?"

"The mill's stoppit; naethin'."

"The mill stopped!" The stranger paused, then muttered, "Aye, aye, even here, too. Remote from the seat of war, and far distant from the roar of the cannon, the groans of the dying, and the wailings for the dead, is to be felt the curse of conflict. The shock runs through the civilized world; its effect is seen in our cities, in the haggard looks and poverty-stricken appearance of the citizens, and even here, in this lonely little village, bounded by its peaceful river, its smiling meadows, its rippling brooks, and surmounted by its Gothic church,—the dire effects of war smite the ear, in the agonizing accents of 'Give me bread!'

"America! One of the great pioneers of civilization, great in progress and in enterprise, goaded to madness, blood-shed, and crime, by the heartless and stubborn-headed. Are progress and civilization, then, the harbingers of bloodshed and misery? Bloodshed and misery the offspring of civilization; stop bloodshed—stop progress;—stop progress; no! Heart-less, headstrong man may cause bloodshed and misery; but the fiat of the Omnipotent is progress—is civilization. Over the mangled corpses of the battle-field, over the devastation, destruction, burnings, and furies of war, the finger of the Almighty points forward. On, on! Cæsars may shed oceans

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of blood in conquering kingdoms. There their power ends, —no arresting the fiat of God—the march of progress.

"The very obstacles caused by stubborn, bull-headed destroyers give fresh impulse to the end—the civilization of mankind. Man may mar for a time the happiness of mankind. The flesh suffers but the spirit suffers not. The STILL SMALL VOICE is heard 'midst the wreck of nations. Man's wrongs shall be righted. On, on!

"What is America fighting for, that even her ministers of the Gospel, who should bear the olive branch of peace, urge men on to war, and bloodshed, and devastation? Aye, it is so! The stubborn and heartless begin war for aggrandizement, to effect which they place the torch in the hands of the weak in head but strong in heart, and call the horrors they begin, a war of anti-slavery; and the two, the headless and the heartless, become diabolical furies let loose on mankind. When Head and Heart are united in one person, men are great—but when separated, they become Frankensteins to scourge the world!

"Men shall be free! England knows that the freedom of mankind could be effected without bloodshed; and the cloud that so long hovered over France is passing away, and she begins to see that true greatness springs from peace, progress, and civilization!"

"That's the mill, Katy, where your father worked," said the stranger, awakening from his reverie, pointing to a large range of buildings in the distance.

"No; that's the print works; the mill's lower down."

"Progress again," said the stranger; "a plantation is changed into workshops of industry!"

"Yonder's the mill," said Katy.

"Yes, I see. It is a bigger mill now, Katy, than when I first saw it." Then musingly he added, "When I first saw the mill a thatched cottage stood where that handsome edifice now stands, and at the door of that thatched cottage was my generous, good-hearted uncle, who, on seeing me, called me

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to him, and, looking at my muddy shoes and trousers, smilingly said, 'Why Davy, you have walked all the way.'—'Yes, uncle, that's nothing,' was my reply; and I think I can almost now hear his cheerful voice calling out, 'Here, Mary, bring a pair of Aleck's shoes, see that Davy's feet are dry, and give him something to eat; he must be hungry as well as tired.' Then patting me on the head, he added, in his soft, affectionate voice, 'When you are refreshed, go to the garden; you will find Marjory among the currant bushes.' I muttered, 'Thank you, uncle.' My uncle went to the mill, and I hurried to catch Marjory among the bushes."

"That's our house," said Katy, pointing to a little hut, the door of which had a string for a latch. The stranger put his hand in his pocket. "Take that," said he; "it will suffice to-day. May that Providence which so opportunely aids the good provide for the morrow!"

UNLOCK THE PUMP.

The little girl in extacy ran to pull the string, the stranger proceeded to the mansion, and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. M'Clellan within?"

"No, Sir, he has gone out for a drive; but Mrs. M'Clellan is in, and I think she expects you."

The stranger was ushered into the drawing-room, which was elegantly furnished, and which commanded one of those views of wood and water so peculiar to the "land of mountain and flood." He gazed upon the scene before him, and murmured to himself, "Who can look upon a scene like this without awe and veneration, without uplifting his hands, and, like the Psalmist, 'Singing to the Lord with cheerful voice?' Then the mind might, in mockery of man, conjure up the finger of God pointing to the *wynds* and *dirty* alleys, the plague-spots of crime, of misery, and vice, engendered in purlieus—a disgrace to a civilized nation—a disgrace to Scotland and to Scotchmen; for such vile-mouthed urchins, such abominations, are not to

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be seen in any other country in the world." He paused, then added, "Looking upon this lovely landscape, and then upon the wynds of Glasgow, one might imagine he heard the voice of Heaven exclaiming, 'Citizens of Glasgow, such are the scenes I give to you, and in return you present to me sinks of crime and iniquity.'"

The stranger glanced at the various pictures that adorned the walls, and, fixing his eyes upon a fine oil painting of a beautiful woman, he muttered, "Ah! Jessy, Jessy! How beneficent is woman's influence over man when employed to stimulate him to noble deeds. It was thou, Jessy, that first taught me true benevolence, and that the manner of giving was as great as the gift itself. It was thou ——"

The door was opened, and Mrs. M'Clellan entered, and smilingly said, "Admiring Jessy's picture?"

"Poor Jessy!" said the stranger, "Did you know her?"

"No;" she replied, "Jessy died before I knew Alexander."

"Jessy was an angel!" The stranger paused, then added, "And Alexander—how is he?"

"Not well at all. He has been ailing ever since the mill was stopped. He is so low in spirits. I am glad you are come. Perhaps you will be able to rouse him."

"Alexander is wealthy. It is not the depression of trade."

"Oh no!—yes, it is; but it is not for his own sake! There," she added, pointing to the gate, at which a number of ragged children were loitering, and looking in with earnest and hungry looks, "that's the cause! The sight of so many of those poor creatures has a sad effect upon his spirits."

"Does he let the 'pump loose,' like his dear departed father, and like the angel which that picture represents?"

"What do you mean," inquired the lively and good-natured Mrs. M'Clellan, laughing, "by letting the pump loose?"

"It was a by-word in my boyish days. It originated with my good uncle. One day I was walking with him to Gallow Nowe; two of his friends were also with him; uncle saw on the other side of the road a poor old man, who was tottering under a heavy

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load of faggots. He crossed and accosted him. While he was doing so, the two friends burst out laughing, and one of them said, 'There he is again; the pump is loose!'"

"'Aye, the old fellow knows well how to get the pump loose,' and bursting out laughing as my uncle returned, continued, 'why, Mac, the old man will get drunk before he gets home; the pump of your heart is "aye ganging."'"

"'Better that, George, than aye craving!' said my uncle, sarcastically; 'if you had as few friends as that poor old man you would want help yourself.' Then turning to me, he added, 'There are some men, my boy, who have a vacuum where a heart should be—receive all, and are always jealous of other recipients. I do not mean you, my dear boy, for that act of giving the poor man your loaf, which I chanced to see, is deeply cherished. You must not heed such men as my friend here, who prefers borrowing to giving. The poor man may have been seen tipsy, which is a pity; but man IS A BAD JUDGE, my boy; he too often sums up on weak evidence. If aged humanity suffer, and is seen tottering on the brink of the grave, he that has it in his power to help, and who withdraws his hand, may, when he himself thirsts for the pump, find, to his sorrow, the HANDLE FASTENED.'"

"Aye," said Mrs. M'Clellan, that gives me an IDEA. Alexander is very kind; his workers have all free cottages. The print mills are only on half work, and the whole town is in a very sad state."

The stranger saw his cousin, found him in low spirits, but left him happier than he was when he first saw him.

Seated at a London fireside, and ruminating upon Scotland, upon his early impressions, and his matured opinions of his native land, the stranger musingly said, "Scotland is lovely; but much may be done for the social improvement of her children! In youth the muses inspired me to sing of the 'Rightful Pen,' as conquering tyranny, bigotry, and oppression; may some 'Rightful Pen' lend its influence to extirpate those *wynds of disgrace* from the face of fair Scotland—may" ——

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THE IDEA.

"A letter and a paper for you," said the servant, entering.

The stranger opened the letter, and read, "MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am happy to tell you that I am entirely convalescent. As the play says, 'Richard is himself again.' I think I am indebted to your story of the pump for the change. My dear wife told me you had given her an *idea*. The accompanying paper will inform you how she has realized it."

"NOBLE EXAMPLE!

"Set a stone rolling, and who knows where it will stop? So we trust it may be with the good example set by Mrs. M'Clellan. For several months past the inhabitants of the pretty and once prosperous village of —— have suffered the greatest distress from the stoppage of the cotton and print mills at which they earned their chief support. Families are suffering the severest penury, which is observable in the squalid aspect of the half-clothed children. In the most praiseworthy manner Mrs. M'Clellan has come forward to render material alleviation by the establishment of a soup-kitchen, where she is seen daily superintending the serving out of the soup; and it is truly gratifying to see that good-hearted lady, with smiles and words of encouragement addressing the poor ragged urchins, while they hold up with anxious looks their *cans* for their daily supply. It affords a splendid subject for an artist, for a more distressing, yet strongly interesting group is seldom witnessed—the picture of a noble example, which, we trust, will secure its followers."

"Ah!" said the stranger, "'Let the pump loose' no doubt gave Mrs. M'Clellan the idea of the soup-kitchen. Cousin, Cousin, the doctor failed; but thy good and worthy wife has triumphed over physic! It will be well for us all, when we are indisposed, and when physic cannot dispel the gloom that hovers round us, to try a change, not of place, but of occupation. JUDICIOUSLY occupy ourselves in LETTING THE PUMP LOOSE."

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CHAPTER IX.

CONTINGENCIES ARE INIMICAL TO HAPPINESS—A TEMPERATE LIFE IS A HAPPY LIFE—CONSTANCY OF MIND—THE TRIAL OF VIRTUE—ROBERT HALL.

E that sets up his rest or peace of mind upon contingencies shall never be quiet.

Never pronounce that man happy who depends upon fortune for his happiness, for nothing can be more preposterous than to place the good of a reasonable creature in unreasonable things. He that sets his soul upon gold is ever fearful, and it is not the loss itself, but the idea of the loss, that troubles him. To lose anything is often to our advantage. What shall come to pass we know not; but what may come to pass we can conjecture; so that we despair of nothing, but expect everything, and whatever Providence remits is clear gain. We hope for the best and provide for the worst.

To lament the death of a friend is both natural and just; but profuse sorrow and clamorous lamentations are not so much the effects of grief as of vainglory. Time cures all; but it were better done by moderation and wisdom. Wishing oneself dead, wringing of hands, and running into foolish practices which never lead to anything that is good, is the sign of weakness—the forsaking of nature. Death is inexorable, and will come, and will keep what he takes away!

We cannot forbear weeping, and we ought not to forbear; but let us not overstep the bounds of affection—let the tears of wisdom flow, for they do not derogate from the dignity of a wise man. A fresh grief meets pity and comfort; but to mourn without measure is folly—the greater the loss the greater is the virtue to overcome it.

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Friends may be taken away, but not the comfort of the friendship—the loss is sweetened by the contemplation of their virtues.

To draw good out of evil—to change misfortunes into blessings, is Virtue's masterpiece.

To weep, lament, and groan is the renunciation of our duty, and danger lurks in the rejoicings of sudden prosperity. It is better to make a fortune than to expect one, being neither depressed by Fortune's power nor dazzled by her favours.

When Zeno was told that all his goods were lost by shipwreck, he quietly replied, "Why, Fortune has a mind to make me a philosopher."

When a man has once advanced his mind above the powers or flatteries of Fortune, he has then secured for himself peace and safety. To arm ourselves against the insidious attacks of Fortune is never to be found DOZING or taken by surprise. That which befalls any man may befall every man, and it breaks the force of a present calamity to provide against the future.

The empire of Fortune is imaginary, and he who serves her makes himself a voluntary slave.

Too Much Hope and too Great Fear are Inimical to Happiness.

No man can be said to be perfectly happy that runs the risk of disappointment, which is the case of every man who is full of fear and over-hopeful; for they are passions that look forward, and are ever solicitous of the future. It is foolish to be miserable beforehand, for a man loses the *present*, which he might enjoy, in expectation of the future. Nay, the fear of losing anything is as bad as the loss itself.

It is unmanly to be doubtful, timorous, and uncertain, to set one step forward and another back—the VICTIM of IRRESOLUTION. Is it not better to FALL ONCE than to be FOR EVER HANGING IN SUSPENSE, for if we fear all possibilities, our life is miserable indeed.

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Qualify FEAR with HOPE, which may serve to palliate a misfortune, though it cannot cure it.

IT IS TIME ENOUGH TO BEAR A MISFORTUNE WHEN IT ARRIVES, WITHOUT ANTICIPATING IT.

A weak man fancies misfortunes, and makes himself wretched without a cause. He torments himself with what may never occur—night-fancies which become ridiculous by day.

A TEMPERATE LIFE IS A HAPPY LIFE.

A humble fare to a temperate man is as good as a feast. It is not by choice of meats and drinks that the philosophers of old recommend themselves, but by virtuous actions—honesty, integrity, and manly labours.

Happy is that man that eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst; that stands upon his legs, and lives by reason—who provides for USE and NECESSITY—not for OSTENTATION and POMP.

There is not, says an old philosopher, anything that is necessary for us but we have it either cheap or gratis. "'Tis true," he continues, "that the belly craves and calls upon us; but a small matter contents it." He that lives according to reason shall never be poor; and he that governs his life by opinion shall never be rich, for nature is limited, but fancy is boundless. So that if mankind would only be reasonable, without grasping at superfluities, we should have our necessaries upon easy terms. Our great troubles are our excesses; and our desires being insatiable become a disease. To be intemperate in our desire for wealth is to lose sight of true happiness—a well-regulated MIND.

The man that would be truly rich must not increase his fortune, but retrench his desires; for the desires of avarice are so boundless, that whatever we get leads the way to getting more, and so long as we are solicitous for the increase of wealth, we lose the true use of it, and spend our time without any substantial benefit either to the world or to ourselves.

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A poor cottage is worth more than the most gorgeous apartments, when that cottage is consecrated by an honest man under the guard of his virtue. In a garret the mind creates riches.

It is troublesome to abstain from the pleasures and luxuries we have been used to, and to endure comparative hunger and thirst; but over-bountiful nature soon takes away the desire, and then it is no trouble to abstain from that which is hurtful and pernicious. So merciful is the Almighty to us, that our torments are not sharp nor lasting.

No man can be poor that has enough; nor any man rich that desires more than he has. He that is not content in honest poverty would not be so in affluence, for the contentment is not in the thing but in the mind. It is not the amassing of wealth that makes us rich, but riches lie in the abatement of our desires.

Constancy of Mind Makes a Man Happy under the Gravest Misfortunes.

A well-regulated mind enables a man to maintain his station with honour; he only makes use of what he meets in his way, as a pilgrim that travels quietly on to his journey's end. He asks nothing, wants nothing—he draws good out of evil, and is slightly moved by any external violence or vicissitude.

It is easy for a man to hold up his head in a calm, but to struggle on bravely when others yield to the shock is divinely praiseworthy.

It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity—to despise what the vulgar admire, and prefer mediocrity to excess.

It is an error either to attribute GOOD or ILL to Fortune; for we ourselves are the occasion of it, being, in fact, the artificers of our own happiness or misery.

Calamity is the Trial of Virtue.—Robert Hall.

A wise man never stands shifting and fencing with Fortune; he opposes her barefaced, knowing that she can do him little

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harm. She may deprive him of his possessions; but what does all this amount to more than the recalling of a trust which he has received with the condition to deliver it up again upon demand?

There is no greater instance on record of the trial of Virtue than that delineated in the "Life of the Rev. Robert Hall." The philosophy of his sufferings has not escaped the eye of the great novelist Bulwer, who, in his popular novel, "The Caxtons," a family picture that abounds in lofty sentiment and moral beauties, thus apostrophizes his son and companion:—

"When some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because Heaven has denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was but a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it when all is done!—a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here! Roland, you said you would try my prescription—here it is,"—and my father took up a book and reached it to the Captain.

My uncle looked over it—"Life of the Rev. Robert Hall." "Brother, he was a Dissenter, and, thank Heaven! I am a Church-and-State man to the back-bone!"

"Robert Hall was a brave man, and a true soldier under the Great Commander," said my father artfully.

The Captain mechanically carried his forefinger to his forehead in military fashion, and saluted the book respectfully.

"I have another copy for you, Pisistratus—that is mine which I have lent Roland. This, which I have bought for you to-day, you will keep."

"Thank you, Sir," said I, listlessly, not seeing what great

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good the "Life of Robert Hall" could do me, or why the same medicine should suit the old weather-beaten uncle and the nephew yet in his teens.

"I have said nothing," resumed my father, slightly bowing his broad temples, "of the BOOK of BOOKS, for that is the *lignum vitæ*, the cardinal medicine for all. These are but the subsidiaries; for, as you may remember, my dear Kitty, that I have said before, we can never keep the system quite right unless we place just in the centre of the great ganglionic system, whence the nerves carry its influence gently and smoothly through the whole frame—THE SAFFRON BAG!"

After breakfast the next morning I took my hat to go out, when my father, looking at me, and seeing by my countenance that I had not slept, said gently—

"My dear Pisistratus, you have not tried my medicine yet.

"What medicine, Sir?"

"Robert Hall."

"No, indeed, not yet," said I, smiling.

"Do so, my son, before you go out; depend on it you will enjoy your walk more."

I confess that it was with some reluctance I obeyed. I went back to my own room, and sat resolutely down to my task. Are there any of you, my readers, who have not read the "Life of Robert Hall?" If so, in the words of the great Captain Cuttle, "When found, make a note of it." Never mind what your theological opinion is—send for the "Life of Robert Hall." It is the life of a man that it does good to manhood itself to contemplate. I had finished the biography, which is not long, and was musing over it, when I heard the Captain's cork leg upon the stairs. I opened the door for him, and he entered, book in hand, as I also, book in hand, stood ready to receive him.

"Well, Sir," said Roland, seating himself, "has the prescription done you any good?"

"Yes, uncle—great."

"And me, too. By Jupiter, Sisty, that same Hall was a

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fine fellow! I wonder if the medicine has gone through the same channels in both? Tell me, first, how it has affected you."

"*Imprimis*, then, my dear uncle, I fancy that a book like this must do good to all who live in the world in the ordinary manner, by admitting us into a circle of life of which I suspect we think but little. Here is a man connecting himself directly with a heavenly purpose, and cultivating considerable faculties to that one end; seeking to accomplish his soul as far as he can, that he may do most good on earth, and take a higher existence up to heaven; a man intent upon a sublime and spiritual duty: in short, living as it were in it, and so filled with the consciousness of immortality, and so strong in the link between God and man, that, without any affected stoicism, without being insensible to pain—rather perhaps, from a nervous temperament, acutely feeling it—he yet has a happiness wholly independent of it. It is impossible not to be thrilled with an admiration that elevates while it awes you, in reading that solemn 'Dedication of himself to God.' This offering of 'soul and body, time, health, reputation, talents,' to the divine and invisible Principle of Good, calls us suddenly to contemplate the selfishness of our own view and hopes, and awakens us from the egotism that exacts all and resigns nothing.

"But this book has mostly struck upon the chord in my own heart in that characteristic which my father indicated as belonging to all biography. Here is a life of remarkable *fullness*, great study, great thought, and great action; and yet," said I, colouring, "how small a place those feelings, which have tyrannized over me, and made all else seem blank and void, hold in that life. It is not as if the man were a cold and hard ascetic; it is easy to see in him not only remarkable tenderness and warm affections, but strong self-will, and the passion of all vigorous natures. Yes; I understand better now what existence in a true man should be."

"All that is very well said," quoth the Captain, "but it did not strike me. What I have seen in this book is courage. Here

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is a poor creature rolling on the carpet with agony, from childhood to death tortured by a mysterious incurable malady—a malady that is described as 'an internal apparatus of torture;' and who does by his heroism more than *bear* it—he puts it out of power to affect him; and though (here is the passage) 'his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was, notwithstanding, the law of his existence.' Robert Hall reads me a lesson—me, an old soldier, who thought myself above taking lessons—in courage, at least. And, as I came to that passage when, in the sharp paroxysms before death, he says, 'I have not complained, have I, sir?—and I won't complain!'—when I came to that passage I started up, and cried, 'Roland de Caxton, thou hast been a coward! and, an thou hadst had thy deserts, thou hadst been cashiered, broken, and drummed out of the regiment long ago.'"

"After all, then, my father was not so wrong—he placed his guns right, and fired a good shot."

"He must have been from 6° to 9° above the crest of the parapet," said my uncle, thoughtfully, "which, I take it, is the best elevation, both for shot and shell, in enfilading a work."

"What say you, then, Captain;—up with our knapsacks, and on with the march?"

"Right about—face!" cried my uncle, as erect as a column.

"No looking back, if we can help it."

"Full in the front of the enemy. 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!'"

"'England expects every man to do his duty!'"

"Cypress or laurel!" cried my uncle, waving the book over his head.

The pages in Dr. Gregory's "Life of the Rev. Robert Hall" which depict his last sufferings and the triumph of patience over them form some of the most sorrowful, yet also some of the brightest, in the records of Christian biography.

This wonderful man consecrated his great powers to the noblest purposes. To moral self-culture he devoted every endowment

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of his intellect. He affords another bright example of the power that a man, by self-watching, has over his own ambitious nature—how a man, rude in disposition, may mould his mind to the inspirations of reason. "Naturally impatient, impetuous, and choleric," his friend and biographer says, "he sedulously watched over those infirmities, and became remarkable for his humility and simplicity."

The *Quarterly Review*, in speaking of him, says, "It is impossible to read the works of this extraordinary man without perceiving that his passions in his youth were turbulent in the extreme—that the energies of his mind were then scarcely under his own control—that years of reflection and dear-bought experience were wanting to him, above all men, in order to tame his spirit—that, like Milton's lion, he was a long time before he could struggle out of earth. 'I presume,' says he, in one of his letters, 'The Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever selected for his spiritual building; and that is the secret of his dealing with me.'" In a word, he exhibited the trait of the genuine Christian—his character shining with a more lustrous light as he advanced in years, growing higher and brighter to the perfect day.

Few men suffered more than Mr. Robert Hall, which suffering he bore with an exemplary grace—a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind over the "ills that flesh is heir to."

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CHAPTER X.

A Sensual Life—The Nails and the Scars—A Tippler's Life—Poor Geordie.

THE misery that a sensual man inflicts upon himself baffles all power of description.

People imagine that sensual men have their delights, but their felicities entail heavy and anxious thoughts, even in their enjoyment, and, once indulged in, require one delight to support another. Hope excites hope, ambition begets ambition, and at length they become perpetual slaves to their desires.

Short and false pleasures deceive us, and like drunkenness and revenge are the madness of one hour for the sad repentance of a lifetime.

Why do we not, by the divinity of reason, advance our thoughts to mental pleasures—why not triumph over the weakness of the flesh rather than be mortified by our passions and become the victims of vice, the slaves of folly and intemperance? Consider the peaceable state of clemency and the turbulence of anger; the softness and quiet of modesty and the restlessness of lust—how cheap the service of virtue, and how dear we pay for vice! The sovereign good of man is a mind that subjects all things to itself and is itself subject to nothing. The pleasures of the prudent man are

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modest, and reserved, and rather the "sauce and diversion of life than the entertainment of it." Not that pleasures are wholly to be disdained, but to be indulged in with moderation.

It is an ill thing for a man not to know the measure of his stomach, nor to consider that men do many things in their drink that they are ashamed of when they are sober. How many ruin their constitutions, destroy happiness, and bring upon themselves, their wives, and helpless offspring the direst calamities by not observing the golden rule of life—MODERATION

The Nails and the Scars.

Old Dr. Hare, as he was familiarly termed, was one of those lovers of the human species whose lives are devoted to the welfare of mankind. With kind words he encouraged the young; and with good advice and his medicine-chest he comforted and soothed the aged. He loved mankind, and he could not help it; for habit had made love and good deeds his second nature.

"I am not sent here," he used to say, "for the sake of my own life only. No, no! Every man, however humble, has a duty to perform to his neighbour, and happy are they who duly perform that duty. I am here to relieve the body and comfort the mind of my fellow-travellers in the pilgrimage of life. There are rough roads and stony paths, but patience leads us to an Eden. The world is my garden, and sickly children, which the worldly leave to run to seed, to fade and die, are my plants, and my joy is to see them bloom, and prosper, and assume the healthy appearance which God in his beneficence from the first designed." "That child," he has said, pointing to a little urchin, "ought not to have that long pallid face. Neglect!

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Bad culture! My son," he added, "nature is all beauty. But we transform the beauties of early life into the sickly looks of disease and death."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed, my son. But look here. Do you see that old man?—he is a very old friend of mine. You see how decrepit he is, scarcely able to walk; tottering on the brink of eternity, Look at me and look at him; would you believe that I am ten years older than he is—the Psalmist's age, my son, nearly three score and ten; and yet I can walk as fast and as far as ever I could, have every faculty left, and never have a day's illness.'

"Indeed!"

"Aye, indeed! And had my old friend been as careful of his health in youth as I was, he would have enjoyed the same blessings. The 'wild oats' of young years make a sad, bitter old age. *The nails leave their scars.*"

"The nails leave their scars, Doctor. What do you mean?"

"Have you never heard the story of the 'Nails and the Scars.'"

"No, I think not."

"If young men were to read it, and inwardly digest its warnings, a youth of temperance might be made an age of love and labour, instead of a youth of intemperance, followed by an age of pain and heart-harrowing regret. Listen.

The Nails.

A father arranged with his son, for the better guidance of his conduct, that when he, the son, committed a fault, he was to drive a nail into a certain post, and that one should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails were drawn out, and

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the delighted father commended his son for his noble, self-denying heroism in freeing himself from his faults. "They are all drawn out," said the father, joyfully. The young man looked sad, and with a heavy heart replied, "Very true, father; but the *scars are still there.*" Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make him a useful member of society; but, alas! the *scars are there!*

A TIPPLER'S LIFE.

Life? No; it is a living death.

Drunkenness may be well termed a VOLUNTARY MADNESS, for it makes the insolent man intolerable, and the cruel man a savage. It takes away all shame; and the diseases and mischief attending it are insupportable.

A drunkard can neither be a good husband, a good father, nor a good friend; for, in losing his reason, he loses all idea of the chief end of life. Beware of ONLY A GLASS. Shun the society of the tippler; his "only a glass" has steeped man in the depths of misery, and ruined families by the thousand. Once youth, or man, has been overcome by that forerunner of all vices—farewell to happiness—farewell to the sweet enjoyments of social life! There is for him but one Hope left—let him embrace it; let him at once renounce man's curse. To him there is no medium—no half-way. He has wasted his strength! Under the influence of a first glass, his moral control is gone! He must either become the victim of drink, or a total abstainer from ardent spirits.

The late (a dear departed friend) Dr. Hamilton Rowe, the pupil of the great Abernethy, knew this, and saved many a life by impressing a "fact," as he termed it, upon the mind

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of his patients who had become the victims of indiscretion—the IMPOSSIBILITY OF LIMITING THEIR CUPS. Such are the words he made use of to a mutual friend after his recovery from a severe attack of illness.

"My dear W., this is your second attack; thank God for your recovery! How many have I heard of that never had a second chance. Beware of a third attack. Remember what I said to you. Half measures will not do now. Total abstinence, or death! Take one glass, a second is sure to follow; then comes a third, and where is your moral power? Gone! Your nerves are so excited that, were it poison, you would drink another glass."

Such was the opinion of a very great physician; and poor W., with others, known to both, came to an untimely end from not following the worthy doctor's injunctions. Once intoxication has influenced the nervous system, it is easy for the man, after a few days' struggle, to refrain from intoxicating drinks; but it is IMPOSSIBLE for him to limit his potations with safety.

POOR GEORDIE.

When Geordie presented his letter of introduction to the overseer, none in that office could boast of the ruddy complexion, the good-humoured countenance, and bright, sparkling, intelligent eye of the young Caledonian.

"This is from your brother," said Geordie, handing a letter to Mr. Smith, who, after perusing it and passing a few jokes about Scotland and the Duke of Argyle's *posts*, told him to look up on Monday and he would have something for him to do, on which day Geordie was installed in the office, and soon became a general favourite. His kindness of heart secured him the esteem of the sober and the intelligent, and his open disposition and his merry song made him a boon companion with the dissolute.

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For a time Geordie struggled hard against "only a glass, Geordie," but, alas! moral control was at fault, and the esteem of the sober-minded dwindled into pity, while the regards of the sottish heightened at every fresh step Geordie took on the road to the tippler's ruin, and in less than twelve months the sober Geordie had become a confirmed drunkard.

I remonstrated with him, and the resolves of the poor fellow were at the time strong and sincere; but the firmness was of short duration. A laugh brightened up the soul of Geordie, and to keep the light burning a friend with the ready glass was always at his elbow.

One evening I met Geordie with his legs doubling under him. —"At it again, Geordie, after the promise you gave your loving wife. Geordie, Geordie!"

Geordie stammered forth in drunken glee:—

"The world's cares, the world's cares,
Oft cast a shade o'er mirth and glee;
But o'er that shade there beams a summer,
That summer, Jeannie's love for thee!"

"I am not dr—drunk."

"Take my arm, Geordie, I'll see you home."

"You know P—Pam., I'm going to *fl—flit*."

"At this rate, Geordie, it will soon be a last *flitting*."

"Now, P—Pam, none of your p—preaching. I shall *flit*. I can't st—stand twelve ginshops. No; twelve's too many. Isn't it, P—Pam?"

"What do you mean?"

"D—don't you know that there are tw—twelve ginshops be—between the office and my h—house?"

"And you can't pass one of them, Geordie; is that it?"

Geordie burst out into a fit of laughter.

"How knowing you are, P—Pam. Can't help it. No, co—confound me if I can—I must *fl—flit*. Won't do. Poor Jeannie, and wee Geordie! Must *fl—flit*. Cursed gi—ginshops."

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Geordie hiccupped in the same strain till we arrived at his dwelling, at the door of which stood his anxious wife, with a little boy in her arms, who, on seeing us, in mournful accents said—"Geordie, Geordie, broken your promise again!"

"Jeannie, d—dear, I love thee still!"

"You will soon break Jeannie's heart, and that will be the end o't, Geordie."

"Thou art my summer, my dear Jeannie."

"It's been a lang sad winter for me, Geordie, ever since we came to London."

"Never mind," stammered Geordie, "we'll *flit*, my lassie. These c—cursed ginshops. We'll *flit*, Jeannie. Yes, I say, we'll *flit*."

"*Flit*," said Jeannie, mournfully, "Nae doubt o' that—I'll soon be in my grave, Geordie. These sad langsome nights thinking o' you! and when I look at the wee bonny bairn, my heart is like to break—a broken heart, Geordie, and a *flitting* to the grave, is a' that's left for Jeannie. May God in his kindness protect my bonny wee bairnie!"

"Don't, Jeannie, don't speak so," muttered Geordie, dashing a tear from his cheek—cursing all gin-palaces, and swearing that he would never enter one more.

It is something grand yet awful to see a fine vessel gallantly struggling against the pitiless waves, so there is something heartstirring and heartrending to see a noble mind struggling in the vortex of intemperance. The pallid face, the quivering lip, and the palsied hand faintly tell the inward struggle of the shattered mind, in its effort to gather strength; and when the tempter says:—"Come, a glass will put you all right," the faint "No" is uttered, with a look in which are mingled hope and despair.

For several months Geordie continued sober, and had assumed

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and his goodly appearance and clear bright eye indicated the prosperous man, while the companion stood, supported by a staff, a gasping wreck of nature's nobility. The one with elated soul was glorying at the rise of a dear friend to a high position in the State, and picturing to himself a bright, an eventful future—the other sad, suffering, and dejected, trembling on the brink of Eternity!

"What! you, Geordie!—what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I've caught a severe cold," replied Geordie, in a feeble voice; "but the doctor gives me great hopes. Then, after taking breath, he added, "I think I'll be all right soon!"

"I trust so, Geordie;" but as he dragged himself away, I involuntarily added, "All right! in Heaven, I trust; but never more below."

Poor Geordie! About a month afterwards I received the intelligence that he had paid prematurely the debt of nature. In the Savoy Churchyard lie the remains of Geordie, side by side with many of his old boon companions who first lured him from the placid stream of sobriety into the vortex of intemperance.

Poor Geordie! His last resolution came too late! The *nails* were all drawn out, but the *scars* were still there.

He used to say, "O that I had never acquired the cursed habit of tippling, or had renounced the habit earlier!" but alas! we cannot recall the past, nor can habits once formed be easily uprooted. The victim is bound in chains of adamant; he is immured in the tomb which he himself has dug.

THE END.

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PART III.

PATIENCE IS GREATNESS.

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"Midst pecuniary difficulties, discouragements, threats, strikes, nights of anxiety and days of toil, did he wait, and watch, and progress, till he had gained his end—effected the Third Wonder of the Age,—a Steam-locomotive Printing Press."

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DEDICATORY PREFACE.

DEAR RUDOLPHE,

Notwithstanding the lengthened experience I have had in watching and guiding young men,—many of whom, too, were orphans, and are now at the head of establishments, and several with establishments of their own,—I know no one to whom this little volume can be more appropriately dedicated than to yourself; for you have not only distinguished yourself by PATIENT INDUSTRY, but you were an honour and a blessing to a dear departed Parent, and from your example and aid you were the means of raising your two surviving brothers to enviable positions in society.

You are still young, Rudolphe; indeed, the united ages of all three barely exceed a century; and, though high in your profession, let honourable emulation still sway your mind. On! on! Be an example and a pattern for those who are struggling as you once were, and show them how much a vigilant boy may attain by industry, patience, and perseverance.

You remember the story of the three brothers—Cadenet, Luynes, and Brandes—told by Victor Hugo. They began their travels in life, having amongst them one mantle, which they, to show a goodly appearance, wore in turns. One of those poor lads became the Duke de Chaulnes; the second, Constable of France; and the third, Duke de Luxembourg.

Rudophe, you may not be a Duke, nor an English Peer; but England has in the hearts of a generous people many a niche left for worth and talent.

On! on! The youthful aspirants that your EXAMPLE stimulates to exertions of PERSEVERANCE, SELF-CULTURE, and SELF-DENIAL will keep alive the bright flame that burnt so fervently in your own bosom!

Such a flame, Rudolphe, is undying glory! On! on!

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

PATIENT KNOWLEDGE.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.—SPARE MOMENTS OF GREAT MEN.

"PATIENCE IS GENIUS," was the maxim of the great naturalist Buffon. His argument is—men do not so much differ one from another in the gifts of intellect, as in the practice of the supreme virtue Patience! for with her aid, and by dint of industry and perseverance, there is hardly any position in society a man may not attain.

Dr. Johnson entertained a like opinion. He says, "the mental diseases of the present generation are impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity. Young men are eager to arrive at great results without the drudgery of labour; they are desirous of being scientific and learned, rich and wise, without paying the inevitable price—Patience—Courage—and Fortitude."

On the same subject Sir Robert Peel observes:—"There is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one will DETERMINE to be eminent in whatever position he may choose, and will act with unswerving steadiness in pursuance of that determination, he will, if strength and health be given, infallibly succeed."

Dryden knew this:—

"There is a necessity in Fate.
Why still the brave, bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right.
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss."

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To be really wise, we must strive after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practise self-culture successfully, we must be diligent, and above all self-denying. In a word, to be great in anything—to be what is termed a "genius,"—we must have patience, for without it we find that all "youthful prodigies" are, from relying too much upon natural ability, reduced to less than simple mediocrity. It is often said,—"In youth he bade fair to be a great man, but we don't know how it is, as he grew older he lost the brightness of his early years." This is easily understood. He was praised and lauded, thought nature had been bountiful to him, trusted to his *natural genius*, and allowed idleness to creep in, which, in the end, paralyzes both our virtues and abilities.

Promising youth, or "genius," if you like it better, requires PATIENCE, COURAGE, and FORTITUDE to secure Wisdom. Many things may be seized on by might, or purchased by gold; but knowledge and true wisdom are only to be acquired by PATIENT PERSEVERANCE. Take it for granted, there is no excellence without great labour. If we would get to the mountain's top, on which the temple of greatness stands, it will not do to *stand still*, looking, and admiring, and wishing we were there; we must evoke Patience and Perseverance, and go to work with indomitable energy. Laborious study and diligent observation of the world are both indispensable to the attainment of eminence. By the former, we master all that is known of science and letters; by the latter, we gain a knowledge of men at large, and obtain an insight of the character and genius of our own countrymen. We cannot all be Franklins, it is true; but by imitating his mental habits and unwearied industry, we may reach an eminence we should never otherwise attain. Nor would he have been the Franklin he was if he had permitted himself to be discouraged by the reflection that we cannot all be Newtons. It is our business to make the most of our talents and opportunities; and, instead of discouraging ourselves by comparisons and impossibilities, to be-

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lieve all things possible, as, indeed, almost all things are, to a spirit bravely and firmly resolved. Franklin was no visionary theorist, but a fine model of a PRACTICAL MAN. He was great in the greatest of all good qualities—SOUND, STRONG, COMMON SENSE. He was no lover of ephemeral reading; no miserable driveller, "fit for the winds to sport with." Like him, direct your intellectual efforts to the cultivation of the strong, masculine qualities of the mind. Learn to think DEEPLY, COMPREHENSIVELY, POWERFULLY; and learn the simple, nervous language which is appropriate to that kind of thinking. Read the works of our great English writers; study them, and observe with what an omnipotent sweep of thought they range over the whole field of every subject they take in hand, and that with a scythe so ample and so keen, that not a straw is left standing behind them. Brace yourself up to those great efforts. Strike for this giant character of mind, and leave pettiness and frivolity to triflers. It is perfectly consistent with these Herculean habits of thinking to be a laborious student, and to know all that books can teach. You must never be satisfied with the surface of things; probe them to the bottom, and let nothing go till you understand it as thoroughly as your powers will enable you. Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts; for, if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you may remain in ignorance. Franklin's habit of constant and deep cogitation clung to him to his latest hour. Form these habits in youth, for in after years they are difficult of attainment.

THE SPARE MOMENTS OF GREAT MEN.

GREAT MEN value time, inasmuch as they scorn indolence and frivolity; true genius scorns SELFISHNESS and USELESSNESS; but it clings to KNOWLEDGE, INDUSTRY, and REFINE-

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MENT; and, above all, to GOODNESS, from which springs greatness.

We have only to glance at the boyhood days of great men to convince us of the astonishing work that may be done by patience, by using, SYSTEMATICALLY, our spare minutes—the odds and ends of our leisure hours. Those men laid the foundation of their character, and built up a distinguished reputation, simply by patient diligence.

Professor LEE acquired an excellent knowledge of Hebrew and several other languages during his spare time in the evening while working as a journeyman carpenter. FERGUSON learnt astronomy while herding sheep among the Highland hills. STONE learnt mathematics while a journeyman gardener. HUGH MILLER studied geology while working as a day labourer in a quarry. In fact, to enumerate the list of self-educated men fills a volume, that Mr. KNIGHT has placed before the public in his "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," which we strongly recommend to the perusal of all young men desirous of bettering their condition and making themselves worthy members of society.

By using up the SPARE MOMENTS which, unfortunately, are so often allowed to run to waste, those cited, and hundreds of men of the present day, have acquired and are acquiring honour, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and have promoted and are promoting their own advancement in the world.

HAYDON, in his "Lectures on Painting," gives this excellent advice to his pupils:—"Always look temptation in the face, and never shirk it. There is no being takes so many shapes as Miss Mary Idleness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, black eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead, not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good!" Then, he adds, "If you have genius, industry alone will make you ready for its inspirations; if you have not, industry at least will give you knowledge."

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Patient Thought.

Even in advanced years, men accomplish much, if they determine forthwith to begin by industry and *patient thought*, which soon become a habit that creates a power of continuous attention.

Sir Henry Spelman, the eminent jurist, was between 50 and 60 years of age before he became known to the world by his learning; Dr. Arnold was 40 years old before he attained the eminence of being one of the most learned of modern scholars; Sir Walter Scott was scarcely known till he attained his 38th year, when he astonished the world by his Scottish Minstrelsy.

Many of our eminent scholars, historians, and poets did not exhibit their extraordinary talent till late in life. But, remember, the seed was there; the plant had been watered by diligence and patience, and in due time blossomed and bore fruit. Man has often to wait a long time for the GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY; but if he be PREPARED to profit by it, "as surely as day follows night," so surely will that opportunity be placed within his reach.

The following answer to an anxious parent suggests the importance of industry and self-help in youth:—

"My dear sir, it is true that I am in a position to help your son, and from the friendship of our youth, nothing would give me greater pleasure than serving you; but, my friend, I have examined your son, and find that his education has been neglected, which renders my influence of no avail. I have it in my power to place him here, there, and elsewhere; but I have a duty to perform. Your son is not fit for either one or other of the situations."

To be helped by others, we must first help ourselves. To wait for the flood that is to bring us our neighbours' crops, is like sitting by the stream in indigence, waiting in vain for the tide that leads to fortune; to gain assistance *we must learn* the secret

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of BEING USEFUL TO SOCIETY, and that secret is KNOWLEDGE, *patiently and diligently acquired.*

The lives of such men as Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Opie, John Hunter, Sir William Jones, Simpson, show that impediments to knowledge are only so for the indolent or unaspiring, who make age, poverty, or station, an excuse which properly may be attributable to their own irresolution or indifference. These bright examples show that, however great the difficulties may be, there is no reason for despair. They prove that a teacher is not so indispensable to the work of education as is often supposed; they prove that every branch of human knowledge has been acquired without the assistance of an instructor; that a good elementary book upon any subject is itself a teacher, which, to a person of ordinary intelligence, ought almost to render any other dispensable.

THOMAS SIMPSON was a weaver, born of very poor parents, who, for a livelihood, placed him at the loom, young and uneducated. Thomas acquired a passionate love of books, and firmly resolved that one day he would be a scholar. "So," says his biographer, "besides contriving to teach himself writing, he read with the greatest eagerness every volume that came in his way, or that he could by any means procure; and spent in this manner not only his leisure, but even occasionally a portion of the time which his father thought he ought to have employed at his work. Instead of giving any encouragement to his son's fondness for study, his father did all in his power to cure him of what he deemed 'so idle and pernicious a propensity;' and at last, after many reprimands, forbade him even to open a book, and insisted upon his occupying himself at his loom the whole day."

INJUDICIOUS SEVERITY DEFEATS ITS OWN OBJECT.

Quarrels ensued, till at length the father, in anger, forbade him the house, telling him to go seek his fortune where and in whatever way he chose.

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Simpson then became a travelling pedlar, in which occupation he studied arithmetic and astrology; and soon afterwards directed his attention to geometry and algebra. In 1735 he repaired to London, worked for some time in Spitalfields, employed his leisure hours in study, and added to his principal calling, the duties of schoolmaster.

Amid the fatigue of hard and unceasing labour, and the cares and vexations of poverty, this extraordinary man made most important advances in scientific knowledge. In 1737, his "New Treatise on Fluxions" appeared; then followed "A Treatise on the Nature and Laws of Chance," and "Essays on Several Curious and Interesting Subjects in Speculative and Mixed Mathematics." In 1743, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich; and the same year he gave to the world a large volume entitled "Mathematical Dissertations." In 1745, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society; and about the same time he published a most valuable work, his "Treatise on Algebra." His "Elements of Geometry," another very able work, appeared in 1747; and his "Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical," in 1748. In 1750, he published a new work, called the "Doctrine and Application of Fluxions"; in 1752, his "Select Exercises for young Proficients in Mathematics"; and finally, in 1757, his "Miscellaneous Tracts." To all these labours are to be added the papers he published in the "Philosophical Transactions"; and the contributions to the "Ladies' Diary," of which he was for several years the editor.

Simpson's first acquaintance with books was formed during moments stolen from incessant labour, which cost him his domestic home, the favour of his friends, and finally, the shelter of his father's roof. He never had any master to instruct him, or any friend to assist him in providing for the necessities of the day. "Yet," says his biographer, "with both his days and evenings employed in toiling for a subsistence, he found time for intellectual acquisitions such as to a less industrious and ardent student would have sufficed for

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the occupation of a whole life. This is a striking proof how independent we really are, if we choose, of those external circumstances which seem to make so vast a difference between the situation of man and man, and how possible it is for us, in any situation, to enrich our minds if fortune refuses us all other riches. It is the general ignorance of this great truth, or indifference to it, that prevents it from being oftener exemplified; and it would be rendering a high service to the human species, if we could awaken men's minds to a lively trust in our own strength, and a steady sense of its importance."

Here, then, is an inspiring example, showing how a man, without a literary stepping-stone, may triumph over almost any outward circumstances, and goes far to show that genius consists of PATIENT PERSEVERANCE and INDOMITABLE RESOLUTION, and that

WE KNOW NOT WHAT WE CAN DO, OR WHAT IS IN US, TILL WE TRY.

INDUSTRY IS THE OFFSPRING OF PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

"Idleness is the root of all evil," and up-hill work is often the root of practical good; for in life's struggles the DETERMINED WILL takes its aim and strikes the bull's-eye in spite of the leers of Goody Indolence, the wiles of Madam Folly, and the delights of Circé. Give me a youth of industry and perseverance, give me activity, for then it only requires the mind to be led into a proper channel. I detest a lounging, lubberly boy, because I know he is so merely from bad habit. Habits are easily formed, more especially bad ones, and what to-day seems to be a small affair will soon become fixed, holding us with the strength of a cable. Habits of some kind or other *will* be formed, and these habits soon become a part of oneself—a kind of second nature. Industrious and good habits can be formed more easily than we at first suppose. A

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habit of industry may be irksome at first; but persevere, and it will soon become pleasant. Have a plan for each day, and it is astonishing how nature will bend to custom. By habit, the slow soon become quick and the active slovenly.

Acquire the Habit of Untiring Industry.

For if we be so unfortunate as to suppose we have GENIUS, and that things will come to us, we shall soon find out our mistake. INDUSTRY is the PRICE of all we obtain, and DILIGENCE is the successful introduction to great enterprise. INDUSTRY accomplishes everything—achieves wonders. Look at the volumes that our forefathers have written. Look at the works penned by the immortal Scott and others in a very brief time. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day will, in seven years, traverse a space equal to the circumference of the globe. It was a matter of astonishment to Europe that Luther, notwithstanding his great labours, produced an excellent translation of the whole Bible. Easily explained, "*Nulla dies sine versu* [no day without a verse], and this soon brought him to the close of the whole Bible."

Regularly Apportioned Time Works Wonders.

Do you know the story of

The Discontented Pendulum,

told by Jane Taylor? "One gloomy day," she says, "the pendulum began to calculate how many times it would have to swing backwards and forwards in an hour, and then in a day, then in a week, then in a month, and then in a year, and then in ten years. How was it possible to do so much, or to work at all at any given moment, with the dark prospect of so much work before it? So the pendulum stopped; nor would it be induced to start again, till it was reminded that though it would have so many times to tick in the whole year, it had the year to

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do it in, and was only required to do the 'hour's work in the hour!' Thus the dulness that blinds the mind, the anxiety and dread men heap upon themselves, arise from idle anticipation, trying to provide for to-morrow's work to-day. Leave to-morrow till it comes;—'take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.'"

Patience, industry, and perseverance are the noble qualities of the human mind—*genius* itself; "*Il n'y a point de génie sans activité.*" Buffon tells us that if it had not been for activity, the habit of early rising, acquired by FORCE at first, he might have lived and died unheard of and unknown. "In my youth," he says, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph [his servant] was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he would make me get up at six. Next morning, he did not fail to wake me and to torment me; but he only received abuse. The next day he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged to confess at noon that I had lost my time. I told him he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not mind my threats. The day following, he employed force. I begged for indulgence. I bade him be gone. I stormed; but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I got up, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works. I love the man who lives an industrious life; and if there is anything that I love least, it is a lazy, lounging boy."

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It has been asked—Is not the difference between activity and indolence a mere difference of constitution, much the same as the difference of colour in the hair of two men, or between the length of their noses? In short, is there any merit in an industrious man's industry?

This is a dangerous palliative for indolent folks, and the argument is unwholesome, for it is not true. Nature is strong, and a boy who is idle and supine cannot help being idle, any more than an energetic and active boy can help being industrious; but education, or training, has so strong a modifying power over the *character* by calling into action certain mental and physical qualities, while it keeps others in abeyance, that, in one sense, it may be said to be stronger than nature. The intelligent and higher faculties which are to rule over the mind must be strengthened and trained, which is the work of Education, and when she has done her work well, nature must, in justice, thank her as a most powerful ally.

The reflections of Rochefoucauld well deserve the attention of youth. Speaking of idleness, he shrewdly remarks:—"Of all our faults, idleness is the one to which we are most easily reconciled; we persuade ourselves that it is allied to all the virtues, and that without destroying them, it only suspends their functions." Many men have accomplished great ends merely by the observance of a few simple maxims. The maxim of Sir William Jones was—"Never to neglect an opportunity of improvement;" another was—"That whatever had been attained was still attainable; and that the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why we should not engage in it with perfect confidence of success." It was also a fixed principle with him—"*not* to be deterred by any difficulties from prosecuting to a successful termination that which he had once DELIBERATELY UNDERTAKEN." Much time is lost by beginning plans and studies which we never carry out; and if the habit of entering upon that which we do not carry out and complete be contracted in early life, the evil daily increases. Such men no

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sooner build up than they pull down, sighing and fretting away a life that otherwise would have been rendered useful. Let us consider well before we begin anything, then carry it through. He who desists, not only loses all his labour, but he renders himself the object of ridicule.

By system and by DETERMINING WELL before undertaking any given line of pursuit, we see men, however adverse circumstances may have been, excel in every branch of science, which confirms the fact that ATTAINMENTS are to be acquired by zeal and perseverance; that EXCELLENCE is, in any position, almost the infallible result of the determination to excel; and that upon a man himself chiefly, and not upon his outward fortunes, does it depend whether he distinguishes himself, or goes to his grave without future glory, or having known what it is to enjoy the highest capacities of his nature.

"If," says the ancient Brahmin, "thy soul thirsteth for honour, raise thyself and exalt thy aim to something praiseworthy. Let the examples of eminent men be in thy visions by night, and by day let thy delight be to follow them. The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens was once but an acorn. Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be, neither let any one go before thee in well-doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents. Scorn, also, to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods. Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest be crowned with honour, if not with success. By a virtuous emulation the spirit of man is exalted within him. He riseth like a palm-tree, in spite of difficulties, and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eyes upon the glories of God. From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings, correct thine own faults."

THAT WHICH LEADS TO DISTINCTION IN EVERY CAREER OF LIFE, IS THE PRINCIPLE OF HONOURABLE EMULATION.

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CHAPTER II.

PATIENCE IS GREATNESS.—THE INVITATION.

ID you meet a smart young man on the stairs?" inquired my landlady, with her wonted smile.

"No, madam," I replied.

"Such a smart lad, and a bright one, too, I can tell you."

"Did he leave any message?"

"Yes; I wished him to stop, but he said his time was very precious and that he could not spare a moment; but on his return from the City, at half-past four, he would call."

"Economy of time and precision, Mrs. Ashby, are two estimable qualities."

At four o'clock I was startled by a loud *rat, tat, tat*, and a young man of prepossessing appearance was ushered into my apartment, a book in one hand, his hat in the other.

"Be seated, sir," I said, handing him a chair.

"Thank you, sir; thank you. I merely called to ascertain your terms for private lessons, as I would prefer them to the classes; besides, I live out of town, and could not well attend in the evenings; but I am afraid of the expense. To tell you the truth, sir," he added with a smile, "my purse is rather a light one."

"My dear boy, when I was your age mine was light too. When I came to London, an entire stranger, only a few shillings graced my pocket."

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"Indeed! sir," said the young man, opening wide his light blue, intelligent eyes, from which sudden joy beamed; then he added, "I INTEND, and MUST DO SOMETHING, TOO!"

"Good, my boy; a bold determination carves circumstances to its own liking; a bold heart, my lad, guided by reason, has, as biography will tell you, done much, and what has been done can be done again."

"Such, sir, is the sentiment of my dear mother!"

"An affectionate son! This is an omen of greatness; and, your father?"——

"Dead, sir," replied the young man, mournfully; then, his face brightening up, he added, "but I have a mother that makes up for both!"

"Sad! yet a mother's care is often quickened and strengthened by her bereavement; and, with a judicious mother's care, many a son has been guided to honour and worth. You have a desire to learn French?"

"Yes, sir. I have been studying it at home; but if I could speak French, I am sure it would be of service to me."

"Not a doubt of it. Nothing useful is learnt, but some time or other you will be able to make it serviceable."

"My mother's saying is, 'Keep a thing twenty years and you are sure to find a use for it.'"

"So it is with useful learning; but I trust you will require your French long before the twenty years expire."

"But the terms, sir?"

"Promise me to be regular in your studies, say only one hour a day, but let that hour be strictly observed; no excuses, no procrastination. System renders all studies easy. You will soon speak French; then we will see about terms. Have you learnt the verbs?"

"No, sir. I have been so puzzled with the genders of nouns that I have not been able to proceed."

"The genders! How many heads have been puzzled with them, and all to no purpose? With me genders and vexatious

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rules are dispensed with for a time. When you are advanced, and can speak a little, we will return to them. How many study French for years, yet are scarcely able to speak or understand a single sentence; because the teacher had only exercised the *memory* upon rules without paying due attention to the ear, for it is the ear that guides the tongue, and without the ear be cultivated, *speech* is impracticable. Here is a present for you, '*The Student's French Grammar*.' As the author, I only claim the merit of 'simplicity,' which the public and the Press have accorded me."

"Thank you, sir," said my young friend, glancing his eye over the title—"I have heard of your grammar."

"To speak a language, my boy, we must adopt Nature's mode. Nature is very jealous, and she will have her laws observed. A mother instinctively knows how to teach her child, and a judicious master or pupil must take an example from her. Words often repeated aloud; then sentences, which are lengthened as the child advances."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Children commit to memory verses, and long lists without designing to do so, merely by hearing others repeat them. The ear guides and materially assists the memory; so while you study, repeat aloud, that you may reach the mind through the ear; then use the pen, by which process the eyes are employed; then you give the mind an opportunity of dwelling upon every letter, and syllable, and sound."

* * * * * *

THE INVITATION.

The poet says, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." How much nobility, then, is there in Virtue struggling in honest poverty—struggling with becoming pride—to rear respectably the widow's heavy burden—her fatherless offspring. That heroic virtue was exemplified in the mother of my young

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friend—that nobility of nature was displayed in the officer's widow in her maternal care and solicitude for her young offspring. When I think of her—when I think of that little cottage—so sparingly, yet so neatly furnished—so clean, so tidy; when I think of that little garden, in which each of the children had a small plot to cultivate—the violets, the daisies, and the green-traced names in cress and mignionette—when my mind conjures up the sweet smile that beamed in her bright blue eye, and the cheerful voice that rang merrily through the whole house—the voice of encouragement, the voice of gentle reproach—the lips rendered thin from inward suffering—lips that uttered no complaint, but breathed forth the overflowings of a grateful heart—the voice that spoke of bright days to come, of hope in her boy Rudolphe, who would be the staff of her old age, the prop of her little family—the picture of woman so beautifully depicted by the Brahmin poet bursts upon my memory:—

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad. She is clothed with neatness—she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey flows from her lips. Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth. Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

"Before her steps walketh Prudence, and Virtue attendeth at her right hand. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue—if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lips. Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and, therefore, she suspecteth no evil in others.

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"She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness. The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience. The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansion. The troubles of the husband are alleviated by her counsels and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom and receiveth comfort.

"Happy is the man that made her his wife—happy the child that calleth her mother."

* * * * * * *

"I am extremely obliged for your kindness and the trouble you are taking with my son," said the lady, tendering me a chair."

"Nothing, madam," I replied. "Do not mention it. If a knowledge of French will further the interests of your promising boy,—and no doubt a knowledge of French is serviceable for any young man,—he will have it. Indeed, I am always anxious to encourage perseverance and industry in the young, and take a pleasure in watching their progress."

We sat down to tea. On my right was little Popsy, with her long auburn hair screening her snow-white shoulders, while her clear blue eye was peering furtively at the moustached stranger. Opposite was Richard, with pale face and bright intelligent eyes, and a countenance that bore the saddened look of suffering—poor Richard being the victim of a severe spinal affection. Then next to him was Janet, familiarly termed Jumps, a laughing girl in her teens, by whose side sat her brother Alpha, a robust, open-countenanced lad about eleven years of age. My *protégé* sat by his mother's side.

After tea, the young people went into the garden to play, and their merry laugh blended with the widow's thanks to God for His kindness to her in all her troubles. Her daughter was a blessing; Rudolphe's indomitable perseverance

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fanned her hope that brighter days were in store for her young family. Her struggles had been great, for her income was limited, being only the pension of an officer's widow. She was in hopes that Government would, from the services that her departed husband had rendered to his country, settle a small annuity on Richard, as he would be a cripple for life; but hope had been often deferred; yet still she trusted, and still she thanked God for the blessings which she enjoyed.

"I have had struggles, it is true; but by," she said smilingly, "frugality and the Providential blessings that have attended me, I have been able to struggle on respectably, and to give my children a tolerable education. Rudolphe and Amy attend a day-school, and in the evenings they form a class and improve themselves by teaching the others. A lady is very kindly giving lessons in music to Amy who, in her turn, gives Popsy lessons; and as for my dear Henry, we hear from him often. He is doing very well in the West Indies. Our table," she added, with a smile, "is not loaded with the luxuries of former days, but we have many comforts and many happy evenings. As for Rudolphe, I am sure he will succeed in life, and that's the bright star that cheers my heart. His rise will be the uplifting of my little family,—and my heart tells me it will be so."

"I left," saying, "May God in his kindness fulfil the widow's prediction!"

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CHAPTER III.

THE STUDIO.—THIERS.—GUIZOT.—MADEMOISELLE PAULINE DE MEULAN.

MONTHS rolled on, and my young friend was delighted at the progress he had made. At our monthly *soirée*, when the classes met to enact a scene from Molière, or recite a *morçeau* from Corneille, or Racine, "Mon Petit," as I familiarly called him, distinguished himself as an elocutionist, and secured for himself the good opinion of his fellow-labourers of love. Yes, labourers of love, for the simplicity and easy method of teaching, and the spirit of emulation that was created among the pupils, converted ordinary tasks into a pleasure, and many, at the present day, refer to those monthly *réunions* as the most useful and the happiest moments of their lives.

Much is in the power of a teacher to secure, not only the progress of his pupils—not only their happiness for the time being, but their after enjoyment and future welfare. At an early age—when the mind is free from prejudice, unhardened by wilfulness, but plastic and open to conviction—careful counsels instilled into the youthful mind are never wholly effaced. Seeds sown under the genial influence of virtuous example, spring up into stately trees, and the weeds of deceit and selfishness, of ill-gained pelf and power, are blighted by its powerful rays, and never rise high enough to choke them. The mind, once strong in virtue, remains so until Death.

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THIERS.

Rudolphe did not confine his acquirements to French alone; he had attained a good knowledge of general history; was a good reader, writer, speller, and arithmetician; for, without these—acquirements are baubles, kites without tails—pretty, but useless. A portion of the day he devoted to drawing and mechanics. His studio,—his "little room under the slates,"—was ornamented with well-executed diagrams; but more prominent than anything else was the inscription over the mantelpiece, written in bold letters, with an ornamental border,

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

In that barely furnished room in St. Clement's Inn, which the young student rented for a few shillings a week, he laboured hard—for he was not ignorant of the fact that learning was the result of industry, and that fame is not thrust upon us, but is the recompense of labour,—regularly and vigorously continued,—of calm intrepidity, and courage, which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust. Rudolphe was soon conversant with Molière and Racine, and in that little room he learnt from Lamartine that—

"Le labor social est le travail quotidien et obligatoire de tout homme qui participe aux périls et aux bénéfices de la société."

In that little attic, by the dim lamp, the young student read that—

"M. Thiers n'a été bercé en venant au monde sur les genoux d'une duchesse.....Il médite sans efforts, il produit sans épuisements, il marche sans fatigue."

He learnt that, on entering the Chamber on any given day, when the debate is of more than ordinary interest, on casting the eye across the gallery, it rests upon a little man, whose head is only visible, whose countenance is far from prepossessing, yet vivacious, and expressive,—whose bright keen eyes are observable through an enormous pair of

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spectacles, and on whose thin lips there lurks a continual smile, full of sarcasm and irony,—he learnt that that little man, humble in appearance, modestly dressed, without great physical powers, —is one of the most eminent personages of the age—the most powerful orator of the French Chamber; that that little man, of mean appearance, is no other than M. Thiers, the celebrated historian and journalist, Minister of the Council, Member of the French Academy, with every honour that France can bestow upon him—a meet reward for his extraordinary talent. He read that this M. Thiers, who is one of the first men of the age, was a few years previously a poor lad, in an obscure village, without friends, without fortune, who raised himself by his own industry to the proud position which commanded all the favours that the world can heap on man. At the bar, the profession he had struggled to attain, M. Thiers found there was little chance of his making any figure at Aix, where birth and interest were the passports to distinction. He saw the extreme difficulty under which he laboured to emerge from the obscurity of his birth, and he then determined, with a fellow-student, M. Mignet, to push fortune where alike they might run the chance of being entered in the race. The two friends reached Paris, rich in talent, full of hope, but poor in purse. First struggles are full of hopes and blights, but in a short time Thiers changed his first lodging, which he thus describes:— "My first abode in Paris was a dark room, in the fourth story of a house at the bottom of the passage Montesquieu, one of the most densely populated and noisy localities of Paris. A wash-hand stand, a basin, a bed with white curtains, two chairs, and a small table, rather shaky on its legs, completed the furniture of the apartment."

Such was the abode of the future President of the Council.

Rudolphe smiled, and laughingly said: "Am I not as well off as the great Frenchman was?"

"Nil desperandum! my young friend. On! on!"

In this little room my young friend read that Lafitte was once

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a carpenter; that Guizot was a poor orphan boy; that "la vie privée de M. Lafitte serait un cours morale en action," and with that *morale en action* Jacques became a millionaire, was the supporter of his family, the benefactor of his friends, and was good to all the world. For the love of his country, and mankind in general, he thrice sacrificed his riches, which he thrice acquired, not by meanness nor by any acts of usury, but by that honesty in the business of life which alone can secure success.

The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, was sorely pressed for money, and applied in vain to several wealthy houses for a loan to meet his present emergencies, offering as an inducement the extravagant interest of 20 per cent. As the credit was dubious, hanging upon doubtful *rentes*, he was refused, and, in his embarrassment, he applied to M. Lafitte. The generous banker did not hesitate, but refused the outrageous interest, and arranged for the current interest of the day. "If I were King," said the Duke, smiling, "what could I do for you?" "Make me your fool," replied the banker, "the fool of a King, that I may be able to tell him his virtues." There he read,—in the *Galerie de Contemporains Illustres*,—Le 8 Avril, 1794, trois jours après la sanglante victoire de Robespierre sur Danton, Camille Desmoulins, et le Comité de Clémence, l'échafaud—the scaffold was erected at Nîmes for a distinguished advocate, who was suspected of having denounced the proceedings of the Terrible Triumvirate, and desolation entered the abode of one of the most respected families of the country. A female, whose wan cheeks were bathed in tears, was beseeching God for strength to support her; for the axe was raised that rendered her a widow and her two children orphans. The eldest, scarcely seven years of age, bore upon his contemplative countenance the stamp of precocious intellect, and that boy, who had no childhood, was François Pierre Guillaume Guizot.

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"Yes, mon Petit; and, after the fatal catastrophe, Madame Guizot left a city filled with bitter recollections, to seek at Geneva, in the bosom of her family, an asylum and a solid education for her children."

Young Guizot, being placed at the Gymnase de Geneva, devoted his whole soul to study, and at the termination of four years the young scholar was able to read, in their respective languages, the works of Thucydides and Demosthenes, of Cicero and Tacitus, of Dante and Alfieri, of Schiller and Göethe, of Gibbon and Shakspeare.

Poor and unknown, he made his way to Paris, where, in a garret, the young man spent many days in gloomy solitude; but, as his was a PROGRESSIVE mind, to which circumstances must yield, a change took place; he was appointed tutor in the household of M. Stapfer, Minister for Switzerland at the French Court, where he experienced almost paternal kindness, and where he was brought into connection with the most distinguished minds of the epoch, and where he saw for the first time the woman who was destined to exercise so noble an influence over his whole life.

"Yes, mon garçon, such was M. Guizot; but, go on, the marriage is chastened by heroic romance."

Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan was born of a distinguished family, which had been ruined by the Revolution; but, being well-educated, she found resources in her education to support her family by embracing the trying career of journalism, the publication which she was editing being the *Publiciste*. A serious malady interrupted her labours, so necessary for the

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support of those whom she loved. Her situation became embarrassing, when, almost despairing how to act, she received an anonymous letter entreating her to keep her mind easy as the writer would discharge her duties during her illness. The letter was accompanied by a clever article, the style of which was modelled upon her own, which she signed, and afterwards contributions were regularly sent till her restoration to health.

Affected by such kindness, she related the circumstance in the *salon* of M. Luard, and vainly endeavoured to discover her unknown friend, never thinking for a moment of a pale, serious young man, with whom she was scarcely acquainted, who listened to her in silence, as she pursued her conjectures. Earnestly supplicated through the columns of the journal to reveal himself, the generous *incognito* at last went in person to receive the well-merited thanks, and five years afterwards Mademoiselle de Meulan became Madame Guizot.

"Yes, mon garçon; at a very early age, M. Guizot published his 'Dictionnaire des Synonymes.' Next came 'Les Pactes Français,' followed by other works of extraordinary talent; but that which ought to immortalise that great man was an act—exclusively appertaining to the department of M. Guizot—that of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—so glorious, that all parties, even his enemies, have emblazoned it with unqualified approbation—the great and noble Act of the 28th June, 1833, by which eleven thousand parishes, that is to say, one-fourth of France, previously destitute of that primary instruction which makes the honest man and good citizen, were enabled to receive a sound elementary education. By the side of the humble parish church the modest school-house was erected, where the children of the poor resort for knowledge—that other BREAD OF THE SOUL—which is to support them through the rough trials of life. With what paternal solicitude

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does the statesman, from the recesses of his cabinet, enter into the details of the relations of the teacher with children, parents, the mayor, and the curate.

"'No sectarian or party spirit,' he exclaims, 'in your school; the teacher must rise above the fleeting quarrels which agitate society! Faith in Providence, the sanctity of study, submission to paternal authority, respect for the laws, the Prince, the rights of all,—such are the sentiments he must seek to develop.' Then, he adds, 'There is no fortune to be acquired—there is little renown to be made by the duties which the teacher fulfils. Destined to see his life pass away in a monotonous occupation,—sometimes even to experience the injustice or ingratitude of ignorance,—he would often be saddened, and perhaps would succumb, if he derived courage and strength from no other sources than the prospect of immediate or merely personal reward. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours; the inward felicity of having served and benefited his fellow-creatures, and, in obscurity, contributed to the public welfare. This is his compensation, and this his conscience alone can give him. It is his glory not to aspire to aught beyond his obscure and laborious condition; to make sacrifices scarcely noticed by those whom they benefit; to toil, in short, for man, and to expect his recompense only from God.'

"This paragraph, my boy, should be engraven on the hearts of our own teachers,—the gentle admonition would not be cast away.

"Couple these pages of patriarchal gentleness with the pitiless language of M. Guizot in the heat of debate; hear him thundering from the tribune against the *mauvaise queue*—wicked tail—of the Revolution; then behold him reading Bossuet to his dying wife; or throwing, with stoic hand, the

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first piece of earth on the coffin of his son; and say, if there be not something strange, grand, awe-inspiring in this individuality, in which we find at once the fiery zeal of Luther, the unctuous mildness of Melancthon, the impassibility of Epictetus, the simple kindliness of Fénélon, and the inflexible severity of Richelieu. Yes, mon garçon, Guizot is great; he may be considered in many points of view,—as a private individual, as a writer, as an historian, as an orator, and a firm politician.

"'The morals of M. Guizot,' says one of his most violent political foes, 'are rigid and pure, and he is worthy, by the lofty virtue of his life and sentiments, of the esteem of all good men.'

"As a writer, he takes a firm, decided tone, and at once goes straight to his object. As an historian, he has rendered eminent service to mankind. As an orator, his manner is dignified and severe. Small and frail in person, he is lofty and proud in bearing; his voice is imposing and sonorous; and his language, whether calm or vehement, is always pure, chastened, convincing, and full of energy."

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CHAPTER IV.

Rudolphe's First Invention.—The Kettle.—George Stephenson.

ELL, mon Petit, what is that you are up to?" said I to my young friend, on entering his apartment, as he was busily occupied in adjusting a vessel upon several pieces of wood in the fireplace.

"I am trying my new invention—my kettle. You must know, Mr Pamphilius, my circumstances exact economy, so I have invented a kettle that boils my coffee with one-half of the wood that I used to burn."

"Indeed. We must have it patented, Rudolphe, eh?"

"Aye," replied the young inventor, laughing; "but where's the money to come from, even if it were worth a patent?"

"A sensible question; but get your invention perfected, and I will see my talented friend, Mr Clarke. He has taken out several patents of his own, and I have no doubt he will help you in the matter."

"Thank you; but not just yet. I want to make further improvements."

"Good! When you have perfected your kettle, let me know. In the meantime, as you seem fond of mechanics, suppose, by way of exercise in French composition, you translate the leading features of the life of the man who gave wheels to Progress—the conqueror of time and space—the industrial magician—the once humble boy, but ultimately the great practical, progressive giant—George Stephenson. His life is full of interest,

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and from his perseverance take a lesson; and if you profit by that lesson, you will be able to surmount difficulties that otherwise would appear insurmountable."

"I will do so with pleasure, sir."

"When passing to-morrow, I will leave you a little book, noted for its simplicity, that will help you in French composition. It is entitled 'Syntax of the French Language Made Easy.'"

"Thank you, sir; thank you."

"Translate only the leading features. Have you his biography?"

"Yes, sir; I have a sketch of his life at home."

"Bon; to-morrow, we will give an hour to the man *qui a fait marcher le monde! Au revoir.*"

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GEORGE STEPHENSON.

"Well, Rudolphe! How have you got on with Stephenson?—found that in his boyhood he was a clever, intelligent, industrious boy—all that a plain, industrious father could expect from a son, to whom he had nothing to give but his good example?—which, remember, Monsieur Thomas, often proves the richest inheritance a father can bestow.

"Just what my good mother tells me. She says she has nothing to leave us but good example, and an honourable name, which are blessings, and bring blessings as well as riches."

"Bon! Would that all mothers were like yours, Rudolphe; but the end of the world has not yet come! To work; let me see what you have done?"

"George Stephenson (sortie de la classe des ouvriers subalternes) was born in 1781. His favourite amusement, when a boy, was bird-nesting and erecting clay-engines and Lilliputian mills. At the early age of seven, George's little hands were turned to profitable account. After performing several menial

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occupations, he became the trapper-boy of a coal-pit, having for his duty the irksome task of sitting at a trap-door, in the dark, for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, watching the teams, to open the doors that they might pass through—an employment not very congenial to the tastes of a lively-spirited boy; but Geordie's instinct told him that he had to do the duty of the children of the poor—contribute his share towards the family maintenance, and consequently he followed his dull, dark, and lonely calling with the best of grace."

"Good! Monsieur Thomas. *Continuez.*"

"Dès sa plus tendre jeunesse il montra une aptitude singulière to turn to advantage everything which he saw—full of industry, full of observation and application, joined to a love for work, and determined perseverance, that boy of low birth, without education, became l'ingeniéur le plus eclairé, l'inventeur le plus hardi, et le patriot le plus sage de l'Angleterre."

"Yes, Monsieur Rudolphe; look at the benefits conferred on society by that one man in an ordinary life-time—look at the thousands employed on railways—the incomes derived from them—the time saved and the facilities railways afford us for enlarging our views by international visits—the better feelings that such visits engender—the effect upon production—the operations upon commerce, and the beneficial changes they are effecting in the habits of the people. We must appreciate 'honest Geordie' as the great benefactor of mankind, to whom the world owes an unquestionable debt of gratitude. Proceed."

"George, who bore the character of a steady, industrious lad, was soon promoted, and at the age of seventeen was appointed foreman, and in that capacity behaved himself so well, that in due time he was advanced to the enviable situation of engineer—a great rise for the poor, letterless, trapper-boy."

"Attentively and perseveringly performing the duties of our calling, Rudolphe, leads to promotion. How many firms are there

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who have at their head an active partner who was once the prudent clerk!"

"In this situation, George had reached the summit of his ambition, and with what joy did he watch his engine—with what care did he clean it, and with what delight did he take his life-like machine to pieces, then put it together again, and, wondering at the life-like power, contemplate its steady and regular action."

"Yes, Monsieur Rudolphe. The steam-engine soon became familiar to him; he studied it, and his mind became awakened to its power and capacities. It became to him a child of care and love—it claimed his life for its rearing, and in his hands grew to unwonted growth. He nursed its childhood, and helped it on to its mightiest strength. Proceed."

"George Stephenson was eighteen years of age before he had an opportunity of learning to read—a circumstance that he often regretted; but when that opportunity arrived, how greedily did he embrace it, which is another excellent trait in his character, for many at that age, with the practical knowlege that he possessed, would not have troubled themselves; but no; his chief regret was his inability to read, and the WAY once open, George found the WILL, and three times a week he might have been seen taking lessons in reading and spelling of a poor teacher in the village of Walbottle. Afterwards he attended another school, kept by Andrew Robertson, for which instruction he paid 4d a week. So great were his application and perseverance in his studies, that one of the pupils remarked 'that he could not make it out how it was that George *took to figures so wonderful;* that although the two started together, he was in *division*, while Geordie *was in reduction.*'"

"Yes, Master Tom. Though illiterate, Geordie's mind had been stored with thoughtful deductions and observations, and, therefore, he knew that labour is required to secure the fruits;

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that whatever we undertake to do MUST BE DONE *con amore*, if we would succeed. Indeed, it was characteristic of George, that whatever he endeavoured to do he put his whole soul into the matter, and did thoroughly, never sparing any pains to overcome any difficulties that might come in his way. *Continuez.*"

"At the age of twenty, when George Stephenson was acting as breaksman, he formed an attachment for a respectable young woman, a servant in a neighbouring farm-house, named Fanny Henderson, a young girl distinguished by her amiability, sweetness of temper, and sound judgment, as well as for her personal charms. His means being small, with the view of increasing his 'worldly stock,' he began to make and mend the shoes of his fellow-workmen. Il y gagné la première pièce d'or—earned the first guinea which he was able to save, and considered it '*la pierre qui fondait sa fortune future.*'"

"George was favoured with the shoes of his sweetheart to sole. Here his heart was in the stitches, and he lingered over his task, carrying the shoes about with him, looking at them from time to time, and exclaiming 'What a capital job I have made of them!' Shoemaking and mending turned out a good job, for George soon saved enough to furnish a small cottage, and married the fair owner of the shoes, who made him an excellent wife, and brought comfort, as her dowry, to the cottage which he took for her at Willington Quay,—at which place his only son Robert was born, a circumstance that buoyed up the soul of the rising engineer."

"Monsieur Rudolphe, to working men, George Stephenson affords an example well worth following, and which must be followed by all who have any pretensions to rise in life. He was strictly sober, and never was seen the worse for drink. His home was his delight; his amusement, working, or improving his mind, or modelling experimental machines by the fireside, in company with his affectionate wife. The curse of

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the working man—the gin-shop—received none of his hard-earned money. He earned his money honestly, and he saved it as a prudent man. He even attempted the *perpetual motion*—the philosopher's stone—that has so often engaged the dreamer; but the birth of a son caused George to quit the wonderful for the useful, as the practical is always the most profitable. *Continuez.*"

"Ainsi, outre son travail ordinaire—besides his regular work at the mine, to save money for the education of his son—a *desideratum* so dear to his heart; that he resolved that his son should not encounter the difficulties which lie in the path of unlettered men—he made and mended shoes, cut out the pitmen's clothes, made and mended clocks, and became one of the most famed clock-doctors in the neighbourhood. At this period, George looked upon himself as one of the happiest men living; but a calamity overtook him. To his lasting sorrow he lost the beloved partner in his struggles—his cherished wife breathed her last."

Soon after this melancholy circumstance, he went for a time to Scotland, to superintend an engine, and on his return he found his father, from an accident, had lost his sight, and consequently was reduced to poverty. Like a good and worthy son, he paid his father's debts, buoyed up the hearts of his parents, by telling them that he was now able and willing to support them, and cheerfully did he discharge this filial duty towards them until death.

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"A circumstance occurred which brought into full play the knowledge that George Stephenson had acquired of the steam-engine, and which was not only remunerative, but was la première pierre, the first stepping-stone to his after greatness."

"Yes, Rudolphe—confirming the statement that in learning that which is useful, a time will come when we shall be able to place that knowledge to a good account. *Continuez.*"

"Mr. Crowther and all the engineers of the neighbourhood

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had been called in to cure a 'wheezing engine'; but they could do nothing with it. One of the workmen, meeting Geordie, asked him to look at the engine, and to see if he could do anything with it. Geordie examined the engine, and, conscious of his own power, stated that he would cure it in less than a week —a cure which he thoroughly effected in less than that time!"

"Yes, Rudolphe, the self-reliance of Geordie sprang from a well-grounded faith in his own powers; and such *faith*, the ancient poet says, '*is power itself.*' *Continuez.*"

"For this job, George Stephenson received 10*l.*—a great sum to him; and what was more, he acquired the glory of beating all the local engineers; and from that day his services as an engineer came into request."

"*Sortie de la classe des ouvriers*, and on the road, *sur la voie*, to fortune—raised above manual labour, Stephenson was then able to put into practice the knowledge he had acquired—was enabled to use his skill by effecting various essential modifications in the several engines of his employers. His active mind was ever at work. He rose at sunrise in summer, and before it in winter, and 'broke,' as he called it, the back of the day's work before mid-day. From an early period he had well considered the practical working of the locomotive, and was certain of its power and efficiency. What was wanted to develop the strength of his nursling was money, and, waiting patiently, the time at length arrived when his long-cherished desire was gratified."

"Skill, or Prudence, or Patience, Mr. Rudolphe, in availing ourselves of our natural or acquired advantages, will secure favour and patronage, even where they are withheld by prejudice or ignorance. *Continuez.*"

"Lord Ravensworth, the principal proprietor of Killing-

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worth Colliery, struck with the practical knowledge that Stephenson possessed, advanced a sum of money to have an engine constructed under Stephenson's directions, which engine, drawing thirty tons' weight at the rate of four miles an hour, turned out to be the most successful one that had yet been made. Another trial was given, and improvements adopted which had struck the mind of the unlettered engineer, and the result was that the speed more than doubled that of the previous engine."

"Yes, Monsieur Rudolphe, that was the time when it pleased the Almighty to place in the hands of a humble, ignorant man, the means of giving wings to Progress—of giving us a horse that brings into ridicule the dreamers of *les Centaures*, Pegasus, and the steeds of Neptune."

THE GEORDIE LAMP.

"It was about this time that George Stephenson distinguished himself by the invention of the 'Geordie Safety Lamp.' Collieries were liable to explosions, several of which had occurred of the most serious character."

"Yes, Master Rudolphe, in 1812, in one pit alone, no fewer than ninety men and boys were suffocated or burnt to death. *Continuez.*"

"*Stephenson refléchissait depuis long-temps sur tout cela*—Stephenson reflected upon these sad calamities. One day, in 1814, a pitman hurried into Stephenson's cottage, informing him that the deepest mine in the colliery was on fire. *A l'instant* Stephenson rushed to the mouth of the pit, and, in the midst of a terror-stricken crowd, shouted out, 'If there are six among you who have the courage to follow me!—*qu'ils viennent*—let them do so, and we will soon extinguish the flames!' The firm voice of Geordie gave confidence to the men, who at once followed him, and, in the midst of great confusion, he caused a

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wall to be erected at the entrance of the mine, which excluded the atmospheric air, and the fire was thus extinguished and many lives were saved."

"'*Ne peut-on, donc, rien faire pour empêcher de pareils malheurs?*' 'Can nothing be done to prevent such awful occurrences?' demanded one of the workmen, while searching for the bodies of those who had perished. 'I think so,' said Stephenson. 'Then, George,' said his helpmate, '*faites-le connaître au plus-tôt*—the sooner you look to it the better; for the price of coal-mining now is pitmen's lives.'"

"Stephenson at once set to work, and succeeded in constructing a lamp to guide the miner in his under-ground labours, without communicating flame to the inflammable gas which accumulates in certain parts of the pit."

"Yes, Rudolphe, these fearful catastrophes had arrested the attention of Sir Humphry Davy; but before the results of his investigation were published, Stephenson had already practically solved the question of the safety lamp. He had obviated the difficulty, and, confiding in his lamp, took it into the pit with him, and thereby staked his life on the issue. Speak of heroism! That solitary walk through the hazardous mine evinced a nerve and bravery as great, if not greater, than that of the excited hero who rushes boldly to the cannon's mouth. The 'Geordie Lamp,' like the true heart of its inventor, sustained the test; and after improvements, his third lamp, as finally designed by him, was in the hands of the manufacturer long before he had heard of Sir Humphry Davy's experiments, or of the lamp which that gentleman proposed to construct, and no accident has taken place since its first introduction. *Honneur et reconnaissance à* Stephenson. *L'amour de la science et celui de l'humanité ont rarement inspirée un aussi beau devouément. Continuez.*"

"Locomotives, though in daily use for many years on the

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Killingworth Railway, excited very little interest except in the neighbourhood; but there were, nevertheless, several practical and public-spirited men who had been closely watching the railways from a sense of their importance. Among the most prominent of those were William James and Edward Pease —who, if they did not invent the locomotive, did the next best thing—they discovered George Stephenson. Mr. James had fortune and position, was extensively employed as a land agent, and as early as 1803 had contemplated forming a railway between Liverpool and Manchester. People thought him mad, and his friends looked with suspicion upon his projected enterprise. James reckoned Stephenson 'the greatest PRACTICAL GENIUS of the age, and that if he developed the full power of his engine, his fame in the world would rank equal to that of Watt.' Thus did James perform the invaluable office of stoker to the secret fire in Stephenson's breast. James secured an interest in a patent, and early in 1822 procured a survey of a line between Liverpool and Manchester, and Stephenson was regularly appointed engineer at a salary of 300*l.* per annum. The survey, in spite of every obstacle, went forward satisfactorily, Stephenson starting early in the morning, in top boots and breeches, taking with him in his capacious pocket a piece of raw bacon and a lump of bread, with which, about midday, he would enter a cottage or farm-house on the line of his survey, and ask leave to have his bit of bacon fried. The farming people along the line soon came to know and welcome him, for his gay and lively conversation secured him a hearty welcome.

"As on many other occasions, Stephenson here showed that fundamental honesty that distinguishes great men. Though interested in the patent for cast-iron rails, he strongly advised Mr. Pease to lay down wrought-iron, strengthening his argument by stating 'that it would put 500*l.* into my pocket by adopting cast-iron, but I cannot do so after the experience I have had.'"

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"Yes, mon Petit, devotedness to an object, regardless of unwise and selfish aggrandisement, is the mainstay of success; the reverse has proved fatal to hundreds of favourable speculations. Selfishness is a gnawing worm that eats into the constitution of its worshipper. Stephenson had no desire to accumulate money without labour and without honour. *Continuez.*"

"The opposition that George Stephenson had to contend against in the projected railway from Liverpool to Manchester would have damped the spirits of the most sanguine. He was regarded as a maniac fit for Bedlam; the *Quarterly Review* scouted the idea of travelling at a greater speed than eight or nine miles an hour; stated that the steam-engine might delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. George listened; he was not cast down, nor was he too much elated; but he manfully girded up his loins to sustain the battle of his life and the cause of his generation. At Knowsley he was driven off the ground by the keepers, and threatened rough handling if found there again; guns were fired to deter him, and it was only by stealth that he effected a great portion of the survey.

"When arrangements were made for proceeding with the Bill in 1825, its opponents used every artifice for its rejection. They declared that the working of the railway would prevent cows from grazing, and hens from laying; that the poisoned air would kill birds as they flew over the engine, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Householders were told that their dwellings would be burnt up by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by the continued clouds of smoke. Notwithstanding those and various other gloomy predictions—appalling to the ignorant—and some ludicrous objections in debate, the Bill was passed, but the cost of obtaining the Act amounted to no less a sum than 27,000*l.*

"Mr. Rennie applied for the appointment of resident engineer,

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but the committee, recognising their obligations to Stephenson, appointed him engineer-in-chief, with a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum, when he at once took in hand that portion of the work which engineering authorities had declared *l'impossible*—that '*no man in his senses would undertake to do*'—to make a road over Chat Moss, which was described by one of the witnesses as an immense pulp to the depth of thirty feet, with quicksand below. Stephenson conquered the difficulty, and while it was rumoured that hundreds of horses and men, and even Stephenson himself, had been swallowed up, the 'WE MUST PERSEVERE' of George Stephenson was well rewarded; for the road across that moss became the very best part of the whole line, while its formation cost only 28,000*l.* of the 270,000*l.* at which it had been estimated by Mr. Giles, the opposing engineer."

"Yes, Rudolphe, though the work of filling up the marsh with tallow-casks and lavish deposits of materials seemed interminable, though the directors hesitated to proceed, Stephenson never for one moment doubted. As truck-load after truck-load was swallowed up, the bog gaped for more. 'We must persevere, my lads,' he said to his assistants, who were showing uneasiness. 'Persevere, and we will conquer.'

"The men held George Stephenson in great esteem, and placed great faith and reliance in his practical knowledge. In him they saw a wonderful man, rising from among themselves, unlettered, as they themselves were, but surpassing in judgment the educated, and the regularly-tutored engineer. Stephenson's 'persevere' was hope, not baffled, but deferred; they persevered, and the pitman triumphed over the 'impossible!' *Continuez.*"

"George Stephenson loved the young. In his leisure hours he took great delight in testing the knowledge of his young friends and in questioning them upon the principles of me-

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chanics. His aim was to stimulate them to think for themselves, as thought and reflection expand the mind and develop the mental and moral powers by the exercise of their own free energies, and create the habit of thoughtfulness and self-reliance, which is the mainspring of generous actions. 'LEARN for yourselves,' he used to say,—'THINK for yourselves—MAKE yourselves masters of PRINCIPLES—persevere—be industrious, and there is then no fear for you.' The after-career of these young men proves that we are more alike in childhood than is laid down in the hasty conclusions of man—that inconsistent and bad men are the results of bad training in youth—for there was not one of those young men who were trained under the eye of Stephenson who did not in some way distinguish himself honourably. He sent them forth into the world braced with the spirit of manly self-help, inspired by his own noble example; and they showed in their after career that they had profited by the lessons of earnest effort and persistent industry which his own daily life had taught them."

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"The locomotive seemed on the eve of being abandoned, but Stephenson's pertinacity, added to his *miraculous* success at Chat Moss, induced the directors to give it a trial, and they consequently offered a prize of 500*l.* for the best locomotive engine, to be completed and ready for trial by a certain time. Robert Stephenson was at this time in America, and the father knowing that this was the great enterprise of his life, and that he could rely upon the matured judgment of his son, urged him to return forthwith, and, obedient to the urgent call, Robert reached England in December, 1827. Father and son then set to work, and the Rocket was the result of their combined efforts, which at best is but a rough type of its myriad successors. It is exhibited in the Kensington Museum.

"The day for the trial arrived, and thousands on thousands attended to witness the most momentous race that the world had ever seen. There were five competitors, and the race of

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races came off at Rainhill, when the Rocket was proclaimed a WONDER, and an easy winner, attaining during its trial-trip a *maximum* velocity of 29 miles an hour,—three times the speed that one of the scientific judges had declared to be the limit of possibility."

"Yes, Rudolphe, the pitman triumphed over the haughty and arrogant profession who had behaved so badly. Yet Stephenson never resented the ill-treatment. The race was for the humble, persevering George, and the locomotive was then and there a DECIDED FACT. The world saw a great performance, railways were inaugurated, and the *cheval-de-bronze* became the living pioneer of civilisation."

The *Times*, in its brief sketch of George Stephenson, after extolling the great soul, the lofty mind, of the successful engineer—his disregard for worldly titles or empty honours, or wealth, when not well-earned—draws a striking contrast between him and the men by whom he was surrounded. In speaking of the engineers, and how they exceeded their estimates—of contractors, and their large extra charges—of claimants for compensation on account of residential injury—of claims for injury to building land—injury to farmers—injury to fields, and claims for "severance"—of demands for cutting off the corner of a field for more than the field was worth—of one person obtaining 100,000*l.* for a gravel pit—of an ingenious cowkeeper demanding compensation on the ground that his cows would give less milk in consequence of the formation of the railway—of another, because his horses would be frightened at the noise of the trains, and would kick and injure each other—of the *fast school* of engineering, who even attempted to neutralise the great achievement of steam by the substitution of atmospheric pressure;—in the midst of all these Stephenson remained calm, stanch to his principles, and the

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public welfare. No extravagant rewards would induce him to swerve from honour and the public interest; and engineering *éclat*, or making "ducks and drakes" of shareholders' money, he despised. "The PRACTICAL success of railways," he said, "must be so planned as not only to prove of decided public utility, but also to be worked economically and to the advantage of the proprietors. They were not Government roads, but private ventures—in fact, COMMERCIAL SPECULATIONS—and if he did not believe they would be made to pay, he would have nothing to do with them." And emphatically did he refuse to act as engineer for lines which he thought would not prove remunerative. "To his everlasting credit," says the *Times*, "when the nation was turned into gamblers—when Parliament, whose previous conduct in connection with railway legislation was so open to reprehension, had no fewer than 157 of its members on the lists of new companies,—at this period, when the railway prospectuses, unlike the original schemes, were headed by peers, baronets, and strings of M.P.'s, Stephenson was anxiously entreated again and again to lend his name, but he invariably refused. Less scrupulous, he might, without the least trouble, have secured for himself enormous sums, but, as a pattern worthy of following, he had no desire to accumulate a fortune without labour and without honour. On the contrary, he tried, but in vain, to deter those who were imperilling the system which he had so laboriously worked out from engaging in those rash and worthless schemes. Deputations, headed by lords and members of Parliament, waited upon him, and entreated him to act as consulting engineer for the lines, but, instead of complying, he ENTREATED THEM TO DESIST, pointing out the ruinous consequences of the procedure; and now," adds the *Times*, "*that the story is told*—to HIS HONOUR and THEIR SHAME we make a bow to his SUPERIOR JUDGMENT!"

Pamphilius raises his hat in honour of the UNSWERVING INTEGRITY of GEORGE STEPHENSON!

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Stephenson was right in his conjectures. The lofty names that headed the various prospectuses proved *decoy ducks*, and thousands were thereby led on to ruin and beggary.

Such, then, was George Stephenson, man and boy, pitman and foremost engineer of his time. The HERO of as great a revolution as this or any other age has witnessed was an unpretending character of humble birth, who lived to cast a mighty net of iron over the earth's surface—who became the patriot of an iron age, with its levelling principles, its expansive forces, and its accelerated progress. His single invention set in motion a Leviathan, that, like a two-edged sword, spared neither the powerful nor the parsimonious—the weak nor the strong—the rich nor the poor. In its childhood it created dismay wherever it went, leaving behind marks of progress and civilisation. Nor will it be easy to judge of the changes the steam-engine has wrought in our habits and inclinations till the present century has closed. We have felt the throbbing of the pulse of public life, and have been observers of the rail and wheel—Stephenson's "man and wife." May not our sons and our sons' sons look for the progeny? may they not, when the world, half-bouleversed, is settled down, reap the fruits of the Leviathan of Holy Writ, so curiously described by André Janin:—

"*Rien de nouveau sous le soleil*, c'est-à-dire que nous croyons avec l'Ecriture qu'il n'y à rien de tellement nouveau que la Bible, cette Histoire toujours nouvelle du passé, du présent, et de l'avenir, n'ait en quelque sorte préfiguré et annoncé. Sans vouloir attacher trop d'importance à ces versets de Job que nous traduisons, tout en leur laissant le voile de l'allegorie, nous ne laissons pas d'être assez frappé de cet avant-dernier chapître, depuis verset 6; pourquoi ces versets ne seraient-ils pas, en quelque mesure, une description prophétique des merveilles de la vapeur? l'analogie est même matériellement assez exacte. Traduisons au chapitre XLI., depuis le verset 6, en

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omettant un ou deux détails: il est question, dans ce chapître du Leviathan, animal inconnu qui a fait chercher à laquelle des créatures de Dieu, d'une autre époque, antédiluvienne, ce portrait a pu s'appliquer. Voici donc une traduction de l'hébreu, dont nous présentons l'application à nos lecteurs :—

" 6. Son corps est composé de boucliers cachetés et fermés " comme par un sceau. 7. Bien adhérents les uns aux autres, " sans aucune fissure qui donne passage à l'air. 8. Ils sont " étroitement joints, et cloués ensemble d'une manière insé- " parable. 9. Ses éternuements sont comme des jets de lumière, " et ses yeux sont comme des rayons de l'aurore. 10. Sa bouche " vomit des flammes, et fait jaillir des étincelles. 11. De ses " narines s'échappe une épaisse fumée, comme d'une cuve " bouillante ou d'un étang ardent. 12. Son souffle allume des " charbons, et un feu dévorant sort de sa gueule. 13. La force " réside dans son cou, et devant elle bondit la terreur. 14. Les " muscles de ses chairs sont comme soudés ensemble; tout en " elle est massif et inébranlable. 15. Son cœur est solide comme " la pierre, même aussi dur que la meule inférieure. 16. Les " plus braves tremblent quand elle s'élance; ils sont stupéfaits " de lui voir tout rompre. 17. L'épée, la lance et les traits " s'émoussent contre elle sans la blesser. 18. Elle se joue du " fer comme de la paille, et de l'airain comme du bois vermoulu. " 20. Les armes et les obstacles qui voudraient l'arrêter, elle " s'en rit et les consume comme du chaume. 23. Elle fait " bouillonner l'eau profonde comme l'eau d'une chaudière, et " rend la mer semblable à un vase où brûlent des parfums. 24. " Elle trace derrière elle des sillons de lumière, et elle traîne " dans la mer sa blanche chevelure. 25. Il n'y a rien sur " la terre qui puisse lui être comparé, elle est faite pour ne " rien craindre. 26. Elle regarde tout ce qu'il y a de plus " haut, elle est (ou il est) comme un roi sur tous les animaux " le plus redoutables."

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CHAPTER V.

JAMES WATT.—JOHN WALTER.—THE STEAM PRESS: ITS STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPH.

RE you studying the affairs of the State, Rudolphe,—so anxious about the national welfare,—that my whistle and knock fail to disturb you?"

"Ah! *comment-vous portez-vous*, Monsieur Pamphilius. I did not hear you. My mind was absorbed in studying the early life of a great man—the inventor of the steam-engine—

"JAMES WATT."

"Good. Nothing can be better, Monsieur Rudolphe. The life of James Watt is full of incidents, from which youth can cull to its advantage, and for the advanced in years the life of that great man opens up a wide field for grave meditation. Watt set in motion a monster—a Leviathan—that is revolutionising the whole world, and whose appearance on earth was TERRIBLE, POWERFUL, and AVENGING. Watt created a power, that soon found wings to compass the earth both by sea and land—a giant of civilisation, from whose loins sprang the steam-ship—the locomotive—and last, not least, the steam-press. He set the stone of progress rolling, but knew not when and where it would stop; for like the example of a good man, it rests not, but passes on from one generation to another—swaying and guiding us through the various intricacies of life. It is only that, Rudolphe, which is bad that dies. Watt gave to the world a great, good fact, and the world has reaped, and will go on reaping, the fruits bequeathed by the humble mechanic. What circumstance in the life of Watt was it that so interested you, Monsieur Rudolphe?"

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"I was struck with the boy watching the kettle, was wondering at the great events that spring from little things, and was meditating if one so young could have had an idea of the power of steam."

"Many strange fancies enter the heads of boys; but James Watt, even when a child, when chalking diagrams on the floor, showed intelligence of no ordinary nature. He fortunately had a judicious father, who did not exercise the rigid paternal discipline common in those days, for he wisely gave his son a latitude which was not misplaced. The father's affection was strong and enlightened, and with watchful kindness he supplied every reasonable wish and want; suggested cheerful and thoughtful occupations for his delicate boy, and refrained in hours of illness and languor from overstraining the mind, which only tends to weaken its energy and to cripple its power. One trait, Rudolphe, in the character of the boy Watt should be impressed upon the mind of every lad, for without it our aspirations are fruitless, and end in self-crimination. From an early age he was remarkable for manly spirit, a retentive memory, and STRICT ADHERENCE TO TRUTH; he might be wilful or wayward, but never was INSINCERE. His faults were ever acknowledged with candour, and when any quarrels occurred with his young friends, his father said, 'Let James speak; from him I always hear truth.' *Veracity*, Rudolphe, is a distinguishing feature in all great men. TRUTH—like necessity, which made Watt practical—has no tortuous course; it has only one way, and that is straightforward—'to the point.'"

"From a boy he seems to have had a mechanical turn of mind."

"Yes, Rudolphe, from boyhood he was full of patient observation, and it is that which makes a practical man. He was fond of reading, and took care to digest what he did read. He affords another striking instance of the power of WILL, and the fruitfulness of self-culture, for, although he had received little instruction in mathematics, we find that he had barely attained his twenty-first year when his skill secured him the appointment of mathematical instrument-maker to the College of

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Glasgow. Soon after a circumstance occurred—'the tide in the affairs of all men'—which he was ready to take advantage of by his well-watching and due preparation. A small model of a steam-engine, that was sent to him to repair, at once fixed his attention upon the element which had so often excited his attention when a boy, and by laborious investigation he ascertained that the evaporation of water proceeded more or less rapidly in proportion to the degree of heat made to enter it; that the process of evaporation was quickened as a greater surface of water was exposed to heat; and he likewise ascertained the quantity of coals necessary to raise a certain weight of water into steam, and the degrees of heat at which water boils under different pressures."

"Strange," said Rudolphe, musingly, "out of such a minor circumstance as the boiling of a kettle, so great an end should be attained!"

"Not strange, Rudolphe. 'Nature's' quiet and certain way. James Watt studied closely and wisely—exercising both manual labour and mental observation. He was neither an idler nor a trifler; he seized every opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the various branches of physical philosophy, and of investigating the principles of its phenomena; endeavouring—to use an expression of his own—'to find out the weak side of Nature and to vanquish her, for Nature (he used to add, smilingly) has a weak side—if we can only find it out.' The mind of Watt was great, and its powers were manifested by the creation of the grandest physical instrument ever conceived. Nor could such a display of resources as he brought to bear upon the steam-engine have been given forth from an intellect untrained—uninured to toil. James Watt toiled with fortitude for an end—by the persevering collection of all that could lead to its attainment. He was skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, and he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, law, and medicine, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture."

"How he must have studied!"

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"Discipline, Rudolphe, is a great attainment, for with it perseverance can work wonders. Watt had a well-arranged mind, and possessed a singular power of digesting and arranging all the information he received, which he condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never encumbered his memory with the verbiage of dull books or the idle talk to which he listened. He extracted all that was worthy of attention, and reduced it for his own use to its true value and to its simplest form."

"Little did his father think, when he heard his son chided for idleness when drawing diagrams on the floor, that he would be the inventor of a wonderful instrument—the triumph of human ingenuity."

"The steam-engine is certainly the triumph of human ingenuity, Monsieur Rudolphe, and little did Watt himself know the power he had called into life-like existence."

"True; by its assistance, iron is rolled, drawn, forged, and formed into shapes for machines, which it puts in motion, spinning and weaving every article of dress. It lifts, draws, bores, drills, planes, saws, and does every kind of labour, with an exactitude not to be obtained by manual skill, and by its power we are conveyed on land at a speed which thirty years ago would have been considered fabulous, or transported with ease and comfort over river, lake, and sea, in defiance of current, wind, or tide."

"Yes, Master Rudolphe. It has done all that, and more than that. It has given wings even to thought, and is sending knowledge, like light, through the universe—a power that Watt knew nothing of—a power which nothing on earth can control—a power that is scattering broad-cast the gems of the soul, the second staff of life, over all the known globe."

"You mean the steam-press?"

"Even so, Rudolphe. Watt invented the steam-engine, which was afterwards applied to navigate the deep. Stephenson

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invented the locomotive, by which land is traversed at incredible speed; but can you tell me who invented the third, and not the least of the three great powers of the age—who it was that scattered intelligence and 'the still small voice'—throughout the land—who it was who first applied steam to the Press, which has worked as great a change in the moral world, as Watt and Stephenson effected in the physical?"

"No. I never heard."

"O England! England! how ungrateful to one of the noblest of thy sons! His name, Rudolphe, is a very simple one, but he had a great head and a generous heart, with boldness and daring fitted for the iron age in which he lived. The difficulties he had to encounter—the struggles and trials—were as great, if not greater, than those which Fulton had to overcome in one element and Stephenson in another. Midst pecuniary difficulties, discouragements, threats, strikes, nights of anxiety and days of toil, did he wait, and watch, and progress; for, being convinced that the steam-engine could be applied to printing, he laboured incessantly and satisfactorily till he had gained his end—effected the THIRD WONDER OF THE AGE—a steam-locomotive printing press."

"I never thought of that. The steam-press is a locomotive?"

"Yes, Rudolphe, and at that time, when engineering was in its infant state, a very ingenious locomotive it was. It had not only to go in one direction, to print 1,200 copies per hour, which was the number that was thrown off at first, but the table, with the type, had to make 600 reverse motions; besides, the rollers, that ink the type, and the duct, which supplied the rollers, were all going at the same time."

"It is, in fact, a quadruple locomotive; the engine sets the cylinder in motion, the table in motion, the duct in motion, and the rollers in motion, all at the same time—a great, a wonderful invention!"

"It is, Rudolphe; but not more wonderful than its results.

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How much does the civilised world owe to that one invention! That one achievement alone is sufficient to place the memory of that great man high in that list which the world, as it grows older and wiser, will more and more appreciate."

"But that is not all that that great man accomplishes. He does more. He transforms Guttenberg into Mercury, endows him with all the attributes of a god, and sends him forth 'with 'a heart as firm as stone, yea, as hard as the nether millstone, 'whom the mighty fear, by reasons of breakings,—at whom the 'sword cannot hold,—the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon'; —sends him forth—the herald and champion of humanity—to purge the world of the woes and cares with which it was cruelly afflicted."

"Guttenberg, on his *cheval-de-bronze*, is seen everywhere—in the distracted hamlet—in the distressed village—by the coal mines, warring against female debasement—in the factory, fighting with lordly cotton-spinners—in the hospitals, with a tongue of fire, scourging the selfish and the inhuman—in the workhouse, in the gaol, in the abodes of the poor and suffering, spreading the still small voice of Truth in the peaceful hamlet, and in the battle-field heralding the triumph of liberty! Where inhumanity rides rough-shod over the people, there is he seen! Rotten boroughs quail under his lash; and post-office abuses, and the bartering of intelligence, are abolished, for he heralds news days before it can be had by any other means. The great and the powerful fear him, and make war against him; but their swords are as reeds before him, and when they are overthrown, he bares the corrupt policy of the vanquished. Unscrupulous Governments attempt to cripple him; then to bribe him; but, no, he scorns their promises as he laughs at their attempts to arrest him on his onward march. Ministers try to injure him by starting false Mercuries in the course; but, no, the race is for the *cheval-de-bronze* and the cause of humanity. Guttenberg seats himself firmer on his horse, and loudly proclaims his independence—that he has only one great

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principle—a paramount regard to the interests and rights of the people!"

"Indeed! the memory of that man should be held dear by all!"

"As I said before, when the world grows older and wiser, Rudolphe, it will appreciate the memory of the man whose labours alleviated the lot of millions—whose death was hastened by the noble sacrifices he had made in the cause of humanity—whose life was a perpetual combination of bodily and mental fatigue, undergone for the sake of justice—undergone to purge the general woe—the rottenness that then spread itself over the face of the globe!"

"Who was he, and what was he?"

"That great man was the son of a printer, named Walter, the printer of the *Universal Register*, a very worthy man, possessed of spirit and ingenuity, the inventor of logography, or 'the art of arranging and composing for printing, with words entire, their radices and terminations instead of single letters.'"

"At an early age, young Walter witnessed the sufferings of his father, who was imprisoned and fined, and had his employment withdrawn from him, because he would not pander to a corrupt Government. He witnessed, in silent suffering, a father's wrongs, which have a hallowing influence on the froward mind of youth, and impress it with a holy reverence for right and justice; he witnessed a fireside made cold and chilly, for its prop was taken from it, and incarcerated in a cheerless prison. And by whom and for what? For fulfilling a sacred trust, and the fines and imprisonment were inflicted by the base and truculent! By the lone fireside his young mind was awakened to the sufferings of the people. In his father's paper—one of the few honest newspapers of the day—for at that time the Press was spiritless, vile, and sordid—he read, with fired soul, the wrongs of the people and the sufferings of the lowly. Might crushing right—one law for the rich, and another for the

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poor. Grievances, abuses, and persecutions ruled the age; at a time, too, when the progressive influence of education was elevating the public mind, when the delusion that the public welfare was in the people's ignorance was fast breaking up, and the poor and humble were yearning for food for the soul.

"At this crisis, young Walter, green in years, but with a mind matured by sufferings and surrounding circumstances, joined his father to take a prominent part in the affairs of the office—a part that became a power, which afterwards purged the State and formed the pivot upon which the moral world revolved.

"The title of the *Universal Register* was changed, and on the occasion such is its bold, curious, and significant announcement:—

"'Why change the head?'

"'This question will naturally come from the public, and *we*, the *Times*, being the public's most humble and most obedient servants, think ourselves bound to answer.

"'All things have *heads*, and all *heads* are liable to change. Every sentence and opinion advanced and supported by Mr. Shandy, on the influence and utility of a well-chosen surname, may be properly applied in showing the recommendations and advantages which result from placing a striking title-page before a book, or an inviting head on the front page of a newspaper.

"'A head so placed, like those *heads* which once ornamented Temple Bar, or those of the *great attorney* and *great contractor*, which, not long since, were conspicuously elevated for their *great actions*, and were exhibited in *wooden frames* at the East and West ends of the metropolis, never fails of attracting the eyes of the passengers, though, indeed, we do not expect to experience the lenity shown to these *great exhibitors*; for, probably, the *Times* will be pelted without mercy.

"'But then a *head*, with a *good face*, is a harbinger, or gentleman usher, that often strongly recommends Dulness, Folly, Immorality, or Vice. The immortal Locke gives evidence to the truth of this observation. That great philosopher

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has declared that, though repeatedly taken in, he never could withstand the solicitations of a well-drawn title-page,—authority sufficient to justify *us* in assuming a *new head*, with a *new set of features*, but not with a design to impose, for we flatter ourselves the head of the *Times* will not be found deficient in *intellect*, but, by putting a *new face* on affairs, will be admired for the *light* of its *countenance* wherever it appears.

"'To advert to our first position.

"'The *Universal Register* has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son; but old Shandy forgot he might have rectified, by *confirmation*, the mistake of the *parson* at *baptism*, and with the touch of a Bishop, have changed Tristram to Trismegistus.

"'The *Universal Register*, from the day of its first appearance to the day of its *confirmation*, has, like Tristram, suffered from innumerable casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its *name*, which, on its introduction, was immediately curtailed of its fair proportion by all who called for it, the word *Universal* being *universally* omitted, and the word *Register* only being retained.' 'Boy: bring me the Register.' The waiter answers: 'Sir,' we have not a library; but you may see it at the New Exchange Coffee House.' 'Then I'll see it there,' answers the disappointed politician, and he goes to the New Exchange, and calls for the *Register;* upon which the waiter tells him he cannot have it, as he is not a subscriber, or presents him with the Court and City Register, the Old Annual Register, or the New Annual Register, or, if the coffee house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden or the hundreds of Drury, slips into the politician's hand Harris's Register of Ladies.

"'For these and other reasons, the parents of the *Universal Register* have added to its original name that of the

Times,

which, being a *monosyllable*, bids defiance to *corrupters* and *mutilaters* of the language.

"'The *Times!* What a monstrous name! Granted—for

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the *Times is* a many-headed monster, that speaks with a hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters, and in the course of its transformations in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"'The critical reader will observe, we personify our *new name*, but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though *it* will be *active* in *its* vocations, yet we apply to *it* the *neuter gender*.

"'The *Times*, being formed of materials and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable *genus;* but, like the polypus, is doubtful, and in discussion, description, dissection, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated among the *literati*.

"'The heads of the *Times*, as has been said, are many; they will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"'The principal, or leading heads, are:—

"'The LITERARY,
POLITICAL,
COMMERCIAL,
PHILOSOPHICAL,
CRITICAL,
THEATRICAL,
FASHIONABLE,
HUMOUROUS,
WITTY, &c.,

each of which is supplied with a competent share of intellect for the pursuit of its several functions, an endowment which is not in *all time* to be found, even in the heads of the State—the heads of the Church—the heads of the Law—the heads of the Navy—the heads of the Army—and though last, not least, the great heads of the Universities.

"'The political head of the *Times*, like that of Janus, the Roman Deity, is double-faced; with one face it will smile con-

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tinually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

"'The alteration we have made in our *head* is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum*, and a moiety of its brains. The *Herald* has cut off half of its head, and has lost its original humour. The *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither *heads* nor *tails*.

"'On the Parliamentary head, every communication that ability and industry can produce may be expected. To this great *national object* the *Times* will be most sedulously attentive—most accurately correct—and strictly impartial in its *reports*.'"

"This was the introduction of the newspaper which young Walter reared, 'midst tumult of mind and the troubles and changes of an eventful epoch,—a paper which he eventually stamped as the *Thunderer* of the world,—a Leviathan, the scourge of the mighty and the powerful, the overbearing and the proud—the powerful opponent of the dragon SCEPTICISM, and the soul-enslaving hydra BIGOTRY.

"At this period the Press was in its infancy, Rudolphe. It was crippled in power, for it could not supply the necessary wants of the march of mind. The difficulty that Walter experienced in supplying the large demand for his paper, drew his attention to a great necessity. Logography was a failure, and hand-labour was of little avail. Then the idea of steam entered the mind of the young philanthropist. A strong necessity impressed him that steam must be applied to the printing press. Mr. Walter, who, without being a visionary, may be said to have thought nothing impossible that was useful and good, resolved that there should be no impossibility in printing by steam. Necessity demanded an invention, and ingenuity must be brought to bear upon the great public want. He formed an acquaintance with a mechanic of the name of

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Martyn, who had invented a press, to which he thought steam could be applied. The two set their heads to work, but often their hearts sickened as difficulties presented themselves, and as the want of means arrested their progress. Still Walter remained strong in his faith. There was a stoppage, but no failure. He saw a possibility, and determined on success. Money was all that was required to ensure further progress. In the midst of perplexities, another difficulty arose. As the machine was considered by the pressmen an inroad upon their rights, they vowed vengeance against the man whose innovations threatened destruction to their craft. To such a length was this opposition carried, that it was found necessary to introduce the pieces of the machine into the adjoining premises with the utmost possible secrecy, while Martyn was obliged to shelter himself under various disguises in order to escape the fury of the headstrong workmen. At this crisis, Mr. Walter, whose success seemed certain, was not yet permitted to reap the fruit of his enterprise. On the very eve of success, he was doomed to bitter disappointment. He had again exhausted his funds in the attempt, and his father, who had hitherto assisted him, became disheartened, and refused him any further aid. The project was, therefore, for a time, abandoned. Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, picking up information, and courting suggestions from every quarter. In the year 1814, he had accumulated means, and resolved on making a fresh experiment, for which purpose he secured the services of Mr. Kœnig, and the assistance of his friend Mr. Baum.

"To avoid the threatened violence of the pressmen, another room was hired, where the work advanced, and improvements made under their joint superintendence. At one period, the two able mechanics who were employed on it became so disheartened at the obstacles that were ever presenting themselves—the rollers would not work, next the inking apparatus, then the im-

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pression, that they gave it up as a bad job—AN IMPOSSIBILITY—and left the premises in disgust.

"Walter would not then give in; strength of mind bore him up. Progress had been made. He considered, wisely, that such a great achievement was not to be accomplished without great labour, patience, and perseverance.

"After the lapse of a few days the men were induced to return, and, to their great surprise, they found that the difficulty which had disheartened them was overcome, and that perfect copies were taken by the machine.

"The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose invention might interfere with their employment. 'Destruction to him and his traps!' was the constant cry, but Walter heeded not the threat; his mind was fixed on printing by steam, and nothing could deter him from his purpose.

"The morning when the first trial was made was an auspicious one for Walter, and proud was he when he found that INDOMITABLE WILL had TRIUMPHED!—that PATIENCE and PERSEVERANCE had overcome the many obstacles that had presented themselves in the construction of one of the most intricate machines of the age—a most important invention, forming a step in the progress of civilisation only to be compared to the original discovery of printing itself. Had it not been for that timely invention, literature and information must have been restricted in their growth, by the labour, expense, and delay incident to the multiplication of copies; and the Press would have been crippled, and that, too, at a time when the human mind was preparing for its mightiest efforts. Had it not been for the steam-press, the mass of mankind would have remained in ignorance, and literature, art, and science would have remained comparatively stationary. Steam gave wings to the Press, enlarging its powers to the multiplying wants of the world!

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"The trial was made; the pressmen were ordered to wait, as fresh intelligence was expected from the Continent. At six in the morning, Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and to the astonishment of those men who would have crippled progress, who had conspired against steam machinery, he calmly said that the *Times* was already printed—that STEAM had TRIUMPHED!—that if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured. He then distributed several copies of the *Times* amongst the half-bewildered pressmen.

"Thus, Rudolphe, the most important enterprise ever undertaken was successfully carried through, and

"PRINTING BY STEAM GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

"From the talent that was sought from all quarters—guided by a great mind—guided by the administrative power of John Walter—from his liberality to contributors—his large outlay to ensure the earliest and best intelligence, and from ever keeping in view his ONE object—the *interests* of the *public*, their *rights* and *privileges*—from seeking the suffrage of the humblest labourer, and the feeblest and most desolate pauper—from adopting the ABSOLUTE RULE OF HIS LIFE—to MEASURE unreservedly the most plausible scheme, the most promising experiment, the most dominant parties, the most powerful Ministers, the most established reputations, the most inveterate usages, the most subtle advances, the most overbearing classes, the most formidable combinations—from the observant practice of all these, with unrivalled grasp of mind, and unrivalled administrative power, the *Times* rapidly rose in circulation,—so much so, that Mr. Walter soon experienced the same difficulty in supplying the increased demand for his

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paper as he had done previous to his introduction of steam to the printing press. Increased power was required. Progress was not to be arrested. Sagacity suggests that the machine is in its infancy; that its power is not yet developed. Mr. Walter holds out premiums for mechanical skill, and thereby directs the mind of the ingenious upon the printing machine. Again we find him enduring sleepless nights, days of anxiety and toil, and disappointments; for each improvement in speed —in the addition of a cylinder—had its anxieties, its cares, its breakages, and its diappointments; added to which were Government outrages and galling implications, because he would not be *bribed* nor lend himself to any clique or class.

"Speak of a HERO, Rudolphe. The physical world, as it were, had conspired against him, and the *immoral* world, which was large and powerful, tried to crush him; but the invincible Walter withstood each shock, and waited wisely, and conquered bravely. Governments—factions—the vacillating and the pandering—were obliged to yield to *truth*, and Mr. Walter lived to see his principles confirmed by the most cogent historical demonstrations. He lived to see one of the strongest political factions that ever existed disbanded of necessity, and scattered to the winds. He lived to see Ministers, parties, journals, philosophers, all with one consent, confessing their errors, and, with more or less candour of acknowledgment, falling into the views for which he had struggled, and by which he was known. His consistency was thus proved to be the consistency of truth; and, excepting those subjects which are evidently under a law of development, and in which every man in the civilised world confesses to a gradual progress or illumination of mind,—not one point can be mentioned in which Mr. Walter has not proved more consistent, more sagacious, and more true than any of his political contemporaries. Nor is there one point in which the public opinion of England, in whatever way it can be ascertained, has not given ultimate and decided testimony to the soundness of Mr. Walter's views.

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"His public spirit was not that of that exclusive or theoretical character which comprehends only a class or a constituency within the range of its affections,—which cares for nothing lower than a 40s. freeholder, a tenant-farmer renting at 50*l.*, or a 10*l.* householder. He considered every Englishman his fellow-citizen and friend, and sought the suffrage of affection from the humblest labourer and feeblest and most desolate pauper as anxiously as the vote and interest of the all-important elector. They only who knew Mr. Walter can be aware how much his feeling for the poor had been formed and cherished by the associations of his youth, and how much the bereavements, the separations, the denials, and indignities from which he sought to rescue the unprivileged and persecuted classes of this country, were those which he had PERSONALLY FELT, or WITNESSED, or BOTH. His private life and experience were deeply written in his political sympathies; and few are aware of the incessant toil, the discomfort, the utter neglect of health and comfort, not to say life itself, the perpetual combination of bodily and mental fatigue, which he went through for the sake of that people whose great organ of opinion it had been his glory to found, and which till death it was his chief pleasure to assist and advise.

"It would be scarcely possible to enumerate or describe the whole of what, not only the *Times*, but all journals of the civilised world, owe to Mr. Walter. He first imparted to the daily press its vast range and celerity of information, its authentic accuracy, its universal correspondence, its lucid arrangement and marvellous despatch, and more than all, its dignity in the social scale, and its political position as

"THE FOURTH ESTATE OF THE REALM.

He was not only a GREAT TRIBUNE, but the founder of a great TRIBUNITAL RULE and AUTHORITY.

"It will be often inquired how it happened that in an age of wonders, when all the requisites of success in every branch of enterprise were widely diffused, one man was able to

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leave all his fellows so far in the rear, and accomplish a triumph so entire as to be actually called a monopoly by those who are forced to recognise what they do not willingly admit? The SECRET of his SUCCESS is a lesson to the age. It was not attained so much by brilliancy of talent, although by no person was talent sought out with more delicacy and munificence than by the chief director of the *Times*, as by the more steady power of strict integrity, not only in himself, but in securing it in those whom he employed. A contemptuous rejection of corrupt proposals, and a thorough refusal of any boon a Minister could offer, excepting only that political information which it is the duty of a Minister to promulgate through the best channels,—a strict impartiality which courted no greatness and screened no offender,—and a persevering industry which shrank from no effort and neglected no detail,—achieved this great work.

"The *Times* prospered by

"PRUDENCE, NOT CHANCE.

"It has, indeed, been fortunate; but its fortune has been that which generally attends on

"THE BRAVE, THE GOOD, AND THE WISE.

"As the *Times* prospered by PRUDENCE, not CHANCE, steam-press printing was perfected by judgment, by an accumulation of genius, drawn together from all countries, and guided by the powerful mind of Walter, who never ceased to improve on the original plan; by raising the speed of the first invention from 1,200 an hour to the incredible number of 16,000!"

"But he was not the inventor!"

"No, Rudolphe; but he was more. He gave life to a triple invention—that no single man on earth could have invented. He was a great commander—greater than Alexander, than Washington, than Wellington,—and the battle in which he was engaged was greater than a Waterloo—for it leaves behind it no home sorrow, with glory and her sad attendants, tears and

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blood;—but his was the battle that gave joy of mind, true liberty, and pure love;—his was not a battle of blood, but one of mind,—the mightiest battle of any age. It was the

Battle of the Press.

"And how did he accomplish that great victory? By wisdom and great sagacity—by energy and indomitable zeal and perseverance—by securing the services of not only the Martyns, the Kœnigs, the Applegarths, and Howes as his engineering officers, whom he liberally paid, but also the Bennets, the Harrilds, the Smiths, as aide-de-camps in the great enterprise. Each of these officers rendered important services to the great commander. Applegarth, with his staff, obtained two great victories—a 4,000 and an 8,000—for which his commander rewarded him with a pension to prevent him sharing the neglect of a cold world and finishing a life of ingenious labour in a house surrounded by white walls; then Howe, profiting by Applegarth's achievements, stepped forward, and his victory of 16,000 was proclaimed to the world. The 'Battle of the Press' was fought and won, and means were given to let loose the pent-up spring of intelligence over the face of the globe, and cheap and wholesome literature found its way into the abodes where food for the mind had never before entered. The battle was fought and won, and the weary and worn-out spirit of WALTER passed into eternity!

"Archimedes, Rudolphe, desired only a fulcrum of sufficient strength that he might move the globe. John Walter constructed a fulcrum which enabled him to MOVE, RAISE, and ELEVATE the MORAL WORLD,—give life and honour and dignity to the PUBLIC PRESS,—establish the Fourth Estate of the Realm, and leave behind him a promising progeny—the *Telegraphs*—the *Household Words*—the *Mercuries*—and the *Suns* and *Stars*, to carry out by pure means his lofty principle—that the objects of a pure Press are the INTERESTS of the PUBLIC, their RIGHTS, and their PRIVILEGES."

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"Such a great man should have a monument erected to his memory."

"When the world, Rudolphe, as I have said before, grows older and wiser, it may learn to appreciate the memory of the man who was a host, a LEAGUE in himself in giving cheap bread for the mind,—whose incessant toil, discomfort, perpetual combinations of bodily and mental fatigue, were given for the people's good, their rights and privileges. Where Walter lived, laboured, and died, there is his monument, which bears the significant title:—

"PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

"HONNEUR À LA MEMOIRE DE JOHN WALTER."

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CHAPTER VI.

BRUSSELS.—WATERLOO.—MONSIEUR LE GROS.—THE PASSPORT.—STELLA.—THE IRISHMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.—A GOOD TURN IN THE ORDINARY AFFAIRS OF LIFE HAS ITS SALUTARY REWARD.

N my return, Monsieur Rudolphe, I shall expect further progress. Be assiduous, and be patient, for the angel of Providence is ever on the watch, and seldom passes the door of the good and persevering. On! on!"

Such were my words of encouragement to Rudolphe, when taking leave of him, previous to my contemplated tour up the Rhine, which I had arranged with an enterprising publisher, who engaged me to adapt Victor Hugo's "Rhine," and compile a guide for tourists, so that the volume would embrace the legendary lore, the reveries, reflections, antiquarian researches, and amusing anecdotes of a powerful pen, with all the information necessary for the excursionist.

Such an avocation to me—a hard worker in the various walks of the Press—was a labour of love; and I started with a heart light and joyful—that even a scanty purse could not in any way depress.

Youth! youth! How sunny are thy days!—how full of hope! No clouds have power to cast a shade over thy buoyant spirit—the star shines brightly—dreams of love!—no sorrow!

* * * * * * *

I reached Brussels, and while proposing a visit to the "glorious field of grief," and spots familiar to memory—I was startled by a loud voice:—

"Any lady or gentleman for Waterloo? Only five francs there and back!"

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Heedlessly I mounted the vehicle, and was hurled, midst laughter, song, and a confusion of sounds, to the plains of Waterloo. As I gazed upon that once gory field, I drew my pencil from my pocket-book, and wrote the spontaneous reflection for my "Tourist's Guide:"—

"Here let the tourist pause, and gaze on that once blood-stained field, where upwards of 70,000 men lost their lives—when sons were made fatherless, and wives widows to mourn in bitter tears over their helpless state and the helpless condition of their orphan children!

"How different now the scene! Nature, as if in mockery of man, and his wild, unnatural ways, has rendered that blood-stained field rich in soil. The corn now waves over it, and imagination, from the rustling ears of the corn, may conjure up a still small voice murmuringly aspirating—This, man, is thy proper avocation! Sow, reap; be honest, and be happy!"

* * * * * * *

I expected, but had not yet received, a letter from Rudolphe, so I requested the landlord to forward my letter to Cologne; but a circumstance happened which retarded my visit to that classic city. At first, I thought it was an awkward interruption, but often these mishaps in the battle of life, when recognised with a good grace, yield pleasure and advantage.

With the usual railway speed, we were hurried away to the classic city of Agrippa—a city full of the *souvenirs* of the past. By my side was a young man, who, failing to secure a livelihood in his native place, was on his way to Cologne, where a friend had secured for him the means of earning an honest livelihood. We spoke of the past; and the road upon which he had travelled had been thorny,—of the present, and he pictured roses strewing his path. Pleasantly we rolled along, admiring the scenery, and the bright blue sky that enlivened Nature, robed in green, when a full stop was made, and a loud voice was heard shouting out—

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"PASSEPORTS! PASSEPORTS!"

A searching of pockets took place; then grumbling and bellowing, mingling with the authoritative command, "Must come out. *Faut sortir. Passeports* not *visé.*" Then followed an unceremonious ejectment of several of the passengers. My young friend looked at me in terror, saying, "If I am stopped, I don't know what I shall do. I handed my passport to the *gros* gendarme. "Must come out. *Il faut retourner à Bruxelles.* Your *passeport* not *visé.*" My friend showed signs of fear, for he, like myself, had received his passport in London, with "à Cologne" written on the margin. "Be quiet," I said; then, turning to the gendarme, I burst out laughing, saying, "*Retournez!* Why, don't you know that Scotchmen never go back again? *Je suis Ecossais.* Never go back; always forward. *En avant!*"

The gendarme stormed. I bawled. He pulled me by the arm. I resisted. He pulled again. The train was about starting; then I yielded, and my poor friend escaped and was hurried away by rail, the Prussian's oaths and my laughter ringing in his ears. He waved his hand, looked grateful. My *manœuvre* had succeeded. I was pleased; he was free, and I was a prisoner.

"Well, Monsieur Gros," I said to the tall Prussian, "what's the next step?"

"Must go back; but dere ees von hotel; very good. *Du vin excellent.*"

"Good, Monsieur Gros."

I entered the neat little inn on the Prussian frontier. All was bustle and grumbling with the dispirited guests—all neatness, cleanliness, and civility with the worthy hostess and her two pretty daughters.

"Stella," said the landlady to her eldest daughter, "*Monsieur vous demande.*"

"Yes, Stella," I said, "as a prisoner of peace, I want some refreshment—*à manger et à boire!*"

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"*Oui, oui*, Monsieur," said the bright-eyed Stella, smiling, and with a light step she threaded through the grumbling passengers. I looked at Stella, and, like my companion Hugo, I at no former period so well understood all that is limpid, luminous, and charming in that name.

After a frugal repast, and having forwarded a letter to my landlord at Brussels, I strolled out, with Hugo in my hand, and as I wandered along I opened my task, and read:—

"Where goest thou? Seekest thou places untrod by human foot, but where Divinity has left its trace? Thou wishest thy soul to commune with solitude; thou wishest light and shadow, murmurings and peace, changes and serenity; thou wishest the place where the Word is heard in silence, where thou seest life on the surface and eternity at the bottom; thou lovest the desert; thou hatest not man; thou seekest the green sward, the moss, the humid leaves, tall branches, birds which warble, running waters, perfume mingling with the air. Well, enter: this is thy way."

"I entered the ravine.

"To tell you all that I did there, or, rather, what solitude did for me—how the wasps buzzed round the violets, how the wings of birds rustled among the leaves—that which startled in the moss, that which chirped in the nest, the soft and indistinct sound of vegetation, the beauty of the bull-fly, the activity of the bee, the patience of the spider, the opening of flowers, the lamentations, the distant cries, the struggling of insect with insect, the exhalations of the rocks, which, sighingly, reached the ear—the rays of Heaven, which pierced through the trees, —the drops of water that fell, like tears, from flowers—the half revelations which came from the calm, harmonious, slow, and continued labour of all those creatures and of all those things which are more in connection with God than with man, — to tell you all that would be to express the ineffable, to show the invisible, to paint infinity! What did I do there? I no longer know. As in the ravine of Saint Goars-

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hausen, I wandered, ruminated, and, in adoring, prayed! What was I thinking of? Do not ask me. There are moments when a thousand confused ideas flow unconsciously through the mind."

I returned to the little inn—the beehive of industry. A fresh train had arrived, and fresh victims had been secured; for the *gros gendarme* who was the lover of Stella found excuses for bringing customers to the inn, which pleased the host, and increased the dowry he expected with the hand of the fair daughter.

"My dear wife!" said a poor German. "She is waiting for me at Cologne. What will she think? Go back to Brussels! What shall I do?"

"My master's at Bonn to get married," said a good-looking young fellow of the Sister Isle. "I have no money, and I want something to ate." Others grumbled, while I sat silent and satisfied, sensible of my great advantages over my fellow-prisoners. All had wants. I had none. They were without friends. My friend, companion, and occupation lay before me.

"I am starving, and I have no money," said the Hibernian.

"*Comprends pas*, Monsieur," said Stella.

Pat opened his mouth, pointed his finger. "Give me something to ate. I am starving. My master's at Bonn. I have no money!"

Stella stared at the good-looking Irishman. I tried to suppress laughter when looking at the two faces; in one, hunger personified,—in the other, a half-concealed consciousness of the meaning of Paddy's significant gesture.

I could refrain no longer. I burst out laughing, and addressing Stella in French, told her that the poor fellow was hungry; that his master was at Bonn, whither he was proceeding; and that if she would give him something to eat, I would pay the reckoning.

"*Il a faim*," said Stella, and away she tripped.

"Well, Paddy," I said, "how is it that you travel without money? Irish RECIPROCITY,—a bargain in which one side takes without giving, won't do on the Continent."

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"Father Murphy!" he exclaimed, "and do you spake English?"

"Such English, Paddy, as my mother and the world gave me, which sometimes passes for Irish, sometimes English with a twang, and sometimes for French itself."

"Oh, you are a Scotchman, to be sure."

"Any countryman you like. We are born for Heaven, Paddy, and there is no Babel there! Only one language, and that is the language of the Heart."

Stella placed a smoking plate of *bouilli* and a bottle of Rhenish wine before the hungry Hibernian, who greedily seized the bottle, and, having filled his glass, said, "Here's good luck to you, and may you never know what it is to be thirsty or hungry!"

"Stop, stop! Paddy. I won't have that. Hunger has pleasures greater than satiety. It is meet that we should be both hungry and thirsty,—that a blessing might come from the heart to the Giver of all good things."

"Och! you're a poet, sir. My mother's instinct tells me that."

"*Farceur*, you mean, whom your mother's blarney would extol as one of the bright poets of the sons of Erin. But listen. I'll befriend you; but I want you to do something for me in return!"

"I'm your man, sir. A good turn never roosts with Paddy O'Riley."

"Well, Paddy; you are a good-looking fellow."

"Thank you, sir. My mother thought so, or she wouldn't have made an ass of me."

"A spoil'd child, Paddy?"

"An only child, sir, and therefore the progeny of blindness."

"She has not blunted your wit, Paddy."

"I borrowed that from my father, to be sure!"

"You see that big Prussian, with the helmet on?"

"See him, is it? I wish I saw him within a mile of an Irish bog, to be sure! That's all!"

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"And you see that pretty girl that served you?"

"Ah, don't I? the colleen!"

"You can make yourself agreeable with the girls, Paddy, eh?"

"Can't I?" said Paddy, with a turn of his eye. "Let me alone for that.

"Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades!"

"No doubt of it, Paddy; but wait a little; we'll have your song by and by. If I am not mistaken, that fellow is smitten with Stella. It may not be love, Paddy; for his glances are more sinister than loving. Now I want to punish him by your paying attention to the young girl. Wit and humour, but nothing offensive."

"Is that all, your honour?

"With my gallamachree, and a heart so free,
I'll tip her a touch of my blarney.

"Here's to your honour; may you never want a drop, nor the power to give one; but for that spalpeen, may the first potato he eats blister his tongue, and the first drop he drinks turn sour in his stomach."

"Stella, *une autre bouteille, s'il vous plait!*"

"*Oui, oui*, Monsieur."

Paddy required no monitor to help him in the task set before him. A good dinner made him as proud as a lord, and the wine as merry as an Irishman at a wake. He had a good voice, and he used it well—emphasising the words, and leering with his eyes—at one time a look bold as a trooper's—then the expression of a Romeo or a Modus. The poor German, in the midst of the laughter that prevailed, forgot his wife and children, and the other prisoners of peace drowned their disquiet, and the walls of the little inn echoed again and again with the peals of laughter excited by Paddy's humour, and the "*Jeune fille aux yeux noirs*" of the German, and "*J'ai de l'argent*" of a Frenchman who probably had scarcely a *sou* in his pocket. The host returned from his labours in the field, and his two

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sons from the potato-sowing in the garden, and joined in the humour; and when Paddy sang—while leering at Stella—"The Widow Malone," observing the uneasy looks of the *gros* Prussian, they enjoyed the fun, which increased the ire of the *gros* gendarme, who sat mute, playing with the hilt of his sword, with a face singularly contrasting with the bright beaming faces of the other guests.

Stella sang, too—a sweet voice, good compass, and full of expression, and in the refrain,

"*Il n'y a guerre de beaux jours sans l'amour*,"

Paddy's voice was heard above all the others. All laughed and applauded, except the disconsolate lover, who bit his lips, and whose looks brought the words of Addison to my mind:—

"She pities me:
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty—'tis scorn—'tis death!"

* * * * * * *

Each sought his bedroom for repose, and, after such an evening, Morpheus required little supplication, except by the gendarme; for Paddy said to me, on bidding me *bon soir*, "I wouldn't give a ha'porth for that paltroon's sleep to-night. How he upbraided the delicate creature; but she has pluck; she paid him back in his own coin—the spalpeen."

"A bed of thorns is his dessert, Paddy. Good night! We will have a letter to-morrow. Good night!"

"Good night, yer honour. May the guardian angel of the O'Rileys hover round your pillow!"

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CHAPTER VII.

The Passport.

By Patience, Mishaps are often Changed to Benefits.

HE sun had ascended high in the heavens, and his beams, which we cannot well shut out, were sporting in my little room, with its ivy-clad window, garlanded with honeysuckle, when Paddy's voice awoke me. Under my window was an entire little world—happy and charming—like that described by Hugo himself:—

"Three little boys and two little girls were playing among the grass, which reached their chins, the girls every now and then fighting voluntarily with the boys. The ages of all five could not amount to more than fifty years. Beyond the long grass were trees loaded with fruit. In the midst of the leaves were two scarecrows, dressed like Lubins of the Comic Opera; and although, perhaps, they had the effect of frightening the birds, they failed to do that to the *bergeronnettes*. In all corners of the garden were flowers glittering in the rays of the sun, and round these flowers were swarms of bees and butterflies. The bees hummed, the children chattered, the birds sang, and at a little distance were two doves billing."

"Here's a letter for yer honour," said Paddy. It was from my landlord at Brussels.

I give the *fac simile*:—

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Monsieur

Malgré toutes les démarches
que j'ai faites j'n'ai pu
obtenir le visa de la Russie
je vous prie donc de
venir vous même pour
prendre un nouveau passeport
à l'ambassade anglaise
lequel vous sera délivré
immédiatement

Votre Serviteur

J. Hermans

Bruxelles 30 Juillet 81.

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"What's to be done? Return to Brussels. No. Wait till the evening. Yes; and ask the advice of the intelligent Belgian, the humorous guest of last evening, who told me that he was employed upon the railway. *Soit*," said I. "Now for breakfast, Mr. Patrick."

In the evening my Belgian friend called. I showed him the letter I had received. He smiled, saying, "We can trick gros Pierre, if you like."

"I should like it."

"Come with me and my friend to the *auberge* at the top of the hill. Bring your friend with you, and we shall have a glorious night. Then be there to-morrow morning by six. A cabriolet will be waiting for you, and once at Aix-la-Chapelle, you can snap your fingers at gros Pierre."

To describe that night's adventure—Paddy's blunders—his impression that the two honest Belgians were robbers—then spies—his fighting attitudes when told to be on his guard—his love-making, and the vein of humour that ran through his thoughts—to depict our dismay when we reached Aix-la-Chapelle, fearful that the gendarme had telegraphed for our arrest—our speculations on being caught without a passport, guilty of having ridiculed the agent of police, and having evaded the strong arm of the law—to tell how, rather than run the risk of being captured, we travelled to Cologne, partly on foot, sometimes behind carts, and once in a cabriolet, when I was the driver, the postilion by my side, and Paddy and a poor gleaner, a young girl we picked up on the way, struggling under a heavy sun, with a huge cornucopia upon her head, behind us, as passengers—to describe Paddy's grimaces, when trying to make himself understood, by shrugs and shakes—the postilion's honest laugh, the girl's soft, meek smile, and her look of gratitude for the luxury afforded her—then to describe her thanks when I placed a franc in her hand—to give Paddy's soliloquy over his worn-out shoes, while the dogs were barking at us—to describe the old women who opened their

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eyes, as the children did their mouths, as we passed along, dusty and dirty—to tell how we occasionally sat, with aching feet, by the road-side, and how, to amuse Paddy and for my own purpose, I opened Hugo, and read passages of his pedestrian excursions—to tell how gaily we trudged on, after a frugal repast, cheered by sparks of Paddy's wit, which was enlivened by a glass of Rhenish wine—to relate how a good-natured Belgian was lured out of his way to show us a shoemaker's—to describe the Belgian's pleasure on receiving my old shoes, as they had rotary heels, and his boast that he would have a new pair made with mechanical heels that would rival all the shoes in Germany—to relate all that occurred during that eventful *tour-de-promenade*—would require the limits of a volume; and if the incidents were delineated by the pen of a Boz, and sketched by the pencil of my old friend Cruikshank, the world would possess a volume of humour, incident, and reflection that would grace the library of the most fastidious humourist.

* * * * * * *

Fatigued, dirty, and dusty, we reached Cologne, when I hastened to the English Ambassador's, secured a passport, and then I breathed the air of freedom.

Paddy found his master, and in his master I found the type of a true Irish gentleman, who added greatly to the pleasure of my excursion up the Rhine. M. —— wanted, he said, "to rub up his French, as he intended taking up his residence in Paris for a few weeks;" so he engaged me to give him lessons while I remained at Cologne, which was my head-quarters.

Those lessons I afterwards published, with the title of "French for One Month's Residence in France;" so the kind act that I had done poor Paddy brought me a harvest of fruit, thus verifying the old adage—"that an agreeable *turn* in the most ordinary affairs of life has its salutary reward."

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CHAPTER VIII.

BRUNEL.

I WENT to the Post Office at Cologne for my letters; amongst others, was one from Rudolphe.

"MY DEAR PAMPHILIUS,—You told me that PATIENCE is a virtue that secures the esteem of the angels of Providence, and that sooner or later one would tap at the door of my lofty abode. You also told me that 'from little things great events arise.' Both have taken place. The *little thing*—my KETTLE—secured me an introduction to the famed engineer, M. Marc Isambard Brunel, and the knowledge of the French language, which you said would some day be of service to me, has secured me the interest of that worthy gentleman, who has kindly installed me in his office; and now, my dear Pamphilius, I think I am in a fair way to do well. I am busy at the works by day, and in the evening I occupy myself upon a Practical Drawing of the Thames Tunnel, which I purpose publishing, as I think it will pay me for my time and labour. As the plates are large, I am trying a new process—zinc instead of stone—and I am happy to say with perfect success.

"Do you think your friend, Mr. C——, would publish the Drawings?"

* * * * * * *

TO RUDOLPHE.

MY DEAR RUDOLPHE,—Your introduction to a great, good man delights me—more so, as I am certain that the introduction will be of great service to you, as you are PREPARED to profit by it; for the advantages of an introduction depend upon the previous culture and character of the party introduced,—more especially to a great man nurtured in toil, and disciplined to all the rough ways of the world,—a man of pure mind—of powerful genius—who overcame almost insurmountable obstacles, and who has fought bravely and earned for himself an imperishable name—one of those luminaries who have enlightened the age—widened the human understanding—and advanced, by their inventions, the civilisation of the globe.

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At an early age, Rudolphe, young Brunel gave unmistakeable evidence of his artistic and mechanical talent. At eleven years, he was sent to the seminary of St. Nicaise, at Rouen, with the father's strong and positive desire of fitting him for the Church, —a calling to which young Brunel was strongly opposed. The obdurate father inflicted various punishments to destroy the instinct of the boy.

At twelve years of age he constructed several articles, *le tour des pièces*, with precision and elegance, which excited the praise of M. Hacquerilla, in whose *atelier* the young engineer used to spend his leisure hours. Models of vessels, musical instruments, rigging, he executed; and the drawings which he made at this early age are said to have been models of form and detail.

Every day showed his aptitude for mechanical purposes, and the father at length seeing the fruitlessness of forcing his son to the Church, placed him under M. Carpentier, with whom he systematically studied drawing and perspective; also hydrography, with the view of qualifying him for the navy. In this he evinced a perspicuity of mind rarely to be met with. The propositions of Euclid had only to be stated to be understood; and, after the third lesson in trigonometry, he proposed to his astonished and delighted master to determine the height of the spire of the cathedral.

His industry, his intelligence, the integrity of his mind, and the sweetness of his disposition, endeared him to all who knew him, and so conscious was his next master, M. Dulayne, of his pupil's efficiency, that he secured him the interest of Maréchal de Castries, Minister of Marine, who nominated him *volontaire d'honneur* to the corvette *Le Maréchal de Castries.*

He had not been long on board before he surprised his captain by producing a sextant and quadrant of his own construction, which he used for making observations. "*Je fis de suite un instrument assez grossier, à la verité, mais assez juste pour confirmer la theorie et la pratique.*"

Imitating Nature in his productions, he bestows his labour upon the smallest accessory as upon the most elaborate con-

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ception, convinced that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." He places great importance in correct drawing, for he considers it the "true *alphabet*" of the engineer, without a knowledge of which he believes no complete idea of construction can be realised. *Constant, persevering practice* he deems essential to the attainment of any art, and for the inspiration of genius he entertains but little respect.

When he returned home the French Revolution was at its height, and as he entertained Royalist opinions, his life was endangered; and for safety, he, with many others, fled to the United States, where necessity—that stern master—compelled him fortunately to follow the bent of his own mind, and to adopt the profession of civil engineer. He was employed in building the Bowery Theatre, and furnished plans for canals, and machines connected with a cannon foundry.

Finding that the United States did not give sufficient scope for his active, inventive mind, he came to England, where, after great opposition, as at that time there was a strong prejudice against Frenchmen, he succeeded in securing an appointment under Government in making blocks by machinery at the Portsmouth dockyard. The saving in the first year amounted to no less a sum than 24,000*l.* Government afterwards employed him to erect saw-mills upon a new principle at Chatham and Woolwich. Several important inventions are the offspring of his singularly fertile mind—the circular saw—machines for winding cotton thread into balls—a machine for making shoes for the army—the introduction of the principle of the double engine in steamboats, and many minor inventions of great public utility.

The Thames Tunnel is his master achievement, which had twice before been attempted without success, and which will be regarded as a masterpiece of professional ability, energy, and perseverance by the engineers of all countries.

In losing Brunel, France lost the services of one of her most able, indefatigable, and industrious sons.

* * * * * * *

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CHAPTER IX.

The Surprise.—The Happy Home.—Death of Poor Richard.

AVING obtained all the necessary information for my "Tourists' Guide," I bade farewell to my Hibernian friend, with whom I had spent many days in pleasant rambles, and evenings in lively and edifying conversation; left for London, and in little more than twenty-four hours I was quietly seated by my own fireside, ruminating over the events of my trip up the Rhine, and I was pleased to find that reflections recalled only pleasing recollections.

In the evening I went to Lyon's Inn, ascended the various flights of stairs, and knocked at the door of my young friend.

"*Entrez.* Come in."

I did so, and found my youthful aspirant busily working at the plates of the "Practical Drawings of the Thames Tunnel."

"Hard at work, Master Rudolphe?"

"Ah," said my young friend, jumping up and shaking me heartily by the hand. "How glad I am that you have returned, and that you are safe and well."

"All right, Rudolphe."

"Many thanks for your sketch of Mr. Brunel. As an acknowledgment of my gratitude, see, I have done that which I think will please you. I have translated your sketch, made additions, and have completed his biography in French."

"Bravo! That is praiseworthy, Rudolphe. But how get you on with the Thames Tunnel? Wonderful undertaking of Mr. Brunel!"

"Working every leisure hour, for I am anxious to have the Drawings published as soon as possible."

"Precipitancy is dangerous, Rudolphe. Take time, so that the result may be satisfactory. In such a case as this, a week sooner or later matters little—not that I would have you to procrastinate—a little every day, for each day, then, is a march

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to perfection. I shall call upon my friend Mr. C——. He will publish the Drawings, and, by using his influence, I doubt not but the result will prove profitable."

"If so," said Rudolphe, his bright eye beaming with hope, "that will enable me to give a present—a SURPRISE to my good dear mother!"

The Drawings were published, and Rudolphe's desire was gratified; the "surprise" was given to his beloved parent.

* * * * * * *

Time rolled on, and the patient perseverance of Rudolphe did not escape the keen eye of Mr. Brunel, who was a kind, good-hearted man; and, like all good and great men, took a delight in encouraging the assiduous and the deserving, and helping youth in their upward struggles.

Encouraged by the example of the energetic Brunel, and by his friendly words, "that persons may be highly gifted, and yet never become either wise or great; that they may be placed in the most favourable circumstances for learning, and yet remain illiterate; but when there is found a laborious, inquiring spirit, with a determination to make the best of what is put into their possession or placed within their reach, though the talents originally given be small, and the privileges few, yet the result of exertion will be a superiority over those who, having golden advantages in the beginning, forfeit their prerogatives by indolence and neglect."

Encouraged by such sentiments and the innate kindness of Mr. Brunel, Rudolphe mastered the elements of mechanics, and became useful to his kind employer, who soon found means to place his abilities to a good account.

The rage for fresh railways, not only in England, but over the Continent, created a demand for engineering talent, and Mr. Brunel did not lose sight of his young *protégé*, for before Rudolphe had reached his twentieth year he was appointed engineer upon an important line of railway in Spain, which he carried out to the credit of Mr. Brunel and the entire satisfaction of the company.

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Rudolphe returned to England, when he devoted his spare time to the instruction of his brother Alfred in mechanics and the Spanish language; and both in mechanics and in the Spanish language Alfred proved himself an apt pupil.

"You must come and see us," said Rudolphe. "Mother wishes to see you, and little Richard is anxious that you should hear him speak French, that he may know the progress he has made; besides, he has translated a tale from the French which he thinks might suit the *Mirror*."

"With pleasure, Rudolphe."

I called. The same happy home—the widow's smile and look of joy and contentment—even joy lit up the pale face of the little sufferer Richard. His bright eye sparkled as he addressed me in French, and when I praised his translation of the "Alpine Rose," his bosom heaved with joy.

"This will do," I said. "You will see it in print next week."

Richard saw his "Alpine Rose" in print; but little did we know then how soon the spirit pent up in his fragile frame would burst its bonds for space and eternity!

Poor Richard! Thy aspirations had no sooner awakened than Death stepped in, and Heaven called the little sufferer for a fitter sphere.

This was a sad blow to the widow; but, like a prudent woman, she lived for the living, and alone and unobserved she mourned the dead. The home soon afterwards resumed its cheerful appearance, and the widow's heart was gladdened by the bright prospects that were now opening up for her three surviving sons. The merry laugh rang again, and the notes of the piano were heard mingling with Janet's soft, sweet voice.

Now and then, but rarely, might be seen in these scenes of joy, the tear rolling down the widow's cheek, and, as a struggling sigh swelled her bosom, she whisperingly articulated—

"POOR RICHARD!"

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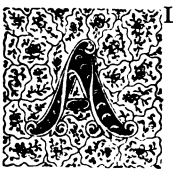
CHAPTER X.

Up and At It.

Three Governing Powers of the Mind—Faith, Promptitude, and Duty.—The Result.



LFRED by his pains and assiduity, soon qualified himself for his first and eventful step in life—the honourable fulfilment of his first situation; and the way he obtained it being exemplary, I will relate it, as he did to me, a few months ago.

"Well, Alfred," I said, not having seen him for many years, "how you are grown. Manly and intelligent, Alfred; two good recommendations."

"*Me voici*, as you used to say. I will never forget it. Poor dear mother, when she saw you coming, always said, 'Here's Mounseer '*Me Voici*.'"

"Days gone by, Alfred; but I often think of your dear mother, and of the strong faith she had in Rudolphe's industry and perseverance. I shall never forget her words. 'As for Rudolphe, I am sure he will succeed in life, and that's the bright star that cheers my heart. His rise will be the uplifting of my little family. My heart tells me; and *it will be so*.'"

"I remember it well. O that she had lived to share our welfare and our joys—had but lived to see her fond hopes realised! How happy she would have been!"

"But your mother, Alfred, was always happy."

"Aye; she was seen smiling at sour adversity. She deemed it was the wisest course before us; but when she was alone I have observed the silent tear."

"You had a good mother, Alfred, which is youth's greatest boon. How many men there are who owe much of their rise in life to the judicious training and admonitions of an exemplary mother!"

"She was a good mother. How I mourned her death!"

"No doubt; but remember, Alfred, the words of the ancient divine:—'There is that within us that whispers

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that the spirit of the departed hovers near a dutiful son, and that the impression of her virtue lures him onward in the upward path of life—while she looks on smiling and rejoicing at his onward march to glory.' But how are you getting on? Rudolphe speaks highly of you, and of the promising career that lies before you."

"Well. Very well. Beyond all expectation. When I look back, only a short time ago, to what I was—a struggling lad—and now at what I am, I am grateful, and have much to be thankful for. When I think of my solicitude to obtain a subordinate situation, only a few years ago, with the very gentleman who is now, as it were, under me, I ought to be contented with my rise in life."

"Your first employer, now the *employé*?"

"I am appointed the engineer upon the line of railway for which he is the contractor. A fine gentleman he is. I shall never forget my first interview with him."

"Was it remarkable, Alfred?"

"When I presented my letter of introduction, he opened the letter—then looked at me—began to read, but every now and then he raised his eyes—looked at me; then surveyed me from head to foot; read again—then surveyed me from foot to head. I stood mute. Hope was flickering.

"'Too young,' he said,—'too young for my rough squad.'

"'Sorry, sir; but I am older than I look.'

"'My good lad, it's the looks I want; the age matters little.'

"I thought," said Alfred, with a smile, "of proposing a pair of false whiskers and a moustache, but I only replied in a rather firm voice, 'You will find me old in actions, sir. Nothing will prevent me from doing any duty imposed upon me.'

"'Eh!' Then he looked at me again, beginning at my face and ending with my shoes, and *vice versâ*.

"'You are a good Spanish scholar. Eh?'

"'I can read Spanish pretty well, and translate it with ease; and my brother, who was my teacher, tells me that were I in Spain I could make my way tolerably well.'

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"'When would you be ready to set sail?'

"'To-morrow, sir, or to-night, if necessary.'

"'I like that promptitude.' Then he added—as if speaking to himself—'There's the friend of one of the directors; he wants a fortnight for preparation. A fortnight, indeed! I hate dilatoriness. I won't have him. He would be but slothful, and so of little use. I like your promptitude, young man,' he added, 'UP AND AT IT is the lad for me. You think you could manage to superintend the men, keep their time, and see to them doing their work?'

"'I do not think so; but I am sure to do my duty, and doing so is the way to make men under me do theirs.'

"'I like that,' he said. 'Three good qualities. Consider yourself engaged. The vessel sails in three days.'

"These three points secured me the situation, which was one to my liking, for it afforded me spare time to pursue my engineering studies, and to perfect myself in the Spanish language."

"Three excellent points, Alfred, for a young man to possess, and more valuable than a well-lined purse; and it would be well for every young man to study them, and to observe them strictly through life. FAITH, DUTY, and PROMPTITUDE."

"That was my first situation, and, I am happy to say, I gave entire satisfaction. I prosecuted my studies, secured friends, and in less than two years became the assistant-engineer upon the line."

"Bravo! Alfred. And now you are *ingénieur-en-chef*."

"Even so. I have had a hard struggle, but I have conquered."

"Yes, Alfred, and are now on the road to fame and fortune. Conquered by the three great governing powers of the mind—FAITH, PROMPTITUDE, and DUTY."

"*Au revoir*. Write. I owe Rudolphe a visit, and must pay my debt."

"You will find him in his chambers. *Au revoir*."

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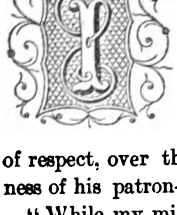
CHAPTER XI.

HENRY.—WEALTH NOT TO BE ENVIED.—THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



ENTERED Rudolphe's chambers, and was asked by the clerk to take a chair. I instinctively cast my eyes over the large room, which was tastefully decorated; the walls were covered with the engravings of various portions of the lines of railway upon which Rudolphe had been engaged; and, as a token of respect, over the mantelpiece was hung an excellent likeness of his patron—Marc Isambard Brunel.

"While my mind was wandering back to the little room, near the slates, and reflecting upon the changed condition of my pupil, Rudolphe entered. I had not seen him for several years, which circumstance added warmth to our meeting.

"Well, Rudolphe," I said, "there is no use asking you how you are getting on, nor how you are. Your happy look answers both questions."

"Flourishing like a bay tree, *sans méconte!*"

"Glad of it. You see that I was right in my conjectures."

"You were; and perhaps more so with regard to Alfred, of whom you had always a very high opinion."

"I have just left him. Met him accidentally. He was telling me the difficulties he had to overcome; but now, he says, he has found out the right path to fame and fortune."

"Pushing fellow, Alfred. His difficulties, perhaps, were greater than mine; but they have made him a sharp young fellow. 'Persistent industry,' you remember, 'makes a sharp man.' Difficulties have drawn forth the energies of his character. Alfred has been sharpened on the grindstone; but he has pushed through, and 'strength,' he says, 'grew with each repeated effort.' Alfred was determined on conquering. 'He who so determines,' he used to say, 'will never fail. It

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is only the man who is disheartened—who bends to the storm—that is of little use.'"

"Alfred, of course, owes much to you, Rudolphe?"

"I assisted him a little; but that did not gain him the battle."

"True. The battle of life cannot be fought by proxy."

"I may have acted as a salutary stimulant to advancement; but Alfred moulded his own stuff, cultivated his talents and developed his character, and made himself what he is. His help was in himself—in his own bold bent—and in his own resolute purpose. Alfred cultivated opportunities—took advantage of them—which helped him on and on, till he secured success."

"What of Henry? If I remember right, he had an appointment abroad?"

"Henry! Lucky fellow! You will remember, my dear mother used to say that 'something good was in reserve for her mild, good-hearted boy, and that he would be the greatest man of the three.'"

"I remember her words."

"Well, if money makes a man great, Henry is the greatest of the three. Sly fellow, Henry! He has lately married the daughter of the ———, and lives in the style of a lord."

"Bravo! Henry. The *genius* of the family! He watched his opportunity, and when it presented itself—no nibbling—he seized it at once."

"A short courtship, I can assure you. Lucky fellow!"

"Envy not the wealth of Henry, Rudolphe. The gratification of your being the architect of your own fortune is more valuable than the wealth of a Crœsus. You are still young. Indeed, the united ages of all three barely exceed a century. On! on! Show the rising generation what INDUSTRY and PERSEVERANCE can accomplish, and then you may feel that joy which wealth cannot purchase,—the reflection that by your example you have induced many a young man to change his way of life,—that you have stimulated others to industry and perseverance."

"Aye, aye! Nevertheless, Henry is a lucky fellow. *Adieu!*"

"*Au revoir.*"

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CONCLUSION.

A Lucky Fellow.

HEN a man has risen from a humble to a comparatively lofty position in life —when he has carved his name deep into the core of the world, or fallen upon some sudden discovery with which his name is identified—his rise in life is very often attributed to luck or chance.

This is a vulgar notion, which the aspirant must reject—an illusion which leads only to disappointment. Things happen daily which are attributed to chance—things that occur with such regularity, that they can be calculated as CERTAINTIES by the man of observation.

SUCCESS, or GREATNESS, or GENIUS, is not the result of accident, but the reward of industry, careful watching, and earnest purpose. A man may become rich by unforeseen circumstances, but that is neither success in life nor greatness; for wealth easily obtained is often as quickly got rid of. The enjoyment of wealth and its judicious use are hallowed by the virtuous means of its acquirement.

To the energetic man—the man of earnest purpose—if opportunities do not occur, he makes them for himself. He knows that there are many paths in the world, and being determined, he has not long to wait before he fixes upon one; then he turns all accidents to account, and makes them subservient to his purpose. He never trusts to accidents—his trust is in labour, in indefatigability—in PURPOSE and persistent industry—and he pursues his designs with unswerving constancy.

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Successful men look with suspicion upon chance, or luck. They achieve and perform, because they have the purpose to do so. They labour with head and hand. Difficulties serve only to draw forth the energies of their character, and often their greatest pleasure is in grappling with and overcoming them.

Trust not to luck—have no faith in it. Know that a life of labour is a life of enjoyment—for then you live, not only for yourself, but for the good of society at large. Patient industry and perseverance can alone make you great. No idler fills the chair of honour.

When you imagine that you are surrounded by difficulties, single them out and meet each with a bold spirit. Meet the difficulties manfully, for they are often our tutors—our monitors—placed in our paths for our discipline and the development of our characters. Push on—push wisely, and you will push through; for strength increases with each repeated effort.

Trust not to accident or to chance. All delusion! Be prepared, and watch for opportunities. Had Newton not been studying the laws of matter and motion long before the apple fell, it might have done so unobserved; but Newton's mind was PREPARED for the apple; and the discovery, which he had long before been elaborating, suddenly burst upon the philosopher's mind. So with Watt, with Galvani, Jenner, Franklin, Davy, and, indeed, all other philosophers. Their discoveries were invariably the result of patient labour—of arduous study—and of earnest investigation. They worked their way step by step, feeling for the right road, and always trying the firmness of the new ground before venturing upon it.

Trust not to ACCIDENT, nor to LUCK. Systematic and regular work, with INTENSE PURPOSE, can alone lead you to the goal—to the end to which your design tends.

Cultivate PATIENCE. Be not cast down because the progress seems slow—because, having planted the acorn, you do not see it grow up an oak at once.

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Persevere; do the work, and the result is sure to follow. Have Patience, and every difficulty will be changed into a triumph.

Learn the wisdom of Self-culture. Use the powers with which God has endowed you. Find out the true path—stray not; but march on hopefully, truly, and zealously.

Be not turned aside by temptation, nor put off the work from day to day by vain resolutions to do things that are never done; but DO with all your might; for the rewards of well-doing will come in due season.

Lastly, know the FACTS, which history, and biography, and a knowledge of the world establish—that PATIENCE is GENIUS, GREATNESS the fruit of *indefatigable labour;* and *Success in Life* the result of PURPOSE and PERSISTENT INDUSTRY!

THE END.

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ABRIDGED OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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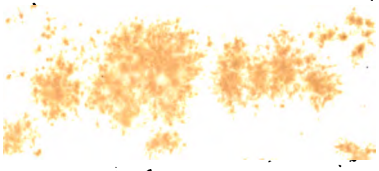

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